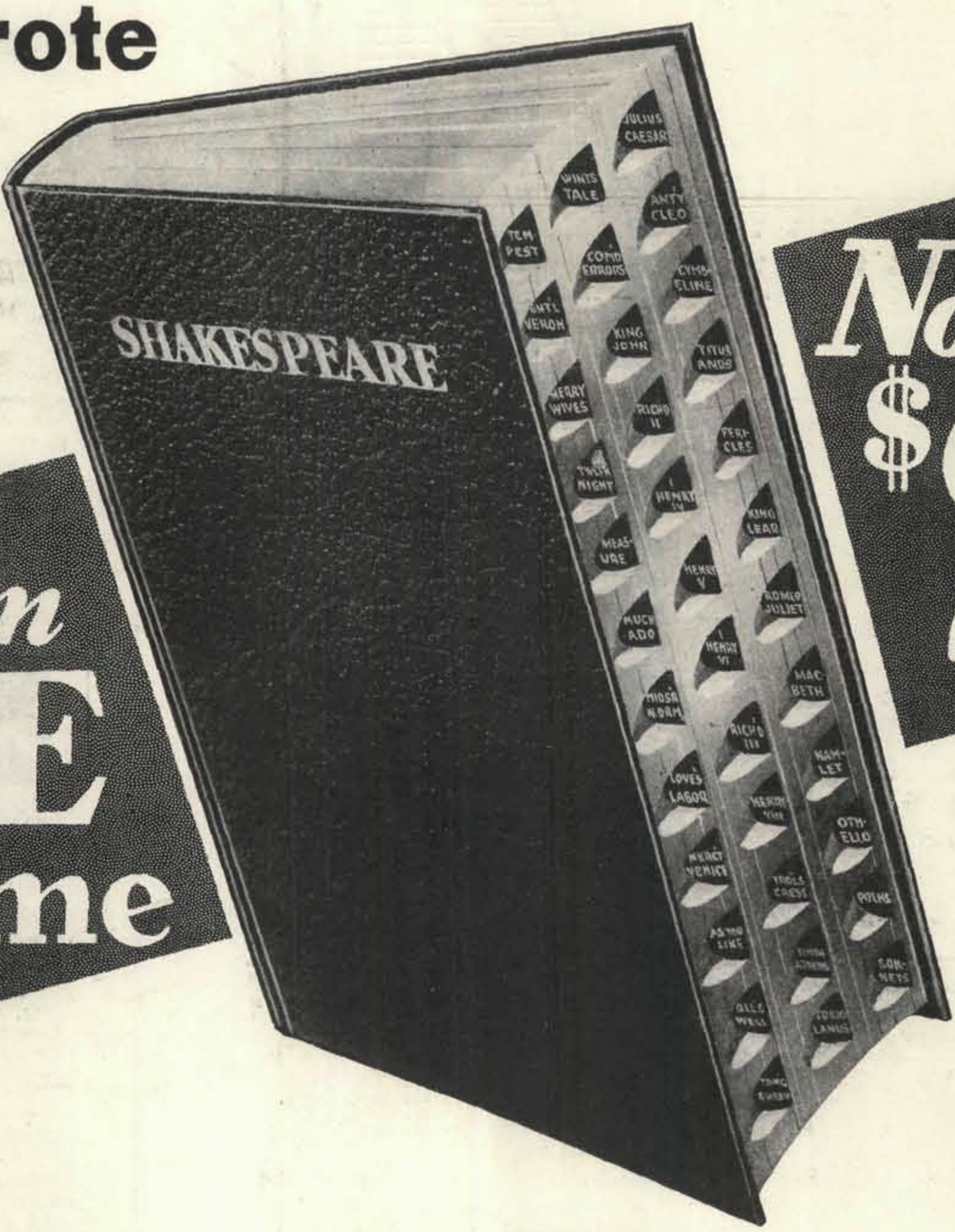
Every Word that SHAKESPEARE Ever Wrote

This new, single volume Shakespeare has the added beauty and convenience of a complete *thumb index* which allows you to turn immediately to any play or poem in the entire collection of the works of the world's greatest writer.

All in ONE Volume


SHAKESPEARE
JULIUS CAESAR
WINTS TALE
TEMPEST
ANTY CLEO
COMD ERRORS
CYMBELINE
GENTS VERON
KING JOHN
TITUS ANDS
MERRY WIVES
RICHD II
PERICLES
TWELTH NIGHT
I HENRY IV
KING LEAR
MEASURE
HENRY V
ROMEO JULIET
MUCH ADO
I HENRY VI
MACBETH
MIDSR NDRM
RICHD III
HAMLET
LOVES LABOR
HENRY VIII
OTHELLO
MERCT VENICE
TROILS CRESS
POEMS
AS YOU LIKE
SONNETS
ALLS WELL
CORIOLANUS

Now only $2.98

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
WALTER J. BLACK, Inc.
171 Madison Avenue
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

All of His Plays
Poems—Sonnets

Tempest
Two Gentlemen of Verona
Merry Wives of Windsor
Twelfth Night
Measure for Measure
Much Ado About Nothing
Midsummer Night's Dream
Love's Labours Lost
Merchant of Venice
As You Like It
All's Well That Ends Well
Taming of the Shrew
Winter's Tale
Comedy of Errors
King John
Richard II
Henry IV
Henry V
Henry VI
Richard III
Henry VIII
Troilus and Cressida
Timon of Athens
Coriolanus
Julius Caesar
Antony and Cleopatra
Cymbeline
Titus Andronicus
Pericles
King Lear
Romeo and Juliet
Macbeth
Hamlet
Othello
Passionate Pilgrim
Rape of Lucrece
Venus and Adonis
Sonnets
Complete and Unexpurgated

THE world's greatest literature at an amazingly low price! Here, in large clear type in a handsome *single* volume, is every word that Shakespeare ever wrote. Every immortal play, every exquisite sonnet—not a word, not a line omitted. 39 volumes in ONE, made possible by thin, opaque bible paper. And, now, *all for only $2.98.*

This gorgeous Shakespeare has large, easy reading type, beautiful thin paper, and is bound in morocco grained cloth. 1,300 pages, yet only 1½ inches thick! And a thumb index that makes it possible to turn to any selection *instantly.*

Never before in the history of publishing has such an exquisite volume been offered at such a price. Never before has such a liberal offer been made. Let us lend you the book for one week's free examination.

Read it FREE!

You do not have to pay a penny to any one until after you have had the volume for a week and decided that you want to own it.

Send no money now, pay the postman nothing. Simply mail the coupon and this beautiful Shakespeare will be sent you for a week's free reading. If you like it, keep it for your very own and pay only the ridiculously low price of $2.98. If you do not like it, return the book at our expense.

WALTER J. BLACK, Inc., Dept. 8412,
171 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: You may send me for free examination your one-volume edition of Shakespeare's Complete Works with convenient thumb index. I will either return the book at your expense or send you only $2.98 in full payment within one week.

Name ....
Address ....
City .... *State* ....

"Build A One Volume Library"

Dec. 7, 1929

Dec 1929

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

A FEW weeks ago, twelve to be exact, we said that eight pages of the sixth story in H. C. Witwer's series "Alexander, the Greater" were on the author's desk at the time of his death. We have received letters from many readers suggesting that we print the unfinished story and ask Witwer enthusiasts to write the ending.

With Mrs. Witwer's permission we do so next week. Any reader of Collier's, except employees of this company, may send us a manuscript. We shall read all of them carefully and pay $1,000 for the best, $500 for the second best, $300 and $200 for the third and fourth. In addition, to reduce the number of heartburnings, we shall pay for the next ten that seem worthy, $50, each.

I never saw a Purple
 Cow;
I never Hope to See
 One;
But I can Tell you, Anyhow,
I'd rather See than
 Be One.

We quote the ancient rhyme by Gelett Burgess because he is out of the country and we are therefore in no immediate danger. It made the world chuckle these many, many years ago. We recall it now because the same Gelett Burgess has written a humorous story about Mr. Glasher, a burglar working in Boston, and a blond young woman who has, or had, a swell diamond ring. It's the first funny story Mr. Burgess has turned his hand to in a longer time than we like to think about. We hope he does another and so will you after reading "Up the Spout."

WHEN you call in a surgeon to do a little work the situation is plainly marked "Rush." There's no opportunity to think of him as a business man. But he is, of course. And the business of surgery has been going through a purging process lately—quietly and in a dignified manner, as surgeons should. William G. Shepherd has found out all about it and the amazing story will make you feel a great deal safer when you get that pain in your side. "The Surgeon Takes Off His Mask," by, as we intimated, William G. Shepherd.

JEROME BEATTY is here with a story that runs from oyster crackers to prize-fighting and demonstrates the old truth that a young man hasn't a chance in the world when a girl gets a certain idea.

THE remainder of the issue is so good that we're sorry now we didn't write about it first. Here are some of the names, anyway: Alan LeMay, the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, Grantland Rice, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Arthur Somers Roche, William A. Brady—there.

THIS WEEK

December 7, 1929

Cover—Walter Beach Humphrey

Page 7—E. Phillips Oppenheim
THE LION AND THE LAMB—Part I: A private war in which, as in others, all's fair.

Page 10—William E. Borah
BIGGER GUNS OR BETTER HOMES? A plea for real disarmament.

Page 12—Hugh MacNair Kahler
NO ROMANCE: At least, not where you look for it.

Page 14—Grantland Rice
CHOOSING THE ALL-AMERICA TEAM: How it's to be done.

Page 15—Regina J. Woody
A STAR FOR A NIGHT: A love story. Very satisfying.

Page 17—Ruth F. Wadsworth, M. D.
AIN'T NATURE GLAND! Internal secretions.

Page 18—Richard Dent
THE PRINCE OF PLEASURE: The Prince of Wales, a close-up.

Page 19—Betty Thornley
MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG: We warned you about this, last week.

Page 20—Stephen Morehouse Avery
THE KIWI CROSS: Valor in the air.

Page 22—Arthur Somers Roche
THE AGE OF YOUTH—Part IV: Love, riches, glamour, and so on.

Page 24—Uncle Henry
THE BREATH BATTALION: The Old Gentleman makes a rye face.

Page 25—Zane Grey
THE YELLOWJACKET FEUD—Part XII: Conclusion.

Page 28—John B. Kennedy
MR. REMSEN'S RACKET: It worked—once.

Page 31—Alan LeMay
SENTENCED TO SWING: The Short Short Story.

Page 32—Milton C. Work
HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? A record loss in Contract!

Page 44—The Gentleman at the Keyhole
NICKED! What's ahead in the Longworth-Gann serial.

Page 53—Colliergraphs
RUN UPSTAIRS FOR THE SCISSORS

Page 66—Word Hunt
AND GET THE DICTIONARY WHILE YOU'RE ABOUT IT

Page 78—Editorial

Any Week

WE'VE been yearning for this opportunity. Mrs. Sarah B. Sampers writes from Little Rock, Arkansas, a trifle, alas, resentfully. Mrs. Sampers wrote a neat love story some time ago—her very first joust at literature—and sent it without delay to us.

In due time Mrs. Sampers got her story back. Not quite suitable to our needs. And now she writes to question our fairness to the new writer.

"Is it not true," writes she, "that you do not bother to read manuscripts sent to you by the unknown writer? And don't you think you make a sorry mistake by ignoring new sources of stories?"

We hope what we are about to set down here is accepted for the hearty truth it is. We receive about two hundred manuscripts a day. The overwhelming majority of these are the produce of men, women and children making their début at writing—people who, with fine ardor and hearts afire, have taken pen or typewriter in hand and sent Collier's the result.

Our thanks to them are deep and sincere. Every one of those manuscripts is read from end to end. Our reading staff is young, strong, hopeful and mindful of our repeated instructions to search those two hundred manuscripts daily for the owners of facile pens and fresh viewpoints. The new idea is our grail. Galahad is our prophet—and always had our sympathy.

Mrs. Sampers, your story was read with hope and thoroughness. Yours and thousands more. And we were glad to do it.

WE HAVE just made friends with an old-timer who, for more than thirty years, was a card shark, a confidence man, a circus follower and otherwise a thorough-going rascal. He has written some of the most absorbing reminiscence stuff we've ever listened to. . . . And we'll probably publish it. But better than that (to us), we have learned to do strange things with dice, to deal faro, and play three-card monte. Thus far we have fooled every member of our family and six house guests—with cards and dice only, mind you. And one of them was our favorite clergyman. We feel positively sinister. And enjoy it.

MR. FRED MILLIS of Indianapolis tries to shame us for fogyism or something because on our issue of October 26th we had a cover showing a devastating young thing ironing a chiffon dress. We have always claimed that there is twice as much chiffon in the picture as any girl we see wears. However, Mr. Millis' protest is that no really current girl would think of ironing her own and that she'd let the laundry do it.

His letter stirred us. We went hither and yon asking girls about it. And he's wrong. They all tell us that our cover lady is right, that they all have electric irons for rubbing out wrinkles in their chiffons and that—

But let this be a lesson to you, Mr. Millis.

All of which makes us feel very superior.

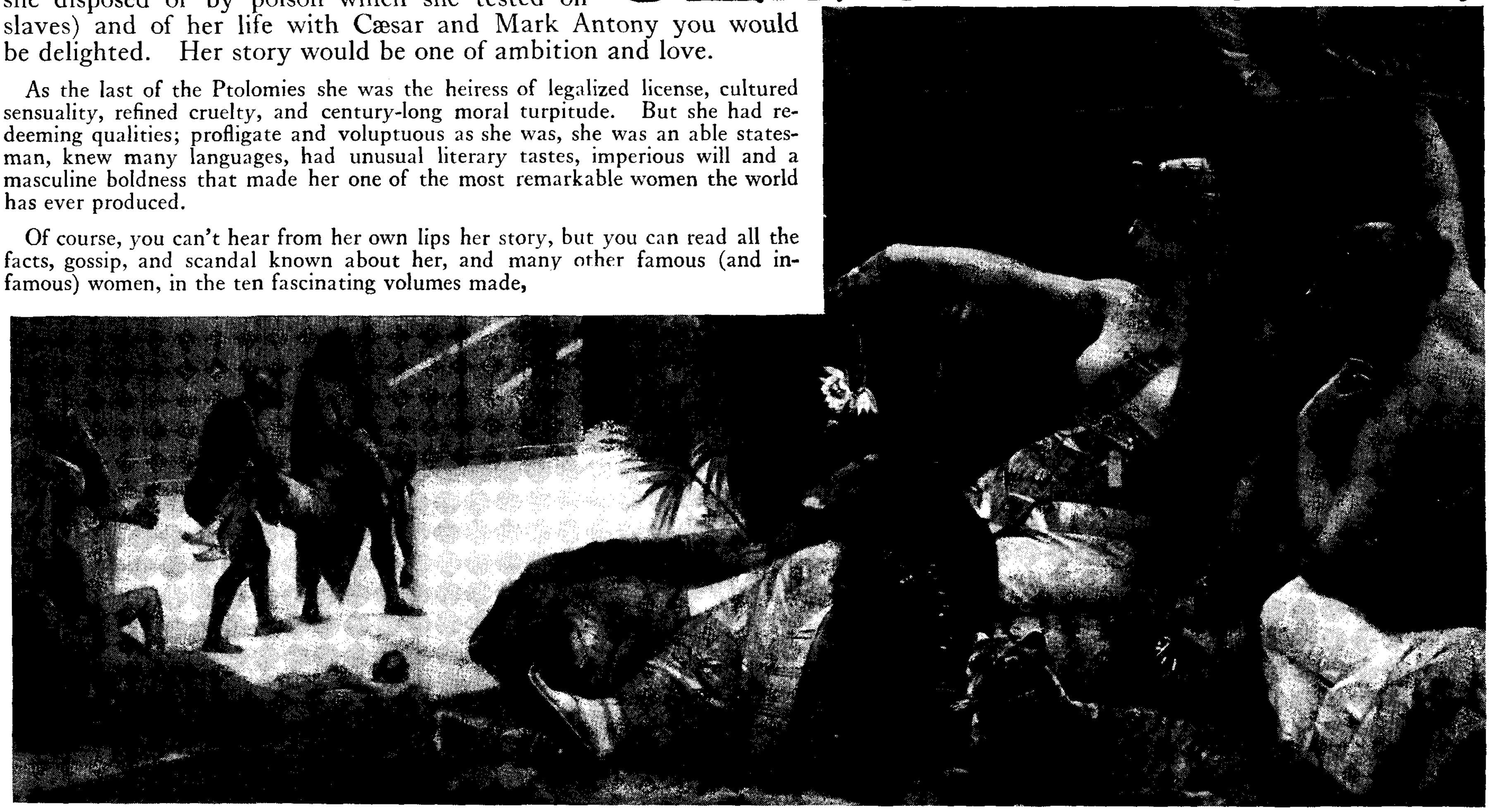
Volume 84, Number 23. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Copyright, 1929, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; George J. Kennedy, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. $2 a year United States and Canada. $4 a year foreign countries. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if found unavailable. The publisher can accept no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

How Would You Like to Spend an Hour With CLEOPATRA?

If you could sit beside this beautiful woman and hear from her own lips the strange story of her marriages to her brothers (one of whom she disposed of by poison which she tested on slaves) and of her life with Cæsar and Mark Antony you would be delighted. Her story would be one of ambition and love.

As the last of the Ptolomies she was the heiress of legalized license, cultured sensuality, refined cruelty, and century-long moral turpitude. But she had redeeming qualities; profligate and voluptuous as she was, she was an able statesman, knew many languages, had unusual literary tastes, imperious will and a masculine boldness that made her one of the most remarkable women the world has ever produced.

Of course, you can't hear from her own lips her story, but you can read all the facts, gossip, and scandal known about her, and many other famous (and infamous) women, in the ten fascinating volumes made,



As the N. Y. Herald says, by the "Tiffanys of Publishers" on WOMAN

Now Offered in a Special Low Priced Edition Free on Approval

YOUR CHANCE TO LEARN ABOUT WOMAN

Read for yourself about the beautiful woman who was forced to drink her husband's health from the skull of her father—and her revenge and fate; how the women of Weinsberg carried their husbands to safety on their shoulders—and why. Learn how beautiful Helen of Troy was the cause of a ten years' war—and about another beautiful Princess who cast herself into the river to stop further wars over her beauty.

FAMOUS LOVERS

This is your chance to read about the famous lovers, Heloise and Abelard; about Margarida, who unsuspecting ate her lover's heart; and how the Turkish Emperor Orkham sacrificed his beautiful wife Theodora by beheading her in the presence of his ministers who had objected because she was a Christian.

HAREMS AND SLAVES

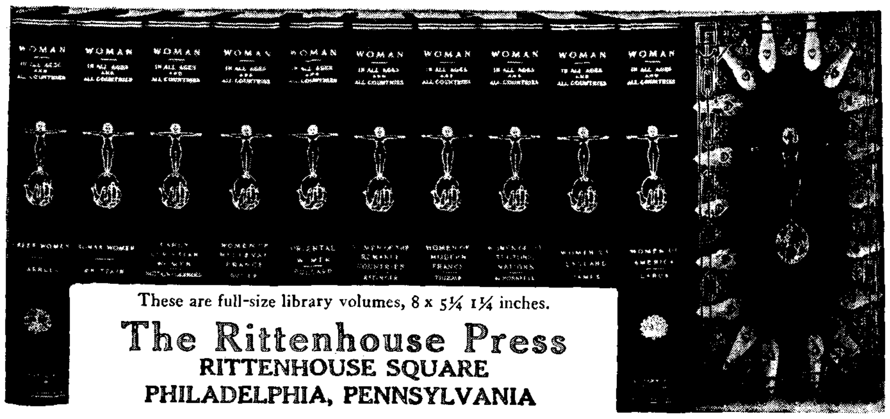
You penetrate to the fastness of the harem with its beautiful slaves. You meet the *hetæræ* of ancient Greece with whom the ancient philosophers found solace. You see the Virgins of the Sun of the Incas of ancient Peru and the famous Vestal Virgins of Rome. You learn about the geisha girls of Japan.

WOMAN—TENDER AND CRUEL

On one hand you have Saint Rosalie and the Miracle of the Roses; Queen Phillippa saving the hostages of Calais or Lady Godiva riding naked through Coventry to help the townspeople. On the other you have the Russian countess who, in the middle of winter, had water poured over nude girls to make frozen statues for her garden; the French women who sat knitting and unmoved as head after head dropped from the guillotine; and Empress Irene who put out the eyes of her son—yet was canonized a saint.

MANY CURIOUS STORIES

You read the curious stories of how Eleanor, daughter of Edward II, proved to council she was not a leper; how Empress Eudocia was expelled from the palace almost naked; how the sister of an emperor was forced to appear in court tied in a bag full of cats which were from time to time pricked with pins; and how Empress Helena buried her husband and sons with her own hands to save their bodies from the dogs.



These are full-size library volumes, 8 x 5¼ 1¼ inches.

The Rittenhouse Press
RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

A FEW OF THE STRANGE TALES

You will read how Emperor Theophilus chose his bride—and how one girl lost a throne because she gave the wrong answer; how a king dressed as a satyr and was nearly burned to death; and how the Suliote women, facing dishonorable surrender, jumped one by one from a cliff to certain death, dancing the meanwhile. You will learn how two gentlemen threw dice to decide which should have the honor of being acknowledged the father of a child of that beauty, Ninon de Lenclos; of how her own son unsuspecting fell in love with her and, upon learning the truth, blew out his brains.

YOU MEET FAMOUS WOMEN

You will meet Catherine the Great, Jeanne d'Arc, Mary Stuart, Mary Magdalene, Madame du Barry, Empress Josephine, Marie Antoinette, Nell Gwyn, Messalina, Lucrezia Borgia, Marie de Padilla, Lady Jane Grey, Semiramis, Fatima, the Queen of Sheba, Charlotte Corday, Jezebel, Pocahontas, Betsy Ross, Phryne, Aspasia, Madame de Montespan, Mlle. de la Vallière, and hundreds upon hundreds of others.

SENSATIONAL SAVINGS TO YOU

The original limited edition on Japan paper which sold for $150.00 paid for the plates and allows us to offer you this edition, printed from the same plates, for a mere fraction of the former price. We knew that a great many people would jump at the chance to get a set at this low price, so by ordering a large quantity in a manufacturer's slack season we got the lowest possible cost. But only a few sets remain; soon they will be sold.

COMPLETE SETS FREE ON APPROVAL

We will send you the ten full-sized de luxe volumes bound in royal purple cloth stamped in gold. In them you will meet famous women from ancient Carthage, Greece, and Rome; women of the Aztecs and Incas; from Russia to Africa, from America to China, from the harems of Turkey and the slave markets of Babylon, from the Far East and the South Seas.

GOOD WOMEN AND BAD

You will meet queens and empresses, orange girls, saints, sinners, Amazons, actresses, murderers, martyrs, courtesans, bacchantes, and Spartans. Good women and bad—you meet them all. Take advantage now of your opportunity. Do not miss it. You get over 4000 pages of pleasure just by signing the coupon.

SEND NO MONEY

Enjoy these books at our expense for five days. If you don't find them entrancing; if you don't want them for your library; if you don't think them a wonderful bargain—return them at our expense. But once seen you will want to keep them. MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

ACT NOW. DON'T DELAY. VERY IMPORTANT.

Wise readers will rapidly snap up the last of this edition. To be sure of your set tear off the coupon while you have it in your hand.

THE RITTENHOUSE PRESS
Established 1873, 18 Medals and Diplomas
Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

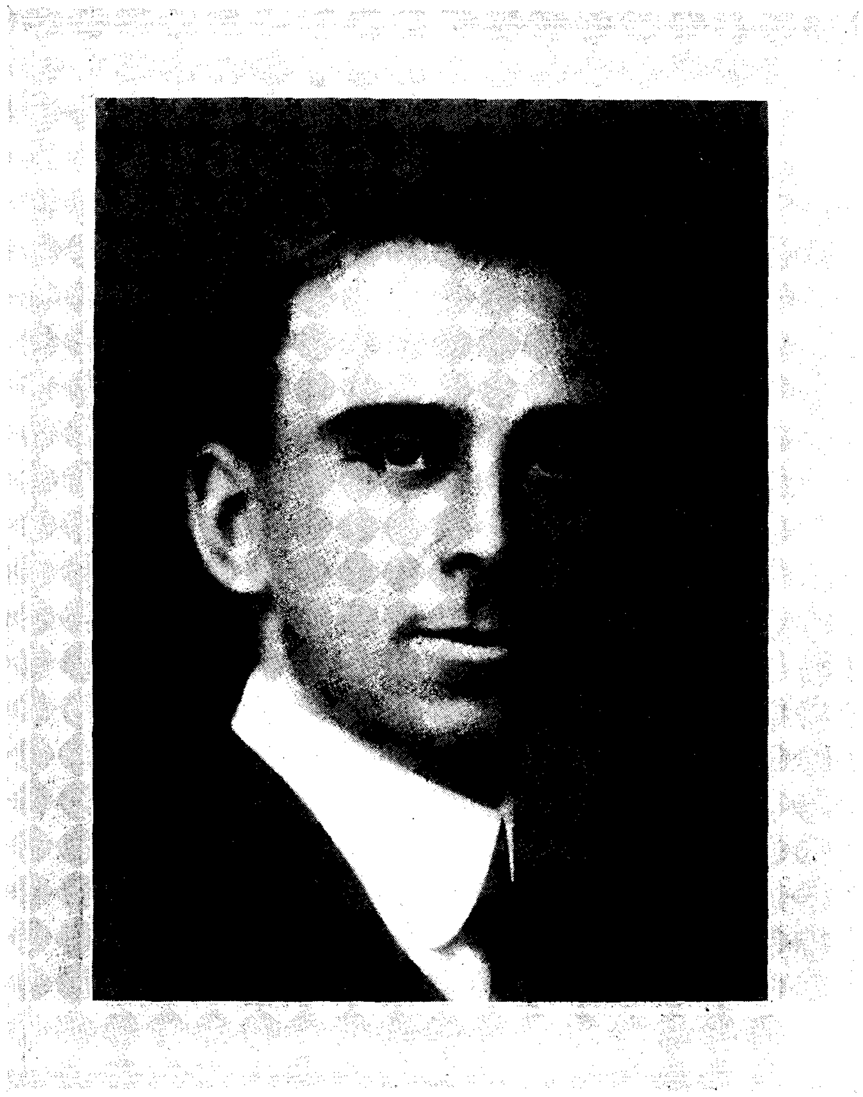
You may send me for inspection, charges paid, the 10-volume set of *WOMAN*, bound in purple cloth. I will return the set in 5 days or send you $1 as a first payment and $2 a month for 11 months. *Canada (duty paid) add one $2 payment. Foreign $25 cash with order.*

NAME ____________________

C. 12-7-29

ADDRESS ____________________

☐ Check here if you wish the maroon Spanish leather finished fabrikoid and change payments to 14 months.



UX-245
POWER
AMPLIFIER

Look for this mark on every Radiotron

S. W. GILFILLAN

President of GILFILLAN BROS., Inc. Says:

"Our advice to all our dealers is to recommend RCA Radiotrons for initial equipment and for replacement in all of our radio instruments. We do this because we use them for experiments and tests in the Gilfillan Bros., Inc. laboratories and find that they have no superior."

S W Gilfillan

Expert radio engineers advise that all tubes in your radio set be replaced at the same time—once a year at least. Old tubes left in impair the performance of the others. By installing a complete new set of RCA Radiotrons you are assured of balanced performance.

RCA RADIOTRON

RADIOTRON DIVISION
RADIO-VICTOR CORPORATION OF AMERICA

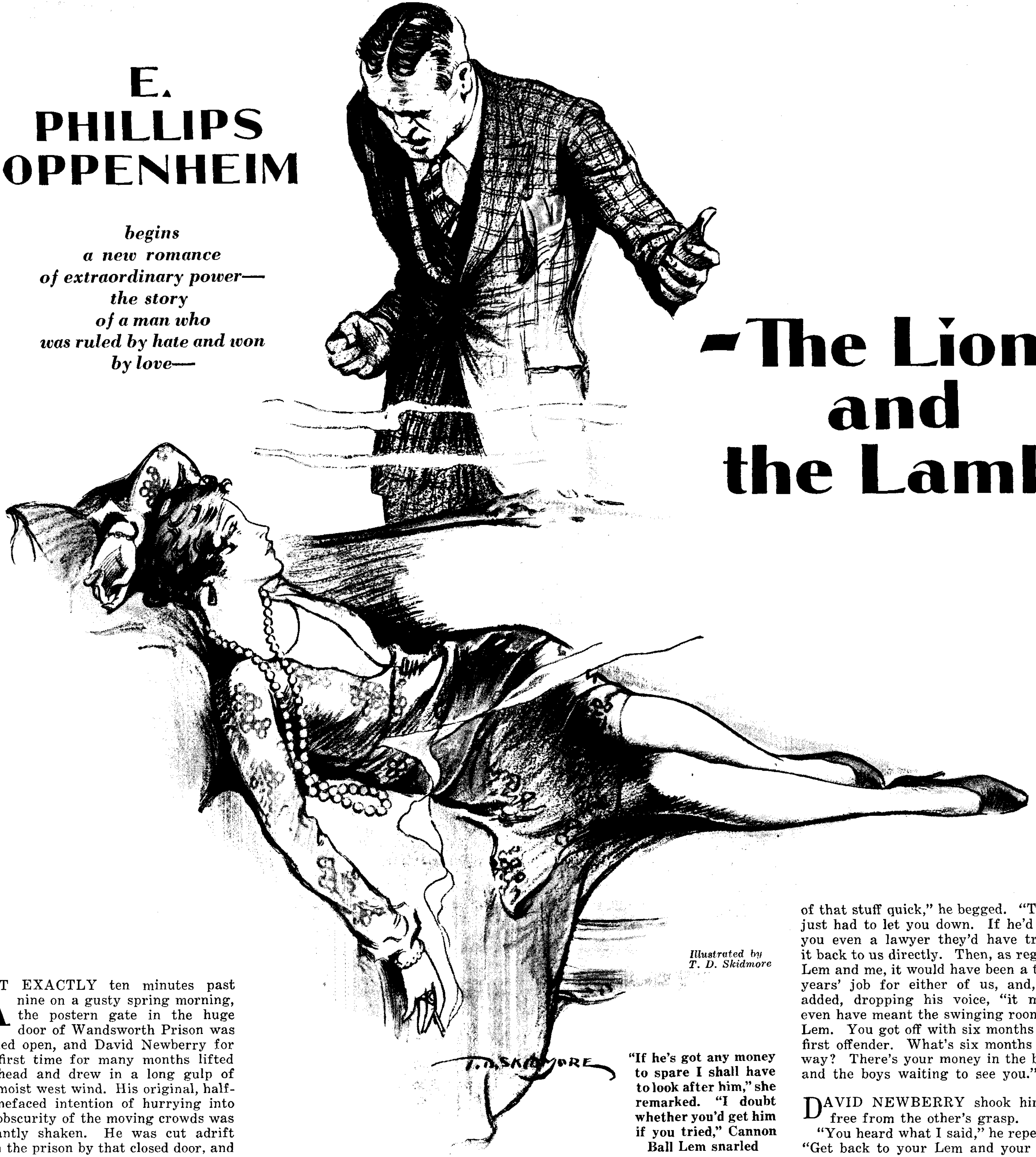
Collier's The National Weekly for December 7, 1929

IOLA FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

*begins
a new romance
of extraordinary power—
the story
of a man who
was ruled by hate and won
by love—*

The Lion and the Lamb



*Illustrated by
T. D. Skidmore*

"If he's got any money to spare I shall have to look after him," she remarked. "I doubt whether you'd get him if you tried," Cannon Ball Lem snarled

AT EXACTLY ten minutes past nine on a gusty spring morning, the postern gate in the huge door of Wandsworth Prison was pushed open, and David Newberry for the first time for many months lifted his head and drew in a long gulp of the moist west wind. His original, half-shamefaced intention of hurrying into the obscurity of the moving crowds was instantly shaken. He was cut adrift from the prison by that closed door, and nobody seemed to be taking any notice of him. Nothing seemed to matter, except that this was freedom.

When, a few moments later, he squared his shoulders, and proceeded on his way, the miraculous had happened. He had lost his sense of self-consciousness, there was a certain eagerness in his footsteps, he was on his way back into life, and there were still things which were worth while.

A young man, who had been talking to a companion, by a stationary taxicab on the other side of the road, broke off his conversation, crossed the thoroughfare, and presently accosted him.

"Hullo, Dave!"

David Newberry eyed the speaker with an air of gloomy disgust. He came to a standstill unwillingly.

"What do you want, Reuben?" he asked.

"I LIKE that," was the jaunty response. "What do you suppose I want but you? Tottie Green isn't the man to let any of his lads down. There's a taxicab engaged," he added, pointing across the way, "and a spread at the Lion and the Lamb. We'd have made it the Trocadero if we could, but I expect they'll be keeping an eye on you for a time. Lem's over there, waiting."

"You can ride back in the taxi with Lem then, and eat the spread," David Newberry rejoined. "I want nothing more to do with you, or Lem, or Tottie Green."

Reuben laid his hand on his companion's shoulder He was a tall, dark young man, whose clothes fitted him almost too well, sallow-faced, with sharp features, and the persuasive voice of one who has started life as a well-educated huckster.

"Dave, old man, you've got to get rid of that stuff quick," he begged. "Tottie just had to let you down. If he'd sent you even a lawyer they'd have traced it back to us directly. Then, as regards Lem and me, it would have been a three years' job for either of us, and," he added, dropping his voice, "it might even have meant the swinging room for Lem. You got off with six months as a first offender. What's six months anyway? There's your money in the bank, and the boys waiting to see you."

DAVID NEWBERRY shook himself free from the other's grasp.

"You heard what I said," he repeated. "Get back to your Lem and your taxi, and leave me alone."

Reuben made no movement. His manner became even more urgent.

"You've got to get all that out of your head, Dave," he insisted. "The old man's waiting there, and Belle all fussed up at the idea of seeing you again. Make up your mind to it. You've got to come back with me. Here comes Lem to find out what's the matter."

"See that policeman?" the newcomer into the world pointed out. "I don't want to be in trouble again, for brawling in the street, or I'd knock you down. I'm going to call him."

The man who had crossed the road presented himself—an unpleasant-looking person, with the square shoulders, the bulbous ears, and the cruel mouth of a prize fighter, which indeed had been his profession. He grinned at David—not a pleasant function, for his yellow, broken teeth, and the sideway withdrawal of his lips, were alike unprepossessing.

"How goes it, Dave, old man?" he demanded, with a certain note of bluster in his tone. "What about a move, eh?"

"I wish to the devil you would move off, both of you," was the bitter reply. "I have told Reuben here I want nothing more to do with Tottie Green or any of you. You're a set of quitters, and I'm through with you."

THE grin this time more closely resembled a snarl.

"Stop your kidding," the ex-prize fighter enjoined. "I tell you your money's waiting—a hundred and seventy-five quid—not a penny docked. The old man's going to hand it over to you himself."

David Newberry drew himself up, and there became even more apparent a very singular and remarkable dissimilarity among the three young men that would have seemed almost natural if their family histories had been known.

"Get this into your muddy brains, you fools, if you can," he said firmly. "I've done with Tottie Green, done with all of you—except you, Lem, and you, Reuben. There's a little understanding due between us that's got to come; otherwise I never want to see any of your ugly faces again. Clear out!"

The deportment of Tottie Green's second ambassador suddenly changed. He became truculent, if not menacing. He drew nearer to David, who avoided him with disgust.

"You just get this into your silly nut, Dave," he countered. "You're one of Tottie's men, and you don't quit till he says the word. There's been one or two who tried, and they got theirs sweet and proper. Come along, young fellow. You don't want us to have to buy that blooming taxi, do you?"

Cannon Ball Lem had been a fair middle-weight boxer in his time, and he sidled up to David in unpleasantly aggressive fashion. The latter took a quick step sideways, and touched a policeman on the shoulder.

"Constable," he complained, "this man is annoying and threatening me. I am just out of prison, and I haven't any desire to go back again. Will you please see that these two leave me alone?"

The policeman, favorably impressed by David's voice and manner, turned promptly around. The two ambassadors from the unseen power, however, were already disappearing into the taxicab. David raised his cap.

"Many thanks, Constable," he said. "Cannon Ball Lem they used to call that young man, and he certainly had a fair idea of using his fists. I didn't want to be knocked about the first day I was out of prison."

The man grinned.

"Now that you're free, you choose your company," he advised.

DAVID NEWBERRY, absorbed soon in the traffic of the broader thoroughfares, walked along with a slightly relaxed sense of tension. Presently he summoned a taxicab, and, having decided, after a seemingly casual glance up and down the street, that he was not being followed, directed the man to drive to the Strand.

At a second-hand shop in this neighborhood he purchased a leather trunk, slightly soiled, but of very superior quality, a kit bag, and a fitted dressing case, for all of which articles he paid from a bulky roll of bank notes. He drove on to a famous emporium for the sale of misfits and second-hand clothes, where, being fortunately of almost stock size, he was able to purchase a complete and expensive wardrobe, the whole of which he took away with him in his trunk. From an outfitter's, close at hand, he bought sparingly of linen and ties, having the air, whilst he made his selection, of one who is more at home in the chaster atmosphere of Bond Street.

He was then driven to the Milan Hotel, where he engaged, without any trouble, a small bachelor suite in the court. With his luggage stowed away, and the porters duly tipped, he descended to the barber shop, and for an hour submitted himself to the complete ministrations of the establishment. After which he mounted in the lift to his rooms.

SEATED in an easy-chair, with a cigarette between his lips, he glanced through the telephone book, and asked for the number of Messrs. Tweedy, Atkinson & Tweedy, Solicitors, of Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Atkinson, for whom he enquired under the name of David Newberry, was prompt in response. His voice over the telephone sounded urgent and anxious.

"This is Atkinson speaking. Is that—er-er-h'm—?"

"This is David Newberry," the young man snapped. "Please remember that that is the name and the style in which I wish to be addressed. When can I see you?"

"At any time you choose," was the prompt response.

"In half an hour?"

"Certainly, if I can get to Wandsworth in that time. You are still, I presume—"

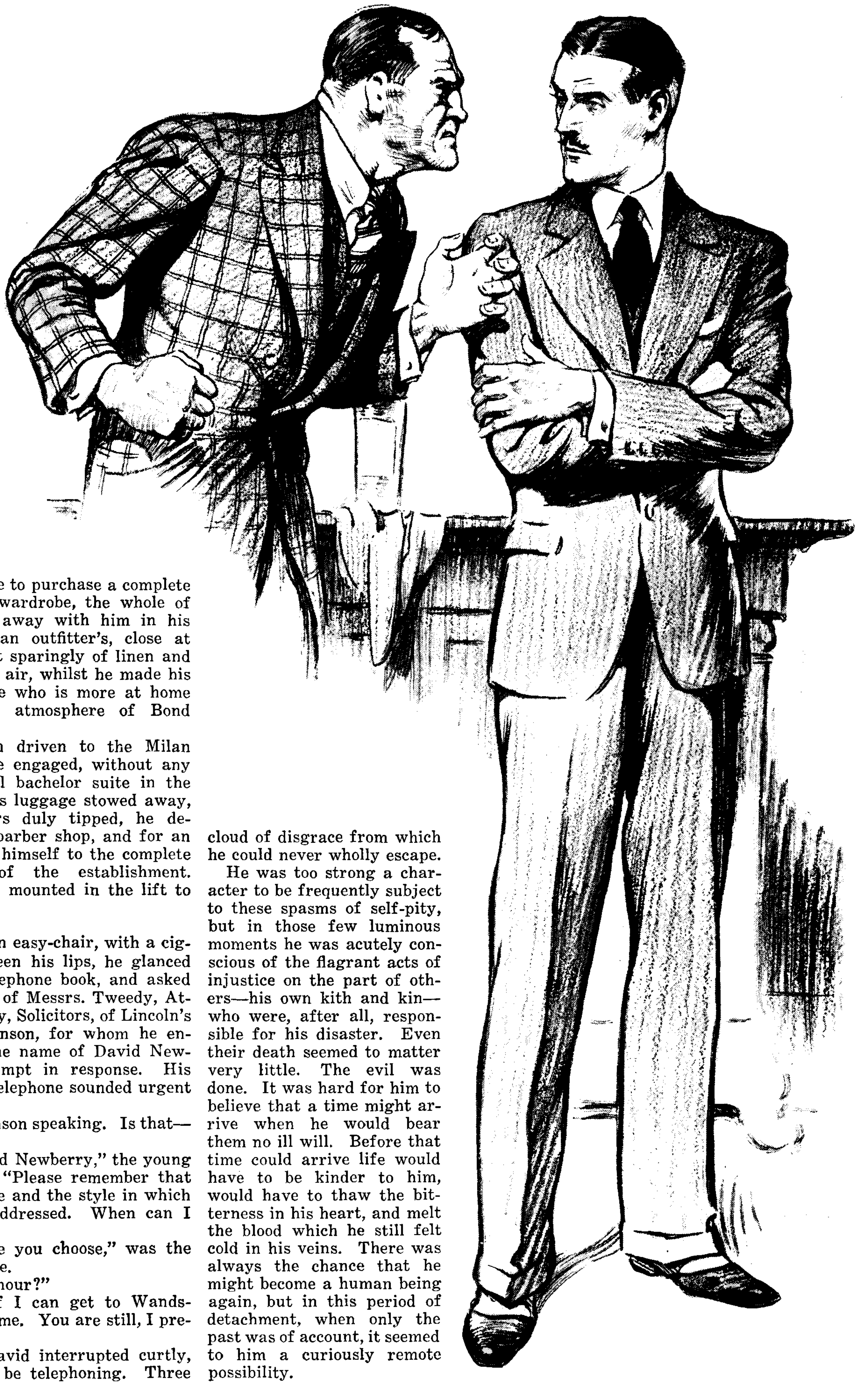
"I'm out," David interrupted curtly, "or I wouldn't be telephoning. Three days short for good conduct. Milan Court 128."

"Fortunately my car is waiting," the lawyer confided. "I shall be with you almost at once."

His client rang off. He stood with his hands in his pockets, looking eastwards over the bare tops of the trees at the misty, gray-domed churches and the solid new buildings slowly creeping up. In detail, he saw nothing. It was a great moment for him, a moment in which he needed all his self-control, all his imagination, all his resolution.

Before him lay, if he chose to take it, the broad way of an easy life, a life of forgetfulness and oblivion to all he had suffered, forgiveness—negative at any rate—of the cowards who were responsible for those lost months, and that cloud of disgrace from which he could never wholly escape.

He was too strong a character to be frequently subject to these spasms of self-pity, but in those few luminous moments he was acutely conscious of the flagrant acts of injustice on the part of others—his own kith and kin—who were, after all, responsible for his disaster. Even their death seemed to matter very little. The evil was done. It was hard for him to believe that a time might arrive when he would bear them no ill will. Before that time could arrive life would have to be kinder to him, would have to thaw the bitterness in his heart, and melt the blood which he still felt cold in his veins. There was always the chance that he might become a human being again, but in this period of detachment, when only the past was of account, it seemed to him a curiously remote possibility.



In due course there was a ring at the bell, and in response to David's invitation a middle-aged, very well-dressed, portentous-looking gentleman, his right hand outstretched, and carrying a small black bag in his left, entered the room. Behind him, following a little diffidently, and with a dispatch box under his arm, was another person of obviously less consequence. His clothes and general appearance bore the unmistakable imprint of the lawyer's clerk.

"My dear Lord Newberry!" the solicitor exclaimed. "I beg your pardon—Mr. David Newberry, since you wish it—let me offer you a hearty welcome back into—shall we call it civilization?"

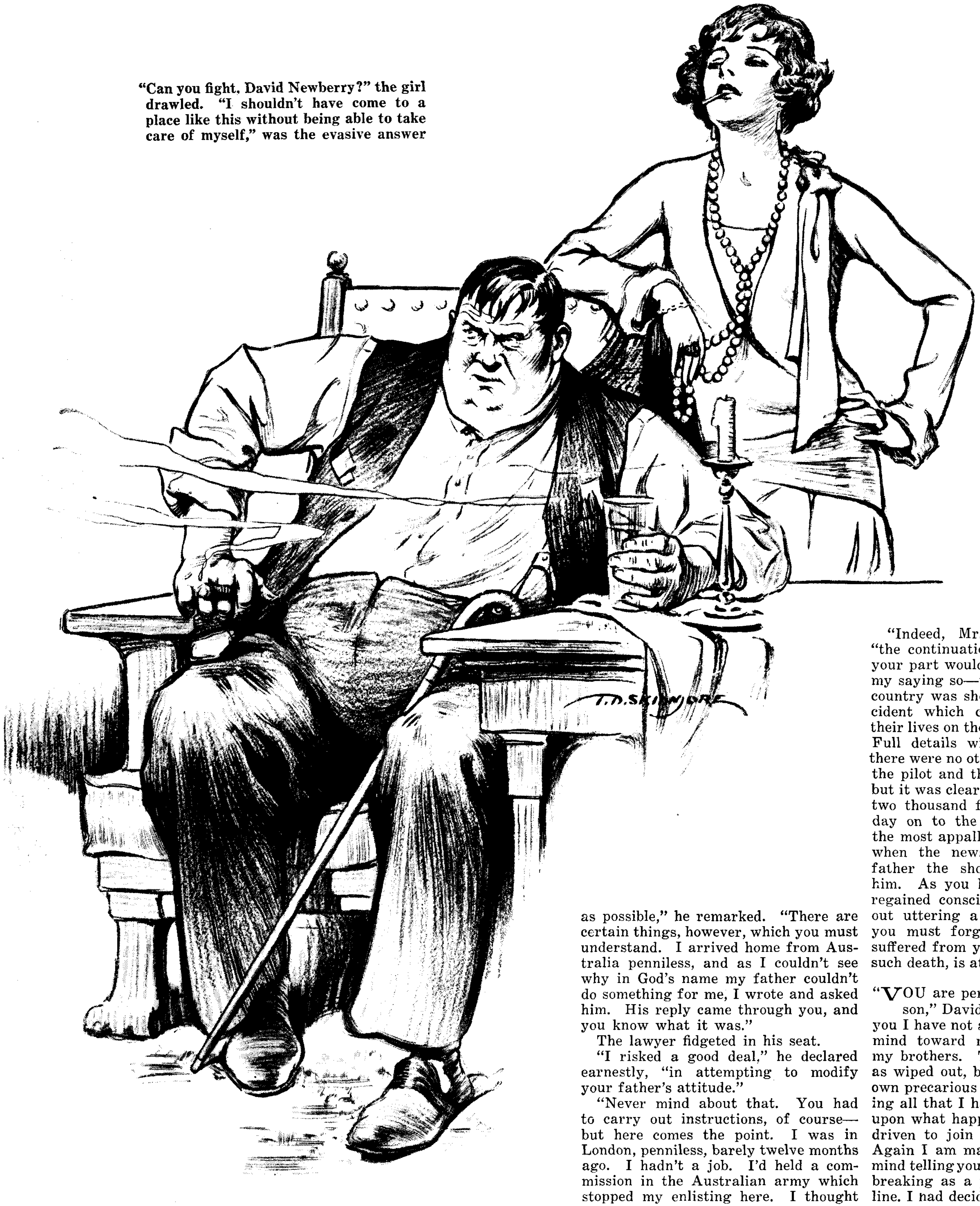
"Very good of you, I'm sure," David murmured, affecting not to notice the outstretched hand.

"I come hoping sincerely that you are prepared to let bygones be bygones," his visitor continued. "Believe me, there were times when I felt a positive pain in carrying out the instructions we received from your lamented father."

THE young man inclined his head. "Who is this person with you?" he asked.

"I took the liberty of bringing my confidential clerk," Mr. Atkinson explained. "There are so many details connected with the estate which you should know of, things which no one man could carry in his head. We have all the papers here. It may be rather a long affair, but it has to be done."

"It must stand over until another



"Can you fight, David Newberry?" the girl drawled. "I shouldn't have come to a place like this without being able to take care of myself," was the evasive answer

time," David announced. "For this morning I shall ask you to send away your clerk—what did you say his name was?"

"Mr. Moody. He has been with the firm for a very long time."

"Nevertheless," David continued, "I shall ask you to send him away for the present. Anything that is necessary can be attended to later on. I am sorry, Mr. Moody, you have had the trouble of coming for no purpose."

The elderly man smiled from his place in the background.

"It's been a pleasure to see you again—er—Mr. David Newberry, if only for this moment."

The clerk, in obedience to a gesture from his employer, withdrew, and David motioned the latter to a chair.

"I shall open our conversation, my—Mr. Newberry," the man of law began, "by begging you to forget everything there may have been in the past of an unpleasant nature. I can assure you that your misfortune was a bitter grief to the firm, as it naturally was to your father and brothers."

"WE CAN take all that for granted," David interrupted, a little curtly.

"Nevertheless," the other continued, "I must repeat my conviction that if your father—if we had any of us—realized the situation properly, everything would have been different."

David shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"We will leave the past alone, so far as possible," he remarked. "There are certain things, however, which you must understand. I arrived home from Australia penniless, and as I couldn't see why in God's name my father couldn't do something for me, I wrote and asked him. His reply came through you, and you know what it was."

The lawyer fidgeted in his seat.

"I risked a good deal," he declared earnestly, "in attempting to modify your father's attitude."

"Never mind about that. You had to carry out instructions, of course—but here comes the point. I was in London, penniless, barely twelve months ago. I hadn't a job. I'd held a commission in the Australian army which stopped my enlisting here. I thought of the Foreign Legion, but I hadn't the money to get to France. I wasn't eligible for the dole, even if I could have brought myself to touch it. You know what I did. I joined a gang of criminals. The first time I went out with them they let me down. You also know the sequel to that."

"Is it worth while," Mr. Atkinson pleaded, "dwelling upon these—er—disagreeable incidents? The whole thing is finished and done with, you have come into a fine inheritance, an income of something like thirty thousand a year, and, if you will forgive my saying so, there is nothing left now but to wipe out this last very unpleasant memory, and make a fresh start."

"Eventually perhaps," David observed. "As I have already warned you, however, I am not quite ready yet to take up my new responsibilities."

"Perhaps you will explain."

"I sent for you to do so. I shan't use many words about it either. Mr. Atkinson, I am an embittered person."

All the sympathy which the lawyer could summon into his somewhat expressionless face was there as he looked toward the slim young man with the clean-cut features and hard gray-blue eyes, lounging in the opposite chair.

"I'm not surprised at that, Mr. Newberry."

"For fifteen years," David went on, "my father, my two brothers, and practically the whole of the family, have treated me like an outcast, entirely without reason. My father and brothers are tragically dead, so that's an end of it. I can bear them no grudge, even if I can't altogether forgive."

The lawyer was grave, and almost dignified.

"Indeed, Mr. Newberry," he said, "the continuation of any ill feeling on your part would be—if you will forgive my saying so—unbecoming. The whole country was shocked at the terrible accident which cost your two brothers their lives on their way back from Paris. Full details will never be known, as there were no other passengers, and both the pilot and the mechanic were killed, but it was clear that they fell from over two thousand feet on a perfectly still day on to the rocks, with, naturally, the most appalling results. No wonder when the news was broken to your father the shock was too much for him. As you know, he fainted, never regained consciousness, and died without uttering a word. Mr. Newberry, you must forget all the wrongs you suffered from your family. Death, and such death, is atonement enough."

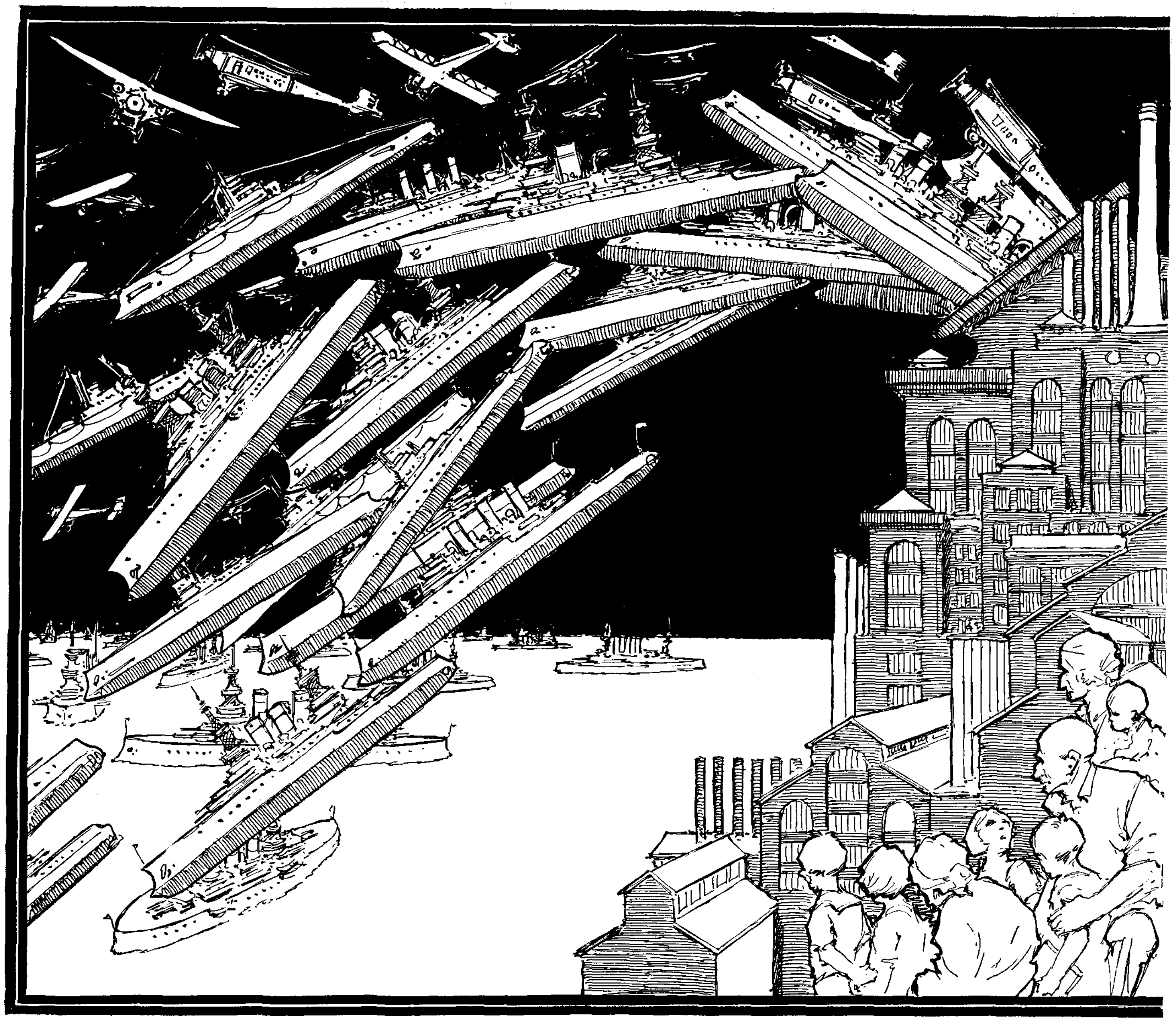
"YOU are perfectly right, Mr. Atkinson," David admitted. "I can assure you I have not an unkind thought in my mind toward my father or either of my brothers. That may be considered as wiped out, but go back again to my own precarious existence. After suffering all that I have suffered, just reflect upon what happened to me when I was driven to join this band of criminals. Again I am made the catspaw. I don't mind telling you, Mr. Atkinson, that lawbreaking as a profession is not in my line. I had decided to quit it before that first job. Then see what happened. There were three of us concerned in it. It was well enough planned, and there was plenty of time for all of us to have escaped. My two companions, however, got the funks, locked the door on me, got away themselves, and left me to face the music."

"Disgraceful!" the lawyer exclaimed.

"So disgraceful," Dave agreed, "that before I enter into my inheritance, and my new life, I am going to break up that gang, whatever it costs me."

"But, my dear—Mr. Newberry," the lawyer protested, "why on earth, in view of your wonderful future, should you run the slightest risk in dealing personally with this band of criminals? I ask you to consider the matter seriously. Is it (*Continued on page 69*)

The burden of armaments stunts the life of a nation. What actual relief can we hope to get from peace pacts? Here Senator Borah with his usual force and clarity answers that all-important question



The insincerity, the deception, the downright betrayal of public interests, is nowhere more fla-

Bigger Guns or

By Senator

THE marvel of all history is the patience with which men and women submit to burdens unnecessarily laid upon them by their governments. Never since recorded history have governments demanded of the people such exorbitant sums for governmental purposes as in these days. From decade to decade millions of children are stunted in their physical and arrested in their mental development because of the exactions of government. Countless homes are either given up or lost because of the increasing weight of taxes. The most telling item in the great agricultural problem, not only in this country but throughout the world, is the constantly increasing demand made of agriculture on behalf of governments—many an abandoned farm tells the story.

If taxes would remain where they are laid, conditions would be less cruel. But they are passed to those least able to pay and are represented in everything the poor must buy, for clothes, food and shelter. Taxes with vicious persistence always seek the low man—"on his back is the burden of the world."

In no instance is this patience of the people so made manifest as in the matter of armaments. The insincerity, the deception, the downright betrayal of public interests, is nowhere more flagrant and is nowhere more bitter and demoralizing than in the matter of disarmament. Professions of peace and the ostentatious maneuvers for disarmament have gone on but armaments have increased and the burden of carrying them has grown in weight with the years.

Frustrated Hopes

When Secretary Hughes brought the Washington Treaty before the last plenary session of the conference, he was quoted as saying: "This treaty ends, absolutely ends, the race in competitive naval armaments." The next day the race in cruisers began. Vast sums were appropriated for another kind of vessel than that about which the agreement had been reached. The naval holiday proved to be a dream, an interrupted dream. Building began, and for what purpose? What was the occasion at that time for starting the race in violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of the agreement?

What is the situation seven years after the Washington Naval Conference? Great Britain is spending $1,000 a minute for armaments. We are expending no less. In fact, we lead the world in two things: in talking about peace and in expending money for armaments. Every blessed hour that Premier MacDonald spent upon his peace mission, the two nations so profoundly moved in the cause of peace were each expending over $60,000 in preparation for war. There are more men in arms at this time than at any time in the world's history. And notwithstanding all the pledges and continued display for peace, the burden increases. In this year the world will spend $4,300,000,000 for the instrumentalities of war. These peace-professing nations, whose leaders daily announce their love for peace in the market place, have navies in size and efficiency and cost without precedent. And with all their ingenuity and devotion to peace they have difficulty in devising a scheme which will sink a single ship. The taxpayer, the burden-carrier, sees nothing in the way of relief—whatever the plan, it does not reach him. Continental Europe, not including Russia, has two million men in arms. Europe is an armed camp. Countries, impoverished and with many of their people living in squalor and misery, are still expending 85 per cent to 90 per cent of their revenue, revenue extorted from the scant pockets of their people, for the upkeep of the war system. Four billion dollars a year is coined from the blood of the people and used to maintain a system which keeps them in many countries in economic slavery.

Furthermore, fastened upon these same people is the conscription system which is as near the incarnation of hell on earth as anything yet devised by the devilish ingenuity of the human brain. Estimate if you can what the world is spending every mortal minute for instruments with which to maim and murder human beings. Contemplate what all this means in the way of human drudgery, of human suffering, of that grinding wear and misery which breaks up families, undermines manhood and womanhood and unfits men and women for the duties of citizenship.

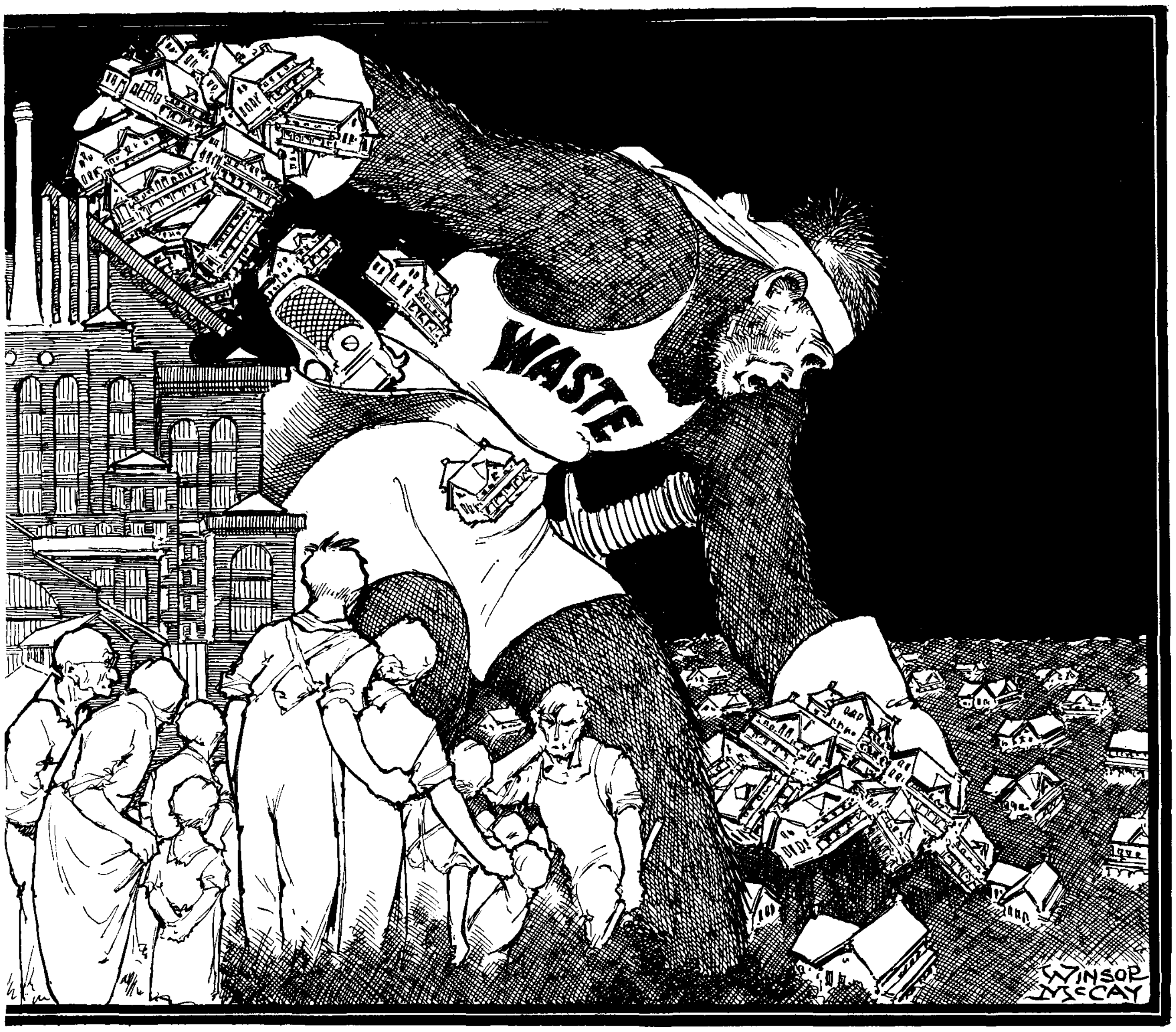
When is this waste of human energy, this cruel and inhuman policy of human attrition, to end? If it were not for the fact that the world has become accustomed, calloused, to such maneuvering, to such insincerity, it would drive a harassed and tax-ridden people to madness and to violence. For millions and millions of human beings the program means an endless night of toil and misery.

Still more extraordinary seems the situation when we recall that these nations have all signed a treaty. This treaty pledges these nations never to seek settlement of international controversies through other than pacific means. War is rejected, discarded, denounced, and damned—in the treaty. It is no longer to be employed or accepted as an arbiter between nations. Its futility is acknowledged and its vain and fruitless glories henceforth and forever rejected. Every leader of any moment eulogizes the treaty and declares it to be the beginning of a new world. But the building of armaments continues and the expenditures of the war system increase.

The People Want Relief

Our acts do not conform to the written pledge. Our deeds impeach every syllable of the treaty. Is this pledge of the nations to lift no part of this armaments burden? Is this compact to mean nothing to millions exploited year after year for war expenditures? Are we to go forward with the present load and with the present outlay—$1,000 a minute and four billions and more for the world this year—with the treaty simply as an inspiration on rhetorical occasions? What those who carry the burdens of war want above all things is relief from its burdens. What the people would plead for is the right to use more of their earnings for education, for food, and for some of the comforts of life. If the treaty outlawing war means a world weighted down with armaments and people bled white to meet such expenditures, then it is in my judgment a most dangerous deception, if not something worse. An armed world is a fighting world. If under these treaties we are to continue to arm and to tax and to rely upon force, we may be assured that upon the slightest occasion, in the future as in the past, force and not peaceful methods will be employed in the settlement of international disputes. The Prime Minister of Great Britain at the beginning of the World War has since declared that the great contributing cause of the war was armaments, the vast military establishments. It was his view that it was the state of mind produced throughout Europe by these establishments that served most effectually to bring on the war.

If the Peace Pact does not mean reduction of armaments, it does not



Drawing by Winsor McCay

grant and the results in no way more bitter and demoralizing than in the matter of disarmament

Better Homes?

William E. Borah

mean the elimination of that state of mind, the fears, the suspicion and hate, which inevitably lead to war. If the nations have not sufficient faith in the treaty to curtail their fighting machines, they will not when a controversy arises have sufficient faith in the treaty to lay aside their armaments and seek settlement through peaceful means.

Mr. Gibson, at Geneva, speaking the views of the President and the views of 90 per cent of the people of the United States, said: "A large part of the suggestions for limitation hitherto made seems to have been of such a nature as to sanction existing armaments or even to set higher levels, with tacit encouragement to increasing existing establishments. This is only a timid expedient, and an agreement on the basis of existing world armaments (or at higher levels) can never be justified before enlightened public opinion as a positive achievement. At best it is purely negative. Fundamentally, our purpose should be to release large numbers of men from the military service to productive effort; and, second, to reduce the heavy burden of taxation. So long as the nations are burdened with increasing taxation for the maintenance of armaments it is idle to pretend that the world is really advancing toward the goal of disarmament."

This states the whole argument in a paragraph. It at once exposes and condemns, unmasks and denounces, the subterfuge in the matter of disarmament which results in leaving the burden where it was or even increasing it, which does not reduce taxes and leaves the way open for increases. I maintain that disarmament is not alone a question of making war less probable, although that is important. It is not alone a question of equalizing the armaments of great nations. It has a no less primary purpose, or should have, of relieving the human family from the burden it is now carrying. If men and women must drudge on and on and on through life, breaking daily under the weight of such tax exactions, if millions are to go through life without the hope of leaving one penny to their own and with no goal save that of a pauper's grave, all because of these remorseless exactions of government, then, in my judgment, such an existence is more to be dreaded than death upon the battlefield.

More than Limitation

Disarmament conferences seem to be accompanied by some mysterious and evil force, warring all the time against any real proposal to lift the burden. Men do not fail to see the necessity of removing this weight but in some way or other, through some influence, the weight remains or increases.

Disarmament conferences are always initiated under the promise and inspiration of reduction. They are initiated with high hopes and the public is accordingly deeply moved. For this is the part of the disarmament program which can be understood and appreciated by all. There is nothing in the way of technical knowledge necessary to understand it. Reduction was particularly stressed in the beginning of the Washington conference. But in the long run there was no reduction. It is true of the coming conference. We have already quoted Mr. Gibson—plain, specific, unanswerable, and somewhat severe—"an agreement on the basis of existing world armaments can never be justified before enlightened public opinion."

Lord Cushenden, in reply to Gibson, said: "Another point on which I am in full agreement with Mr. Gibson is when he says that in naval matters we desire not only limitation but reduction; that is also the desire of the British Government and we, like the United States, desire limitation and reduction to be applied to all classes of vessels."

Japan has from the beginning stressed the necessity of reduction. And in her last note in reply to the invitation of Great Britain, Japan again laid stress upon reduction. France and Italy have seemed to favor reduction.

The "enlightened public opinion" will await with interest the fulfillment of these pledges and I trust will be vigilant and watchful to the end. This conference, more than any other that preceded it, holds the hopes and prayers of countless men and women who realize what a continuation of present conditions means.

Treaties have been signed renouncing war, professions of friendship, pledges of reduction, and now the great question is: Shall we have a realization of that which is first in the hopes of the people everywhere? People have been told of the league and of its influence for peace. They have heard of the Peace Pact and read how every nation has pledged itself never to seek settlement of international controversies through other than peaceful means. They have rejoiced in the manifestations of friendship between the nations. This conference will be the test of the worth and sincerity of all these things. If the nations possess and are guided by the same old fear, if they are to confer and make agreements under the pledges which they seem formerly to have controlled, we can hope for little. But if, as Mr. MacDonald has said, we are to meet under new auspices and with a new outlook, much may be expected.

The President in his speech at Louisville, Kentucky, addressing himself to one of our great and exceedingly belated internal improvements (haven't had the money), the development of our waterways, said, speaking of the increase of expenditures: "This annual increase is equal to the cost of one half of one battleship." That is $20,000,000. A happy and telling illustration bringing home to us what we are expending for armaments and how we feel that we must take into consideration our expenditure for armaments whenever we are to consider anything in the way of internal development. Whether it is the development of waterways or the development of a better marketing system for agricultural commodities, or whatever it is, when considering it we must take into consideration how heavy our expenditures are for armaments.

But this expression of the President accentuates another thought, and that is the size of this stupendous load we are carrying and how difficult it is to make any real decrease that amounts to anything.

An Intolerable Burden

If we should save $20,000,000 it would reduce the world's burden for armaments to $4,280,000,000. If Great Britain should reduce an equal amount, it would reduce the world's burden to the amount of $4,260,000,000. And if possibly Japan and France and Italy should proportionately reduce, we might be able to get the world's burden down close to $4,200,000,000. What a relief that would be! But if we should turn about and expend $1,700,000,000 for a different kind of vessel and a different class of armaments, for cruisers, submarines, airplanes, which we contemplate doing, what amount of relief would the taxpayers enjoy as a whole? After considering the amount which seems to be the best we can hope for, the way out is still as dark and unending as before.

Does it not all seem like incipient insanity? While professing to be considering preparedness we are undermining the economic strength and the development of our country, which are the basis of national power and the real guarantee of national success whether in peace or in war. Mr. MacDonald said with fine courage and deep vision (I do not quote his exact words, but in substance): "We take risks in the matter of war, are we not willing to take risks for peace?" Are the nations not willing to dare, to risk, to take some chances, in behalf of disarmament which, put in another way, is in behalf of (*Continued on page 77*)

No Romance

In the perfume of Havana nights where every moonbeam softly

ALMOST before the farewell handkerchiefs had ceased to flutter from the pier, one of Eddie Simpson's secret hopes had already betrayed him.

He had been temperate in the matter of his expectations. Nothing very strange or thrilling, he reasoned, could happen to anybody in the course of a mere three-day voyage to Havana; nothing much could happen, even on the longest and most adventurous of journeys, to Eddie Simpson. But he had allowed himself to hope with confidence that he wouldn't be seasick.

None of the gentlemen to whom in books and magazines all manner of delightful adventure perpetually happened were ever seasick. Immunity to this weakness had seemed to Eddie Simpson a quality sufficiently commonplace to be his. He had felt almost entitled to possess it, and when, before the Santiago had passed the Statue of Liberty, Eddie was driven ignominiously to his berth, there was room among more material distresses for a poignant and embittered sense of fraud.

He suffered from it, as from its attendant miseries, until the distant tremble of the engines ceased and the steward brought him word that the ship lay at the wharf in Havana harbor. Emerging, the sight of the ship's company foregathered in the main saloon only deepened the conviction that Eddie Simpson had been basely gypped.

"Nothing," he told himself, "but a lot of Americans!"

In their place, of course, Americans were the best people on earth, but Eddie Simpson hadn't traveled all this way to see them. In novels, when you boarded a steamer, you met people who were different from those to be encountered at home; less worthy, to be sure, than your friends and neighbors, but more—well, more interesting. Eddie saw that his bedfast state hadn't cost him the chance of making the sort of shipboard acquaintance of which he had harbored wistful, half-guilty imaginings. There were no dissolute European aristocrats in this assemblage, no international crooks, no beautiful, fascinating adventuresses.

INDEED, Eddie thought, it was just as well that he hadn't been exposed, during the voyage, to the company of these fellow-travelers. By this time he'd know a lot of them, if he hadn't been shut up in his cabin all the way down; he'd be tangled up in a dozen acquaintances that would follow him ashore, commit him to spending his Cuban holiday as these people would spend theirs.

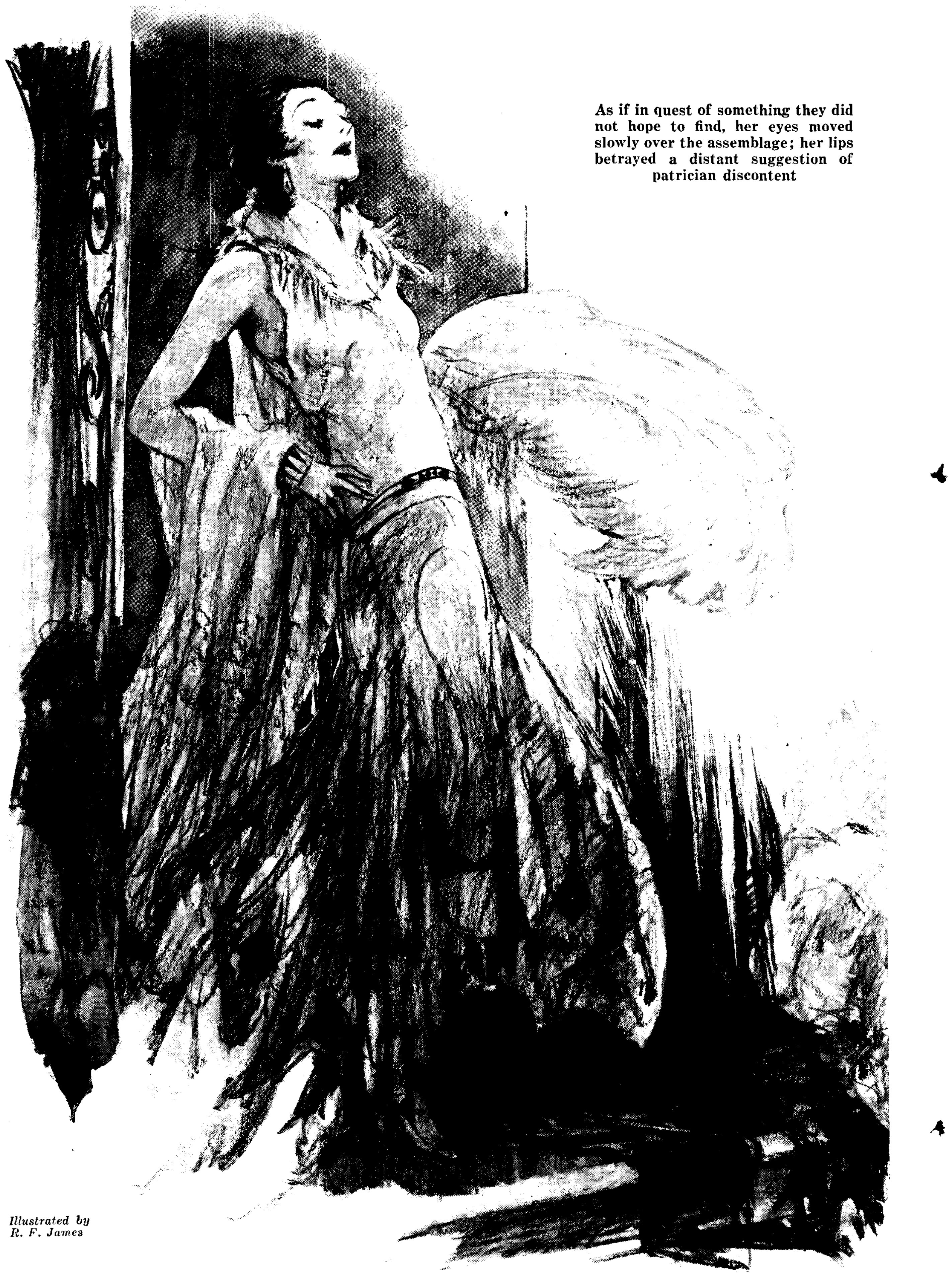
He saw that they regarded him with attentive interest. He knew that the two bobbed-headed ladies directly opposite were discussing him in the whispers they exchanged. He was not greatly comforted, although both ladies were comely and agreeable of aspect. There was no novelty, for the proprietor of Ye Togge Shoppe, in experiencing the favorable notice of his countrywomen. Professional pride as well as sound business sense required a man in the gents' outfitting business to dress a bit better than his customers. Eddie Simpson was used to the kind of feminine inspection which seemed to wonder, wistfully, whether Elmer or Joe or Sylvester would look like that if he bought his clothes at Ye Togge Shoppe. He had not journeyed over all those wide, unstable sea-miles to enjoy what might be had in any trolley car in Binchester!

His name was near the end of the port doctor's list. He answered to it with a sudden resentment for its humdrum Anglo-Saxon simplicity. What interesting thing could happen, anywhere, to a man named Edward Henry Simpson?

There was a chuckle beside him. A hand thrust itself out urgently to demand his own, a voice, exuberantly amiable, addressed him:

"So you're Ed Simpson, are you? Well, well, well! Saw your name on the passenger list and been looking for you all the way down. Often heard Sam Slazenger speak of you, and Jack Doane. Proba'ly you've heard 'em mention me, too—Flack's my name, Wesley P. Flack, from Syracuse. What do you know about us running into each other, clear down here? 'S a small world, isn't it?"

"I'll say so." Behind the perfunctory cordiality of Eddie Simpson's hand shake, the flippant cheerfulness of his assent, was the bitterness of more disillusion. There was that in Wesley P.



As if in quest of something they did not hope to find, her eyes moved slowly over the assemblage; her lips betrayed a distant suggestion of patrician discontent

Illustrated by R. F. James

whispers love almost anything can happen—and almost does!

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

Flack's round, good-humored countenance which forewarned Eddie that his friendliness would be hard to avoid, and the faint prospect of interesting adventure, even if Havana proved to contain all the mysterious, tropical charm set forth in steamer advertising, became ludicrously remote.

"ALONE, aren't you? Same here." Flack spoke with satisfaction. "Certainly glad to run into you. Feel as if I knew you, hearing Sam and Jack talk about you. Going to the Castilla, I suppose. So'm I."

He kept at Eddie's elbow as they pursued their luggage down the pier and through the brief inspection of the Customs. Dusk had fallen with the queer suddenness of the tropics; a curious coolness tempered the still, humid warmth; the air was spiced with strange blending odors and quivered to a swift clatter of Spanish, but Eddie Simpson, answering queries as to how he had left Slazenger and Doane, and listening to an account of a poker game in which Wesley Flack had worsted both of them, felt that he was still in Binchester.

Narrow streets where the taxicab's fenders almost brushed the walls of open-fronted shops proffered no promise of adventure to a man who rode beside Wesley P. Flack. The room clerk at the Castilla might have stood behind the desk of the New Seneca, where a traveler could now enjoy a condescension quite as imposing as in New York. There was an elevator, too, and a bell boy whose English was fluently colloquial. And Wesley P. Flack's room adjoined that assigned to Eddie Simpson, and by reason of Flack's amiable proposal they were to share the intervening bath!

Not even the cool green tiles of the floor, the novelty of a ceiling fifteen feet above them, nor the strange airs that drifted through the tall casement window, nor the sight, from the sill, of street-lamps curving along the furtive stirrings of dark, foreboding surf, could revive that extinguished hope in Eddie Simpson's spirit.

"Say, Ed," Flack called through the bathroom, "how about climbing into the soup-and-fish before we feed, huh?"

Eddie turned. Flack, appearing in the doorway, met his inquiring glance with a certain defiance.

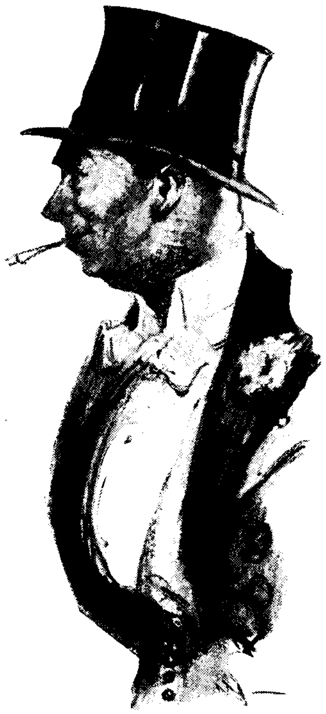
"We're the hell of a ways from home," he said. "Where's the harm in sticking out our chests?" His tone lowered. "It's—it's a hunch, Ed. I got a kind of feeling I ought to doll up regardless, tonight. As if—" he hesitated, and his face was bashful—"as if we might butt into swell company, somewhere, and look foolish if we didn't have on the old glad rags."

EDDIE SIMPSON stared. He wanted to laugh. Wesley Flack, kidding himself that, suitably clad, he would be eligible for gallant adventure!

"All right," he said, indulgently. "I'd just as soon."

It gave him a mild satisfaction to array himself in full, formal evening dress. The mirror, presently, heartened him with the reflection of an image somehow even more inspiring, here, than it had seemed in Binchester. Eddie Simpson was at his best in full dress, always; he wore it with nonchalant, easy brilliancy, but for the first time he found himself quite free of a thin sense of conspicuousness. He went so far as to stuff a handkerchief into his left cuff, but the rimless monocle, which, after patient secret practice, had learned to cling between cheek and eyebrow as to those to the manner bred, he stowed in his waistcoat pocket. In the presence of a friend of Sam Slazenger's, the monocle, Eddie Simpson told himself, was out.

A long, reverential whistle from the bathroom doorway testified to Mr. Flack's reaction.



"Back there on the boat, before your name was called, I had you all sized up for a polo player or something, but now—! Say, lemme walk along back of you and catch 'em as they drop, will you, Ed?" Again he whistled. "God help all poor Russian countesses on a night like this!"

World-wearily, indulgently, Eddie Simpson smiled, but deep in his spirit, at the words, he felt a throb of the old, secret yearning. There had been a Russian countess in the very book which had endeavored to beguile the dreadful hours of the passage down, and even in his wretchedness and ignominy Eddie had dared to dream of meeting, at the journey's end, somebody who would remotely resemble her.

"Let's eat," he said curtly.

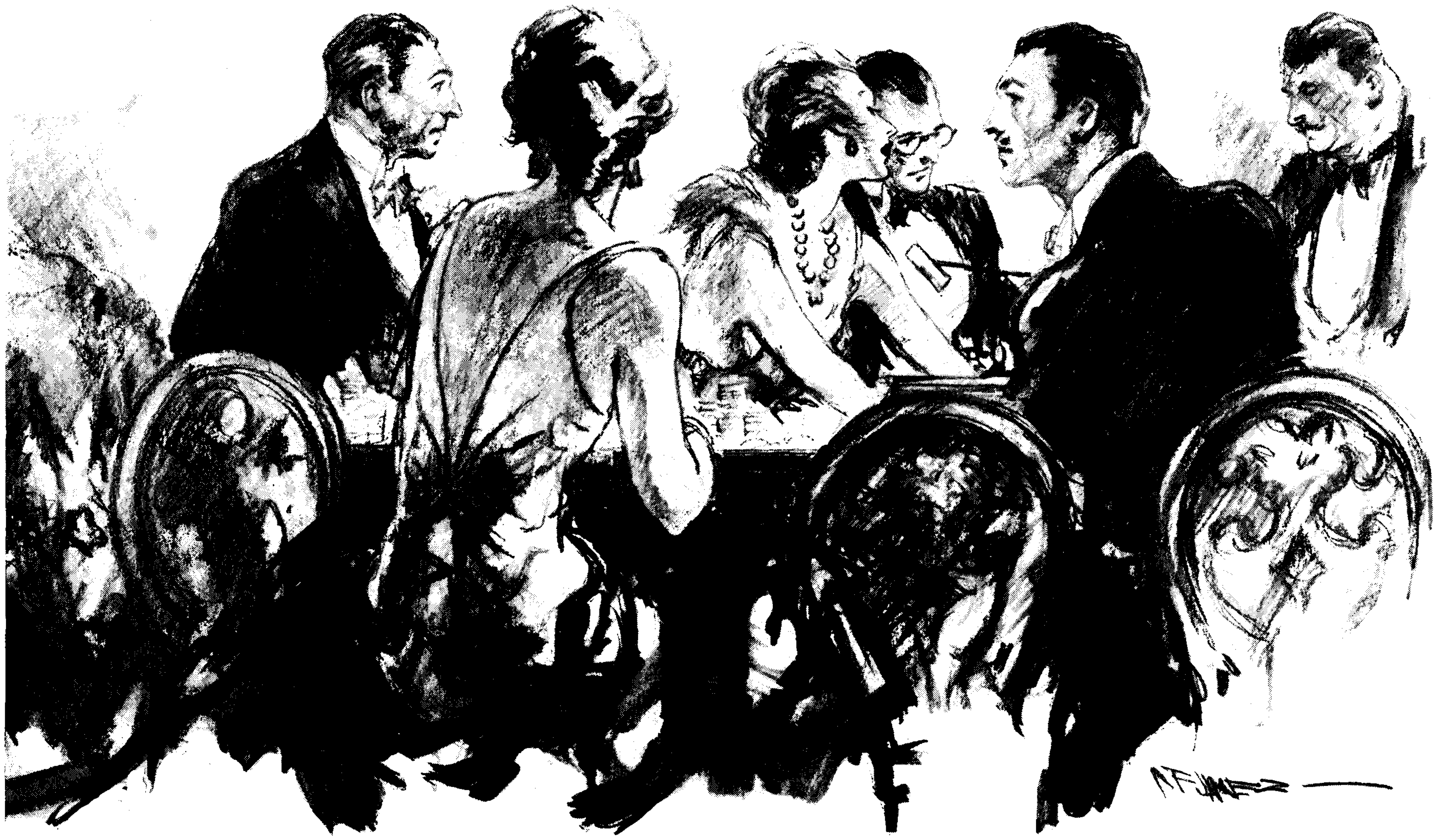
He turned, as they left the elevator, toward the high-arched doorway of the dining-room, but Wesley Flack's hand fell restrainingly upon his sleeve.

"We can eat in a joint like this back home," said Wesley. "I say we go some place else. Fellow I know was down here last winter and he was telling me that all the face-cards get their dinner out at some high-hat gambling-hell. You can dance there, too, if you want to, and Mort Yanger claimed you'd see—well, he claimed the view was good, if you get what I mean."

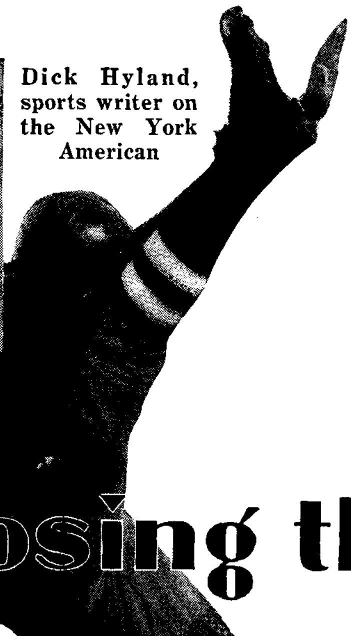
Eddie Simpson shrugged his shoulders indifferently, but the old wistful aspiration leaped within him. Not even the society of Wesley P. Flack sufficed to dull the glamour of faring forth to dine at a casino, as it was done in nearly all the tales which chiefly whetted Eddie Simpson's yearnings. It wouldn't be the same thing, of course, as Monte Carlo, but it would be a far cry, nevertheless, from River Street, in Binchester.

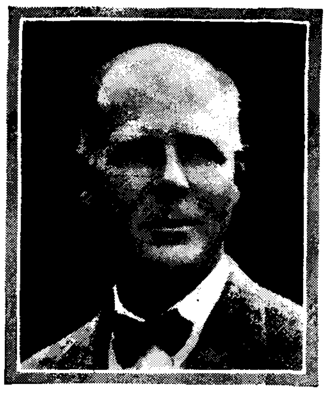
"ALLEZ," said Eddie Simpson to the coffee-colored taxi driver, "au Casino."

The advertisements of the correspondence course had almost guaranteed that the waiter, even, would be astonished when spoken to in French, but there was no such effect upon the taxi driver. He merely nodded and reached back to (*Continued on page 74*)



Dick Hyland, sports writer on the New York American





Football America looks to Grantland Rice for the annual list of stars

H. G. Salsinger of the Detroit News knows the Mid-West champs

The Missouri Valley scout is Edward Cochrane of the Kansas City Journal-Post

Choosing the All-America Team

By Grantland Rice

Selecting the best players from the country's five hundred odd football teams is our next national problem. Mr. Rice tells here how the 1929 All-America team will be chosen

George W. White of the Dallas News scans the Southwest football fields

THE question has often been asked, concerning the selection of an All-America football team, how one man, looking at fifteen or twenty teams in eight or ten games, could hope to name the best eleven players in a football land that extends from Berkeley to Cambridge, from New Orleans to Minneapolis.

Outside of personal observation the main help has come from the opinions and judgments of coaches, officials and football writers who were in a position to estimate the comparative values of different stars. A problem that had been fairly simple in the earlier days of Walter Camp and Caspar Whitney had begun to grow more and more complex through recent years in the phenomenal development and growth of football talent from one coast to another.

In order to meet this situation Collier's has named an All-America Advisory Board to work with the writer, an Advisory Board that will cover every football section of the country and will standardize the selection in a better way than ever it has been done before. This board consists of six well-known football writers who are in close touch with the coaches, players and officials of their own sectors of the football map.

These selections all stand high up in the journalism of the game and their judgments and opinions have always been respected as being fair and unbiased. The advisers who have helped to cover the field for Collier's this season are the following writers:

Pacific Coast—R. L. (Dink) Templeton.
Missouri Valley—Edward Cochrane.
Southwest—George W. White.
Mid-West—H. G. Salsinger.
Eastern section—Dick Hyland.
South—O. B. Keeler.

This means that the full capabilities and the all-season play of each star in every section will be thoroughly covered. This board, in addition to all the games it may see, will be in close touch with every prominent coach and football official throughout the West, the East, the North and the South.

When the board was named at the start of the season the following list of suggestions and questions was given each member as a working basis in order to insure a complete record of the abilities and achievements of the candidates for the All-America Team:

Questions of Quality

"How is his stamina? How long is he in each game? Has he a tendency to get hurt? How often was he taken out or kept out of games because of injuries during the season? Is he effective for the full time he plays?

(Many flash for ten minutes and play a bang-up game, but burn themselves out doing it, and are but mediocre the rest of the time they are in—that flash is misleading.)

"Is he a smart football player? Ask his and opposing coaches and players and get *illustrations.*

"What kind of 'team value' has he? Does his team like to work with him and do they function better when he is in the game?

"How good is his opposition in each game, both as to individuals and general team strength? Did he play against a strong line?

"How big is he and does he cover the field? By that is meant—is he fast or does he make up for lack of straightaway speed by anticipating where a play is going before it fully materializes and so getting in front of it?

"What system is used by his team on offense? Two wing backs and three ball carriers? One wing back and one main ball carrier?

"What outstanding plays does he make—and how? Details.

"If a lineman, how good are the men on both sides of him? Is his entire line supposed to be strong; i. e., are there any outstanding weak spots, and if so, where?

"Did he show best in easy or hard games? What were his best games throughout the season? His worst?

"Does he follow the ball? How many fumbles did he recover in each game? How many made in each game by the opposition—and were they because of his tackling?

"How many yards were made over him in each game? Count the hole he is in as extending to the other side of the man next to him. If he is a tackle, hold him for yards made over guard, etc.; if an end, how many times was he taken out in each game and the yards made over or around him?

"How good is he on coming out of the line for interference, if a lineman?

"If a center, does he play a roving game, coming out of the line part or all of the time on defense?

"What type of game does he play? Smashing? Knifing? Waiting? Charging? This, of course, for linemen.

"How many passes did he get his hands on and then drop? How many did he get that no one else you saw this season could have gotten?

"How many fumbles did he make?

"What is his number of plays per game, and total yardage gained per game? Total yardage lost per game?

"If a back, does he kick, pass, run with the ball and run interference? If any one of these is lacking, say so, and say just how good he is in the rest of them.

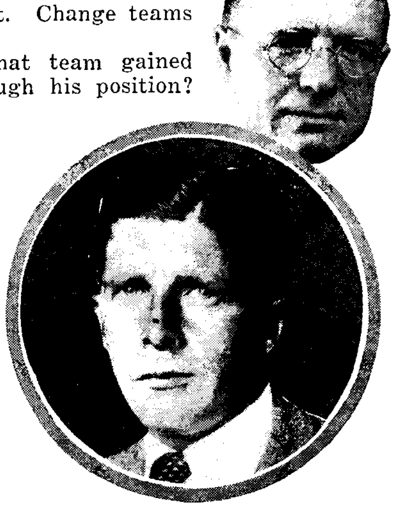
"Did his team have a hard schedule?

"In comparing two men for the same position, try to *picture* what each would do in the other's spot. Change teams mentally.

"If a lineman, what team gained the most yards through his position?

"Look in front of the ball for football players."

This means that the rating of football players will come as close to the box scores of baseball as anyone could hope to arrange it. Every standard of stardom will be applied—not only the all-around ability of each player, but also the quality of the competition he faces and the quality of the team he plays with.



Dink Templeton watches the Pacific Coast. Above, O. B. Keeler, Atlanta

For example, there may be a star football player who doesn't have the chance to face hard competition, the only conditions under which a player may actually prove his worth. One who stars against five or six or seven strong teams should receive more consideration than one who has had the chance to play against only one or two strong organizations.

The test comes when a star can meet the situation week after week against opponents who will test him to the limit. Many can star in one or two hard games who would not be able to face the same situation week after week through schedules that called for six or seven hard contests.

It is also possible that a star may have been injured and forced to miss a number of important contests. Hard luck—but it has to be counted in the summing-up.

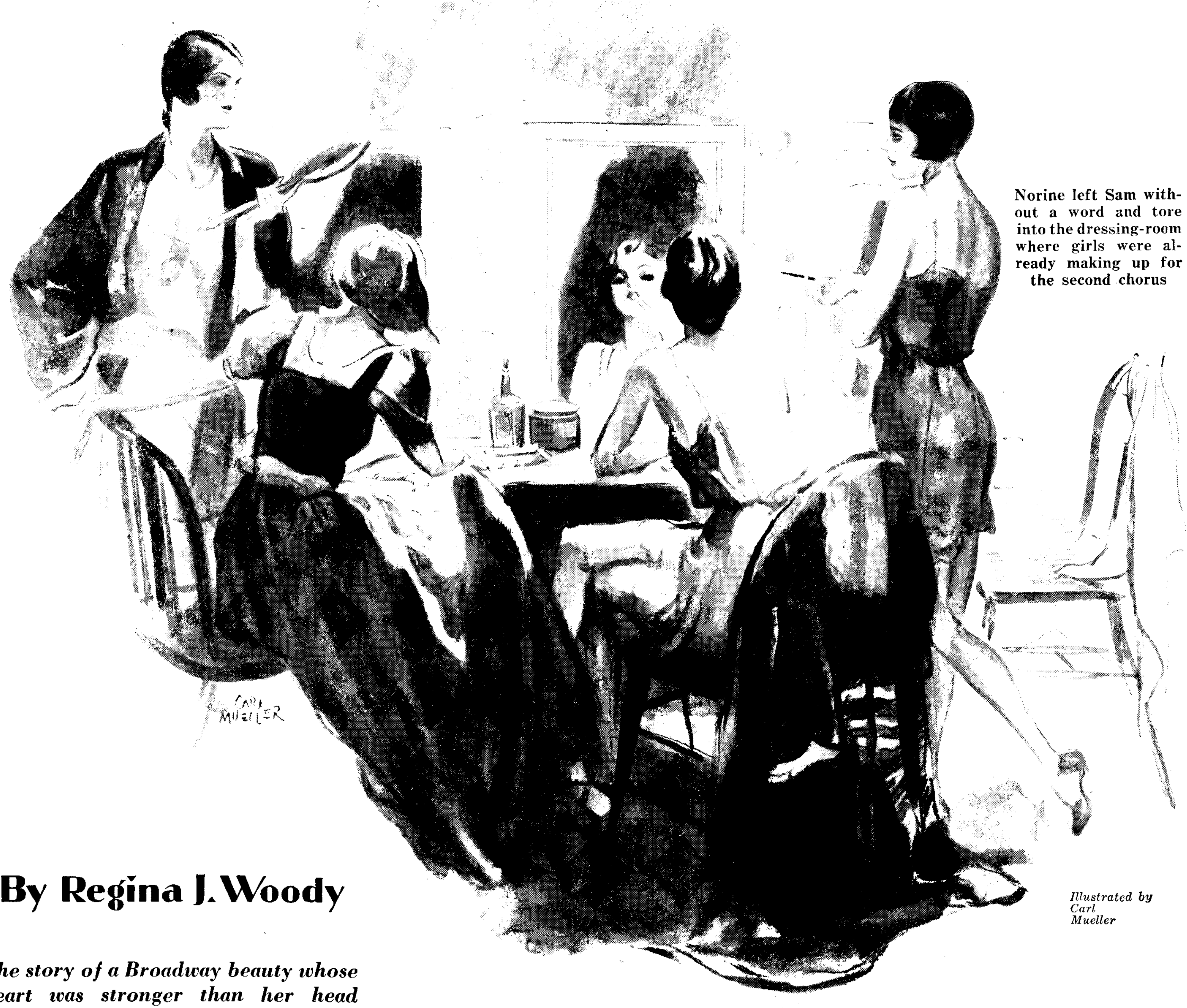
They Must Be Good

An All-America entry must not only have almost every known qualification for football ability above the average, but he must show that he can keep this high average intact through a continued test. There are plenty of cases where exceptional interferers or clean-out men, working back of a strong line, can make an ordinary back look like another Grange.

In the main the modern All-America back should be able to run, kick, pass, tackle, block, handle passes and do an all-around job, much as Cagle and Scull did a year ago.

It is quite simple, by checking up the play of each man in each section of the country, by considering the quality and quantity of his opposition, to arrive at *the soundest* basis yet known for the selection of an all-star eleven.

The most careful tabulation of each star's play has been kept by Collier's Advisory Board all season, so it will be not only a matter of opinion but also a matter of record and fact—a record of every minute's play throughout the entire campaign, turned in by careful, conscientious and unprejudiced experts who are in close contact with the game through every football sector of the United States.



Norine left Sam without a word and tore into the dressing-room where girls were already making up for the second chorus

By Regina J. Woody

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

The story of a Broadway beauty whose heart was stronger than her head

A Star for a Night

THE curtain rose with well-oiled precision at eight thirty-seven. The orchestra blared more loudly in the ears of the performers. Rose and amber lights picked out the rustic village inn and the jail, while apple trees in pink cotton blooming were set against an imitation rail fence.

There was a perfunctory spatter of handclapping from the audience. Norine bent forward from her position in the wings. As leader of the Vail Girls, she was first in line and could scrutinize the front rows of people, whom she could see quite clearly in the reflected light of the foots. The head comedian, Bum, and the ingénue were already indulging in some very risqué conversation. Norine saw a lorgnette raised in Row A, a head haughtily turned in Row B; and finally a pair of white shoulders in a box were shrugged contemptuously and then turned away from the stage towards the dark figure with gleaming shirt bosom sitting calmly beside her.

There was a strained silence as the comedian made his exit. Hastily the orchestra leader covered the blank hiatus where applause should have been with blue notes, and then dashed headlong into the village dancers' rhythm. Automatically Norine counted the beats, tapping earnestly: one-two, one-two, one-two.

"All set," she whispered, and with the peculiar ease of trained dancers the dozen girls swung into sight, tap-tapping their round-toed shoes with nonchalant ease.

It was an extraordinarily difficult routine that Regino, the ballet master, had incorporated and it took all Norine's attention. The tenseness, the silence of the audience, the lack of swishing programs and spotty coughs now testified to their interest.

Norine kicked energetically, the corner of her eye gauging the precision with which her movements were being followed. She smiled to herself. Being leader was no cinch, but it was a grand feeling to know that she was responsible for this perfection. A bit of enthusiastic handclapping followed a difficult step done in perfect rhythm. Norine would have liked to smile her thanks, but dared not get out of character with the line.

FIRST night! As she lay on her back, a wary eye on the twelve pairs of legs that gyrated in seeming disarray, but in reality with such clock-work regularity, she mused again on the fate of being understudy to Claire Evans for two whole years. Two years! Where was the laxity, the carelessness, the lust for luxury which was supposed to lay claim to stage folk, when Claire hadn't missed a single performance in all that time? What a break! Norine thought—three shows past and now this one, and still Claire had had never a day's indisposition or vacation. Norine was sitting up, her hands on the shoulders of the girl in front of her. They were swaying in unison—up and down, over and sideways. The audience whispered it was very difficult and applauded diffidently.

"Dumb goops!" Norine told herself, as if sitting on the floor leaning about was hard work. Why! even a snappy stout could do that, if she only knew it. Now if the audience'd only applaud when they lined up and spiraled, that would show good sense. It was damn' hard to tap and turn and keep time and formation all at once, but—did anyone ever applaud then? Of course not! An audience was queer. One moment it knew all about you; the next, the best thing you did passed clean over its head.

Norine's slipper felt loose. She looked down. Well, of all the confounded nuisances! The button had come off. Oh, gee! oh, gosh! oh, hell! Norine swore softly. What wouldn't she tell Mrs. Poop, the wardrobe mistress, when she got off stage? And now—right in the wings was Sam. Great Heavens! What was he doing there? He knew she'd be fired, if he kept hanging round. It was all settled, anyway. She simply couldn't marry him. What if she did love him? Love wasn't everything. A girl had to eat, and Mom—Mom was having heart attacks again; something fierce they were, too!

Norine turned to double-tap her way off stage. The applause was already booming over the footlights. Norine shook her right ankle loosely. Audiences were good scouts. Might's well give 'em their money's worth.

JUST time for a quick change, so they could all rush on and scream gayly in high soprano voices: "Hooray! Hooray! Here comes pretty Flora," and then the spot would be trained on the center of the stage, and Claire Evans would run lightly onto the steps and stop exactly in the center of the spot, and the shouts of welcome would be cut short, and the audience would applaud and gasp at her blond beauty; and then she would flit down the stairs and come face to face with the hero, and she'd stop and stare, and the audience would gasp at the meeting and the show would be on.

Hardly had Norine reached the wings when Sam was tearing at her—almost in sight of the audience. She tried to shake him off. She was still tapping mechanically in case those ladies in the extreme right box could see. What was Sam saying? She wished he'd go away—and now, for Pete's sake! If here wasn't Mr. Miller himself. Miller'd hardly spoken to her before. There must be something the matter. Automatically she scolded—

"I gotta change—say, folks, spill it after the show!"

Sam was shouting. The music was so loud and the audience was laughing so hard that she couldn't hear a thing. Queer! The audience liked Bum now. First, he'd left 'em cold; now they were shouting with glee at his vulgarities.

"Your mom's dying!" Sam's voice pierced the racket.

Norine batted her eyes and looked at Sam. Dying? Mom dying? But she couldn't be dying—not just now! Mom had had franks and sauerkraut and apple dumplings for dinner. Mom had cooked them herself—and how she'd eaten!

"Bunk!" Norine said. "Mom wouldn't do no such thing. Mom wouldn't kick the bucket during my show."

Sam was clamoring at her. What did he say? Doctor—all in white—ambulance, bells—Mom was in Bellevue—Mom was being operated on—Norine must come at once. Suddenly Norine believed. Tears welled into her eyes. Mom was sick. Dear, fat, slovenly Mom! Norine started for the dressing-room. Let the show go hang! Who cared for one girl more or less in a dance? Mom was all alone in a place with strangers. Mom was sick—under ether—bleeding. Norine began to cry.

A shout of laughter brought her to herself. Applause rolled sickeningly loud. Bum was making the greatest success of his career. Norine wrenched her arm free from Sam's heavy hand.

"Sure, I'm coming," she told him.

"Say—what the hell?" Mr. Miller was shaking her. "Listen, kid," he scolded, "you can't go anywhere—you gotta take Claire's place. She ain't showed up. Musta been an accident or something. Here, quick!" he ordered Claire's distracted maid. "Get Miss Connolly into Miss Evans' gown."

Deft fingers flew over Norine's figure. The country girl's costume dropped to the floor. For a small split second Norine was as naked as the day she was born. When Norine had dressed, she hadn't planned for a quick change in the wings.

Sam was staring with popping eyes. The girl he loved—bare as a velvet-skinned day-old puppy. Stage hands rushed by, oblivious to her white beauty. Mr. Miller stared morosely at the stage. No one was looking at Norine. No one but Sam—he was ashamed. Norine didn't care. Clothes or no clothes, Norine was modest. Confusedly she picked at the frock thrown so expertly over her head.

"Mom's dying," she whimpered. "Mom's dying—I gotta go to her."

"Listen!" Mr. Miller was rough—he was speaking to Sam—he was putting money into his hand—dimly Norine heard: "Private room—special nurse—flowers—everything! Quick! Telephone reports every hour! Hurry—hurry! Get the hell out of here!"

NORINE was being shoved to the entrance. "I gotta go to Mom," she bleated. "Can't play, gotta go to Mom!"

Mr. Miller was beside her. He was telling her things. Mom would get better. Mom would want her to play. Miss Claire wasn't here. The scenery was all set; the audience was waiting—everyone would be out of a job. The show'd close; the audience would get its money back. Mom would get well, and starve to death if Norine didn't have a job.

Yes, yes! Norine nodded her head. What he said was all true. Norine's job provided high school for Joe and a typewriting course for Daisy, and Mom—why, Mom had a real cute walk-up, right in West Sixtieth Street, and how Mom did love to eat! Norine needed her salary. Norine couldn't get married. Mom made such bills at the grocer's—Norine had to work. Norine couldn't go to Mom now, even if she was dying—Mom's sickness had to be paid for!

"Hooray! Hooray! Here comes pretty Flora." The shrill voices sprayed up into Norine's ears as she flung onto the stage, staring down at the glittering scene. The audience clapped patronizingly. Of course, Norine understood. They'd been told she was merely an understudy. She ran down to the front of the stage, her knees trembling. There was Roy; he was handsome. Now he would be struck by her beauty and would drop to his knees. She prayed the audience wouldn't laugh. She wasn't very sure of the part. No one had ever given her much thought. An understudy doesn't count at rehearsals. Never does count anyway—until something happens. Something had happened. Norine was star—strange how different everything looked!

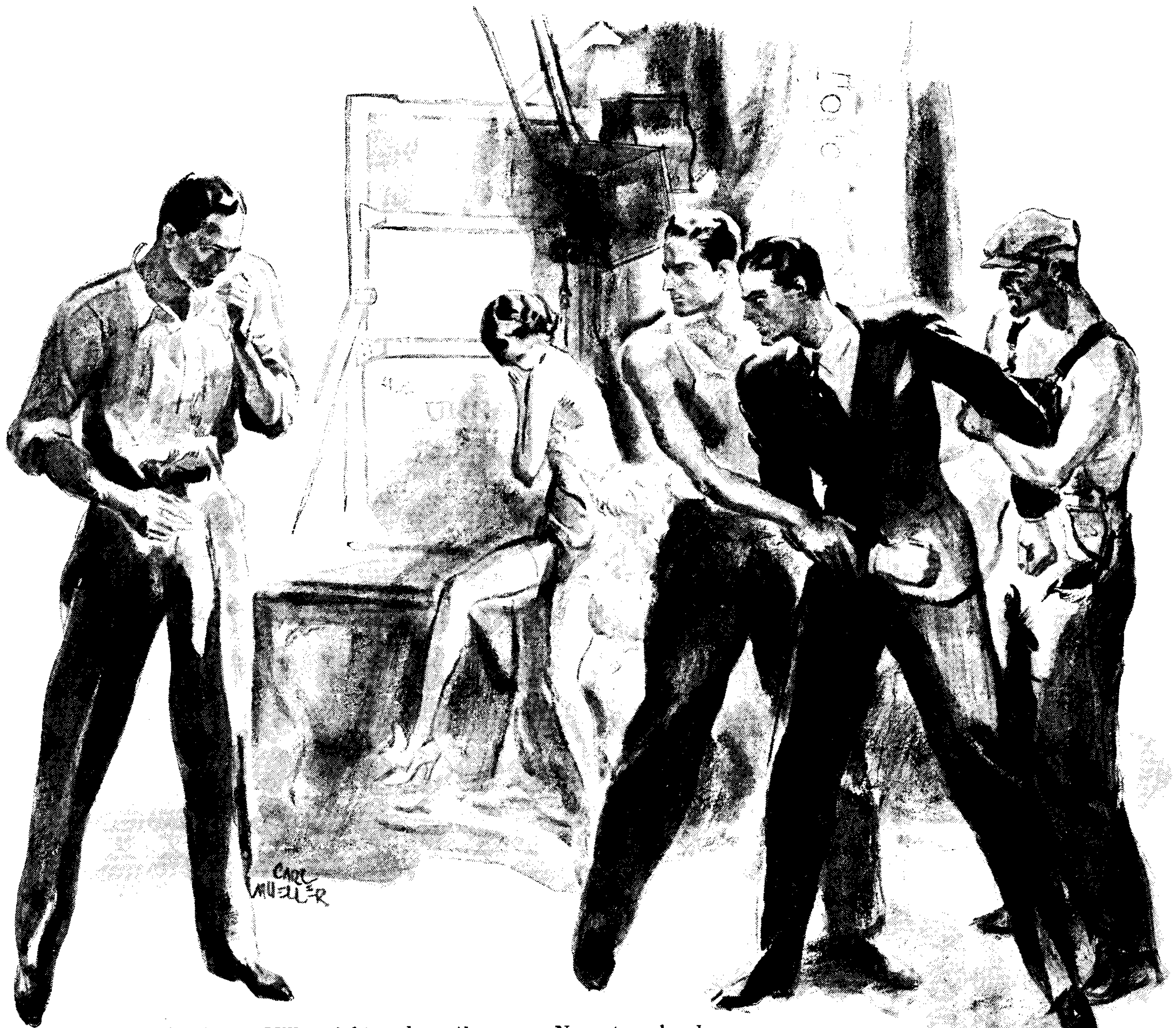
JUST fifteen minutes ago the scene had been tawdry, its scenery makeshift canvas, the audience's indifference or response nothing in her young life; and now—why, now it was all real! Roy was the prince and she the princess; the cotton flowers looked velvety—almost she could smell their fragrance; and if the audience were indifferent, it would be a personal insult.

As Roy drew her to him, she thrilled. Crazy nut! she told herself, she must be dreaming. Roy was a rotten egg—and she despised him. His lips on hers, his voice roaring in her ears—she sang very softly, a pathetic quaver in her voice, pronouncing her words very carefully. The crowd had vanished. They were alone on the darkened stage. The audience was a blur. The music crooned. The song was over—Roy's lips descended on hers. Roughly she was awakened by the trilling of dance music; the lights were on full now. The stage was crowded—lights gleamed. Roy and she danced before the big crowd. Roy was a good dancer. Norine kicked and smiled. Why, it was almost like a party!

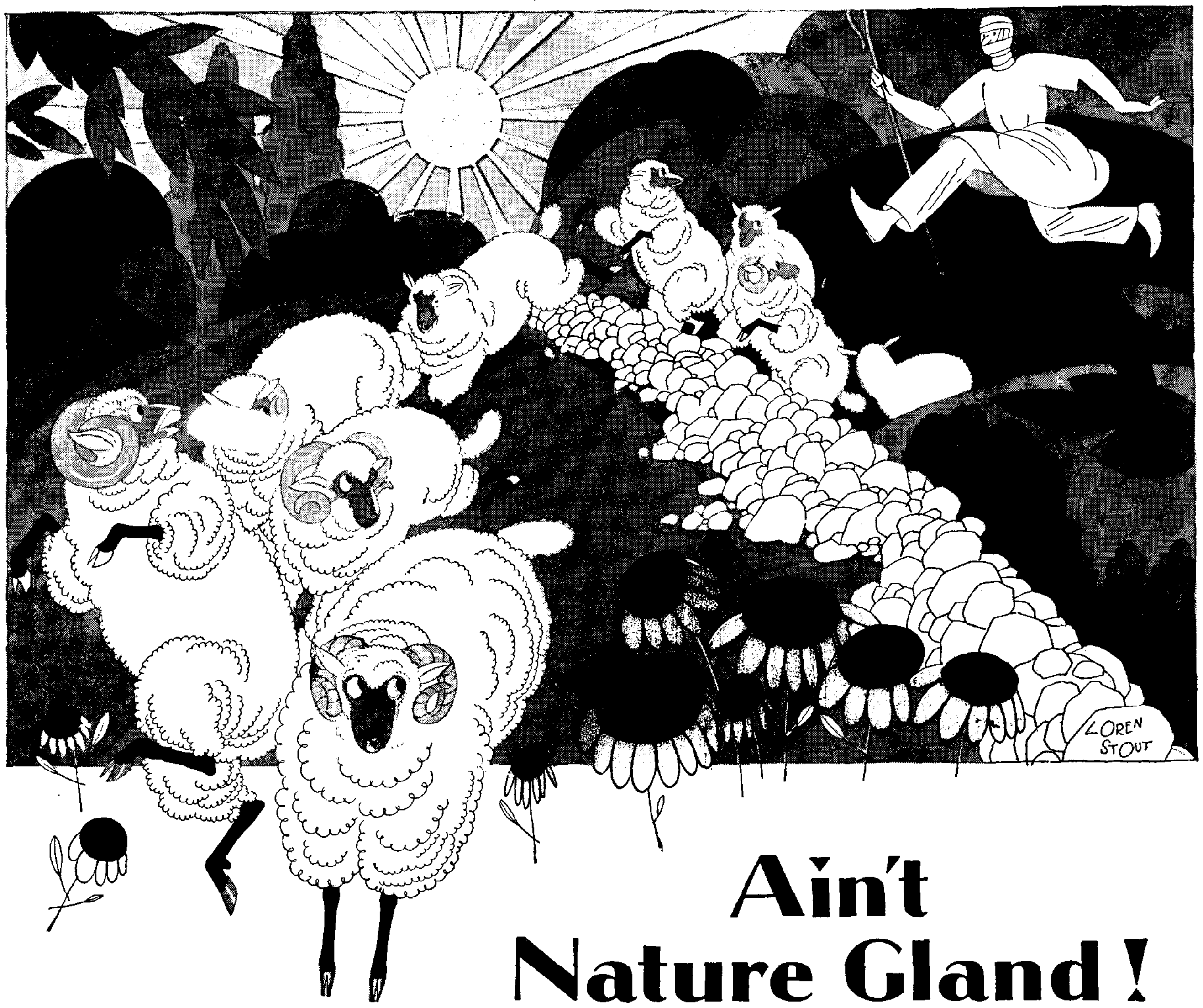
SUDDENLY she saw Sam in the wings again. Her heart missed a beat, but she kicked with unwavering certainty. Mr. Miller was talking to Sam. Roy was holding her tight. He was talking out of the side of his mouth. She'd always known that the principals did talk, but she'd never been near enough to understand. Roy was talking about a party in his flat. Miller was coming. Plenty of good gin and royal spenders. Roy made a gesture—a girl could get a month's salary by playing them for suckers.

Norine indignantly said "No!" So indignantly that she got out of character. Roy covered it by catching her in his arms and covering her protesting mouth with his own. The audience was very quiet. Funny what a kick a thousand people could get out of seeing a pretty girl being ruthlessly kissed! Where was Sam? Norine twisted nervously. Heavens! She jumped: he'd hit Mr. Miller right sock on the nose. Now there were half a dozen stage hands holding him. Mr.

(*Continued on page 32*)



He'd hit Mr. Miller right sock on the nose. Now stage hands were holding him back. Mr. Miller was patting his nose gently



Ain't Nature Gland!

Of course your favorite ailment may be due to glands—too few, too many, overactivity or underproduction. But you'd better not bank on that. It may merely be that you're spoiled or that you haven't much sense about eating. Not that you haven't glands. But when reputable doctors confess they aren't yet sure, it would be well not to jump to conclusions

By Ruth F. Wadsworth, M.D.

WE PAUSED at the gate of the suburban house, my friend and I, to wait until the storm within should have passed before we entered to make a call. One of the children of the family, a six-year-old boy, was indulging in what is popularly known as a "tantrum," and his mother was responding in a manner sufficiently human to be embarrassing to a stranger.

"Do you want to be introduced as Doctor or Mrs.?" asked my friend.

Fortunately I chose Mrs., for when the somewhat flustered mother appeared at the door to greet us, she imparted some choice medical information which might have been forever withheld from me if she had thought of me as a doctor.

"Arthur," she explained, knowing we must have heard some of the disturbance within, "is frightfully *glandular*. We are having him treated, of course, but it takes time, and in the meantime he is sometimes difficult." The rumbling of Arthur's glands could be heard in the distance, as he tried to kick down the door of the room in which he had been imprisoned. His mother went on with a dissertation on glands so alluring and sensational that we knew it consoled her for the inconvenience occasionally caused by their innocent victim.

The glands of the human body, especially the so-called endocrine glands, or glands of internal secretion, are at present one of the most fascinating subjects of study and speculation, largely because we know so little about them.

A patient said to me despairingly the other day, when she was trying to understand why apparently remote and disconnected parts of her body were painful because she had an infected sinus, "What, in Heaven's name, *is* a gland?" As we are all of us, like little Arthur, really frightfully glandular, and as most of us are interested in at least those glands which have sensational potentialities, such as the ability to make us fat or thin, bearded or smooth-faced, irritable or calm, maybe it wouldn't be amiss to look into what they are, and see how little we know about them.

Glands, and glandular tissue, are so varied that they may be said to have only one characteristic in common: they all secrete some specific substance.

The structures most people are familiar with as glands, the lymph nodes of the body, are not really glands at all, but filters and lymph-cell formers. The liver is a gland, the largest of the body: it secretes bile. The stomach and intestines are lined with glandular tissue, parts of which secrete the hydrochloric acid and mucus of the gastric juice, and other parts of which secrete the digestive juices of the intestine.

Our Automatic Engineers

The pancreas is a gland of double purpose, which we will discuss later, but a part of its secretion is emptied into the intestine and forms an important part of the digestive fluid. The salivary glands, located in the face and under the jaw, secrete saliva, and empty it into the mouth. The mucous glands line every mucous surface of the body and empty their secretion, the lubricating substance mucus, into the cavity or passageway they line.

Glands such as we have just named have a structure more or less similar. The secretion is formed in the glandular cells and collected in small ducts, which in turn empty their secretion into the main duct of the gland which empties the total product into the organ or cavity for which it is useful. Because of the comparative simplicity of their structure these glands were known and recognized in the early days of anatomy, their secretions were collected and, as physiology developed, the functions of their secretions were discovered.

But there are other glands in the body which, while their cells resemble other gland cells, do not have ducts, and do not empty their secretion into any one organ.

For a long time these glands were a mystery to the anatomists, and if the truth must be told there is a great deal of mystery about them still. We cannot collect their secretion by any simple means, and we have learned what we know about them largely through tragedies—the tragic consequences to the individual when these glands are lost by operation or accident or disease.

The glands of internal secretion have in common not only the characteristic of secreting a substance which is collected by the blood or lymph vessels, but they have also an intimate effect on one another, and are connected in some way by the sympathetic or involuntary nervous system.

Generally speaking, they are the activating agencies of the body, the automatic engineers which direct our elaborate mechanism. If one gland is out of order, one or more of the others is likely to be disturbed. We can no longer consider any one gland by itself, we must think of them as a system. They do not all function, however, throughout our lives; the pineal body and the thymus are the glands active, normally, only in infancy and early youth; the sex glands are active from adolescence till the beginning of old age; the thyroid and adrenals are more or less active throughout life.

Glands of Youth

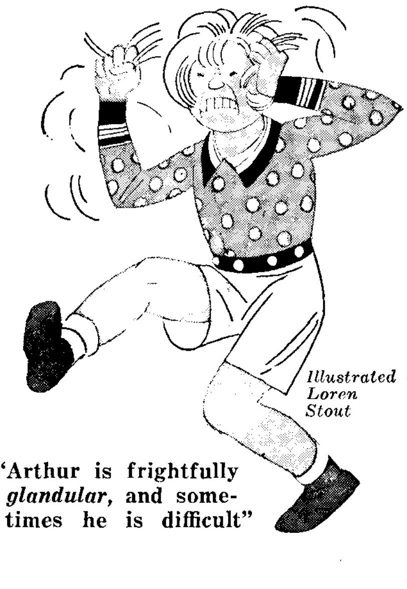
The *pineal body* is a small outgrowth from the brain. It shows glandular structure, and is apparently active until the seventh year, when it begins to deteriorate rapidly. To it have been attributed the functions of inhibiting growth, keeping the growth impulse of the child in check, and of preventing the premature development of the sex organs.

The *thymus,* also a gland of youth, is located in the chest, under the breast bone, its two lobes extending out over the base of the heart. It begins to deteriorate at birth, and has generally disappeared completely by the fourteenth year. Its secretion is supposed to control the rate of growth, and has some obscure connection with the development and extent of the lymphatic system. When the thymus persists after puberty, there exists a condition known as the "status thymico-lymphaticus" (the bugbear of the poor medical student who must attend autopsies and learn to identify the condition, and reel off the name as if it were a simple one) in which, along with the abnormal persistence of the thymus, there is an overabundance of lymphatic tissue, and a minimum of resistance to the effects of the excitements and strains of life.

When the thymus does not begin to deteriorate as rapidly as is normal at birth, it has an actual obstructive effect on the breathing apparatus and the heart, and may cause simple abnormalities in breathing, or more serious consequences. At present there is wide difference of opinion in the profession on the thymus question.

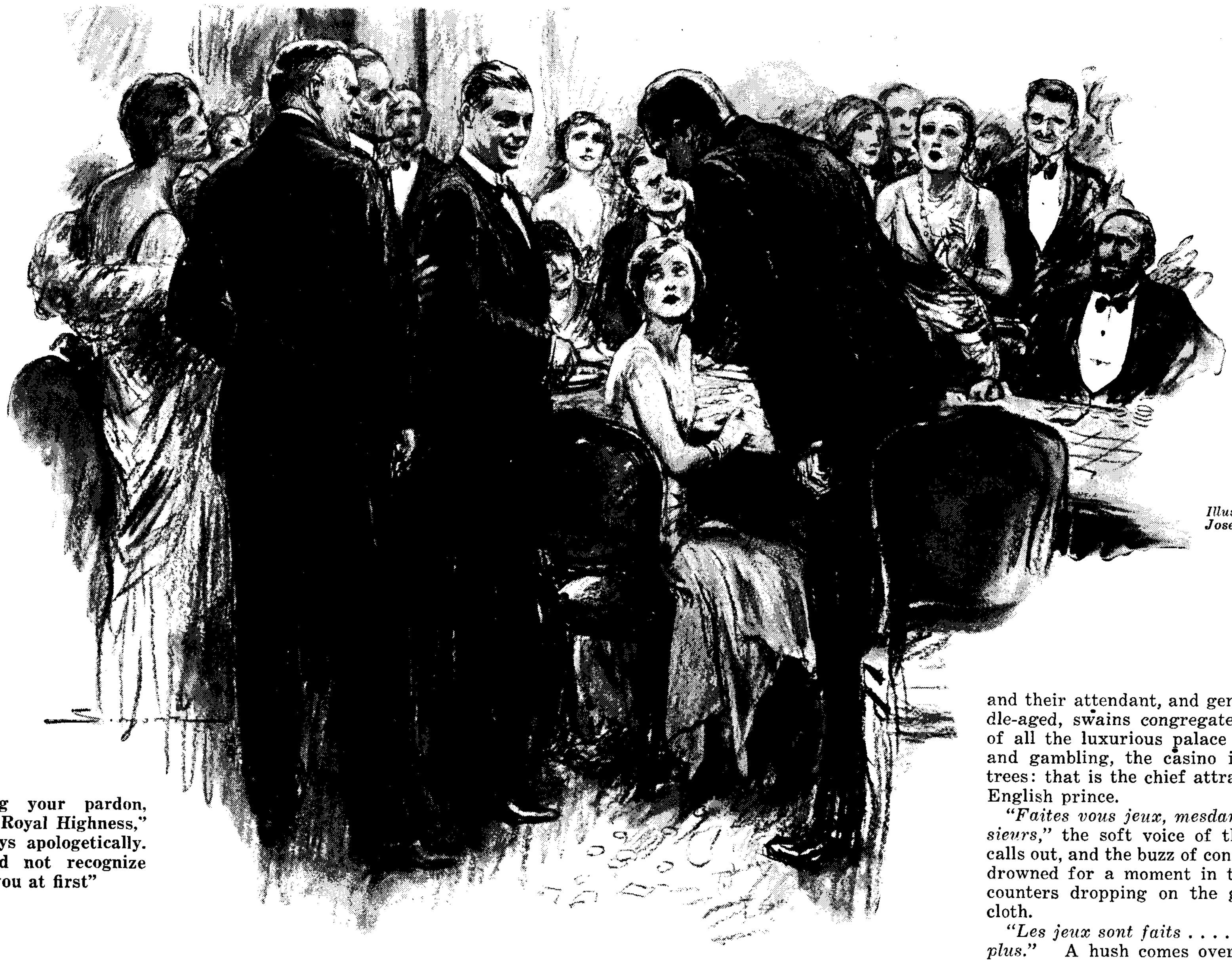
Mysterious but Necessary

The *parathyroids* are small bodies, generally four in number, found attached to the posterior surface of the thyroid. They are essential to life. They have some (*Continued on page 46*)



Illustrated by Loren Stout

"Arthur is frightfully *glandular*, and sometimes he is difficult"



Illustrated by Joseph Simont

"I beg your pardon, Your Royal Highness," he says apologetically. "I did not recognize you at first"

The Prince of Pleasure

What's a little harmless amusement at the French casinos in the life of the Prince of Wales? Yet the press discreetly ignores his actions there in order to humor a puritanical public

By Richard Dent

Former Member of the Press Department at Buckingham Palace

DOWN in the Basque country the municipal authorities of Biarritz still bless the name of King Edward VII of England; for he, more than all the Sociétés des Bains de Mer, made Biarritz. It is owing to King Edward's liking for the little watering place within the shadows of the Pyrenees that English and American society have flocked to the town ever since.

It is remarkable what effect a little royal patronage has upon a health resort. Bath owes its prosperity to the royalties of a hundred and fifty years ago. Brighton, to that gay young blood, the Prince Regent. Bognor (or Bognor Regis) owes its sudden fame to the misfortune of King George the Fifth's illness.

In a similar way the blame for the popularity of the watering places of France, Le Touquet and Deauville and all the rest may be said to lie on the shoulders of the Prince of Wales. This young man, who has done more to stimulate empire trade than any other man in the world, has done as much to ruin English watering places as he has to increase the sale of English mutton.

Of course one really cannot blame him very much, for compared with the beaches of Northern or Southern France an English watering place is as dull as ditch water, and nothing will persuade the authorities of them that once they have provided a swimming pool and an indifferent military band their town is not yet the gayest spot in the world. If for one moment you suggested that visitors wanted something to do after 6 P. M., they would throw up their hands in pious horror at such dissipation.

A Royal Night-Bird

And that is just the sort of dissipation that the Prince of Wales likes. He would rather dance after midnight than bathe before midday, any time. He is, in fact, temperamentally a night-bird; and no amount of press publicity about his athletic pursuits will make him anything else.

France caters to his needs better than Bournemouth. Take, for instance, Le Touquet, which, at the moment, is his favorite haunt. Within a couple of hours' flight from London, less distant than Scarborough, it is like a town in another world, and a world far better suited to H. R. H. than any place in England. Tucked away between the pine forest and the sea, even the houses and the villas are brightly colored and gay.

The hotels hidden in the pines are the best (and most expensive) in the world. Rambling roses embower the tennis courts, and the golf course, across the rolling sand dunes, is a course for giants, not to mention such moderate players as His Royal Highness, while horse races are held scarcely a mile from the center of the town. So far I have not mentioned enough to tempt the Prince of Wales so frequently to desert his native strand. But these temptations are there all right. The apéritif at the fashionable cafés in the morning, dressed in elaborate bathing costumes, where the reigning beauties of two countries and their attendant, and generally middle-aged, swains congregate, and most of all the luxurious palace of dancing and gambling, the casino in the pine trees: that is the chief attraction to an English prince.

"Faites vous jeux, mesdames et messieurs," the soft voice of the croupier calls out, and the buzz of conversation is drowned for a moment in the clink of counters dropping on the green baize cloth.

"Les jeux sont faits . . . . Rien ne va plus." A hush comes over the crowd as the little ball tinkles round the disk. Suddenly a whisper. . . . "Thank God, seven's coming up." Then the voice of the croupier with his green eyeshade: *"Le numéro treize. Impair. Manque. Noir."* And the implacable rakes scoop up the counters from the losers or push a pile of winnings across to the winners, and the buzz of excited or disappointed talk begins again.

Drama at Le Touquet

Let us take a look at the gamblers as they cluster round the cloth. Opposite us is a middle-aged woman, who is quite obviously someone's maiden aunt from the provinces. She is staying at one of the cheaper pensions and spends all her time in the casino. She has just ventured twenty francs on *impair*, and she gathers her winnings with a little crow of triumph.

Next door to her is a very different couple. A heavily bearded French banker with his mistress from one of the most popular cabarets in Montmartre. His companion, with her gross Cupid's bow lips and her thin arched eyebrows, is quarreling with him now over the last thousand-franc note that they have staked.

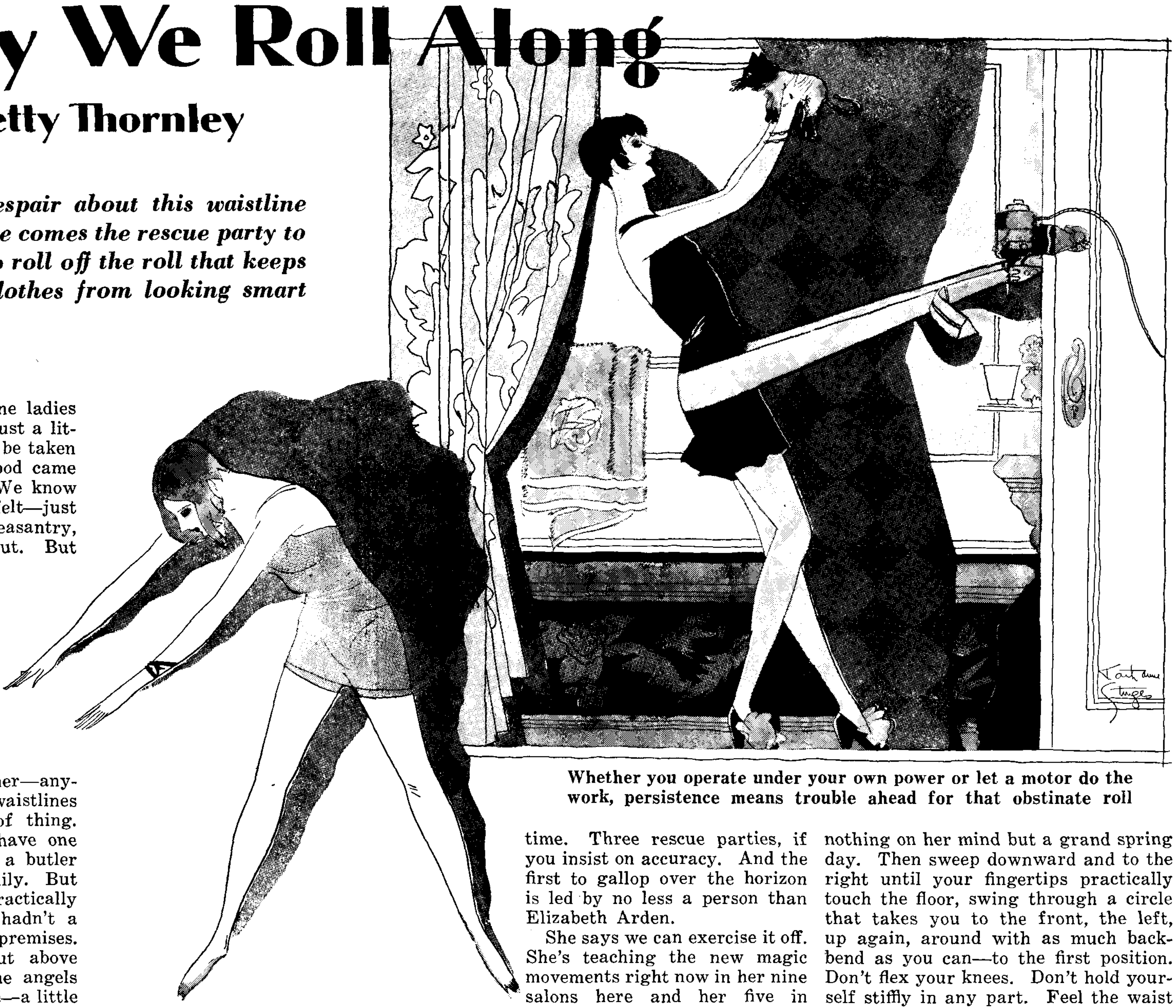
"I said it would be *pair*," she cries shrilly, "and you put in on *impair*," and she curses him in fluent *argot*. He hands her another thousand-franc note which she snatches eagerly from his hand and places it on *manque*. Number twenty-nine appears; she has lost again, and the old tirade starts once more.

Opposite them is another ill-assorted couple. Two Americans from Kansas City betting in small amounts and talking more loudly than the rest of the table put together. A young Guards officer, on short leave, giggles outright. He is there with an English peeress late of the variety (*Continued on page 50*)

Merrily We Roll Along

By Betty Thornley

Are you in despair about this waistline business? Here comes the rescue party to tell you how to roll off the roll that keeps your newest clothes from looking smart



Whether you operate under your own power or let a motor do the work, persistence means trouble ahead for that obstinate roll

WE KNOW how the fine ladies in Noah's time felt—just a little shower, nothing to be taken seriously. But the flood came and carried them all away. We know how the Russian aristocracy felt—just a little trouble among the peasantry, wait till the Cossacks turn out. But the revolution came and blew them round the earth.

When the new modes first arrived this fall, we felt just the same. Paris wasn't really going to insist on our showing our waistlines. Some people might wear the pinched-in silhouette, but it wouldn't be universal. Longer skirts, perhaps, and belts an inch higher—anybody could manage that. But waistlines were a secret, sacred sort of thing. Everybody was supposed to have one—like Mayflower ancestry or a butler in a distant branch of the family. But most of us over thirty and practically all of us over forty simply hadn't a presentable waistline on the premises. Nice slim hips—oh, yes. But above them, something that only the angels saw, and perhaps the masseuse—a little insidious roll that coiled round like the snake in Eden—or a great big "spare tire" roll that worried us seriously when we stood sidewise to the bathroom mirror.

But these fashions we'd worn for ten years were so kindly that for most of the time even we could forget that we mustn't wear a one-piece bathing suit.

Paris couldn't, simply couldn't, be so cruel as to show us up. But Paris did and America followed. Those of us with rolls couldn't wear the new clothes without giving ourselves away—and we gave ourselves away even worse if we refused to wear them. Some of us haven't found a solution yet, and here we are, calling for the rocks to fall on us, provided they hit us where we need it most.

But this article isn't going to be a sad, sweet song in which the heroine dies by her own hand. It's the tale of a rescue party, arriving in the nick of time. Three rescue parties, if you insist on accuracy. And the first to gallop over the horizon is led by no less a person than Elizabeth Arden.

She says we can exercise it off. She's teaching the new magic movements right now in her nine salons here and her five in Europe, to say nothing of those gay little interim places that spring up under her management at summer and winter resorts.

Do It Yourself

She's shown the recipe in the movies—illustrated by tantalizing glimpses of lovely slim creatures who sway about like white birches dipping to a breeze, her own instructors, who show us what we were once and may be again. By and by the exercises will slip themselves over onto phonograph records. In the meantime, Miss Arden has parted with some of her secrets to Collier's—and now we're off!

To begin with, a lot depends on posture. We've been slumping about inside our clothes for so long that most of us have forgotten how to stand. We can't slump in the new clothes; they aren't cut that way. And we'll be amazed to notice the immediate improvement when we merely stand correctly, or, as exercise people say, "stand tall." Let's imagine we're trying to touch a bar placed half an inch over our heads. We straighten our necks—no more turtle effect, but a head carried as it ought to be. Our shoulders go back—not too much and never stiffly, but just enough to keep the curve out of them in back. We stretch the torso upward a bit, hold the abdomen in, give ourselves as much of the "spanked look" in back as we can—and the roll has begun to melt away as we look!

But if the roll is fairly large and well-developed, it needs something more than this—real exercises. And here is the first:

Stand at ease, feet wide apart to get a good balance. Fling your arms up over your head like a Bacchante with nothing on her mind but a grand spring day. Then sweep downward and to the right until your fingertips practically touch the floor, swing through a circle that takes you to the front, the left, up again, around with as much backbend as you can—to the first position. Don't flex your knees. Don't hold yourself stiffly in any part. Feel the waist muscles ripple and pull, stretching, pinching, squeezing at the roll—and rolling it away. It isn't hard work—not like army jerks or daily dozens. But it does the trick.

Another exercise is called rope-pulling. Stand upright, feet slightly apart. Then bend far over, hands together as though you were hauling hard at a cable. Pull it toward you, working as though you really had a substantial weight at the end of the line. When you get it in, straighten up—and repeat. The whole virtue of this and all the other waist exercises is in the way you do them—no dilettante attitude, no acting as though you were doing it to oblige your instructor.

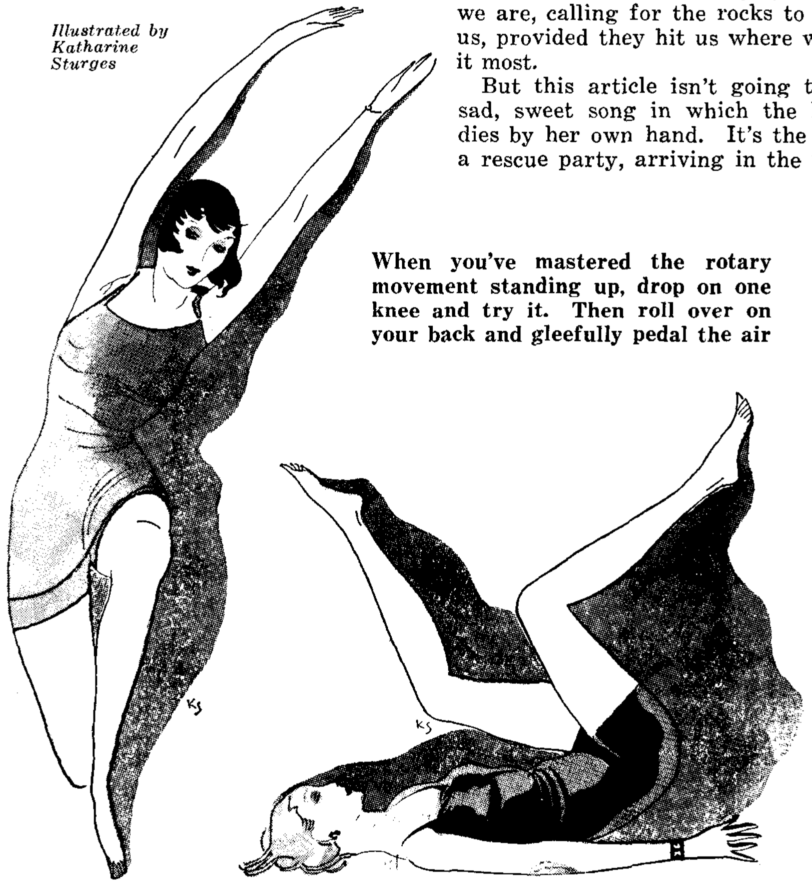
Perhaps by this time you're ready for a more difficult version of the first exercise. Drop on one knee, fling your arms over your head and go through the same rotary movement that you did when you were standing. It's harder to balance. But such a movement grinds the fat off your hips as well as dealing strenuously with the roll.

Crash!—and Lift

Some of us, alas, have excess weight in other places besides the one we've been considering—places that show up when we wear the new clothes. Our stomachs assert that we live to eat as well as eat to live. We have buttocks. Others, particularly those of us who know we're middle-aged even if we couldn't state the fact out loud, have developed an in-curve at the back that is far from beautiful. For these defects as well as for the waistline there is another grand little exercise called "Crash!—and lift."

Stand straight, arms at sides. Suddenly make (*Continued on page 73*)

Illustrated by Katharine Sturges

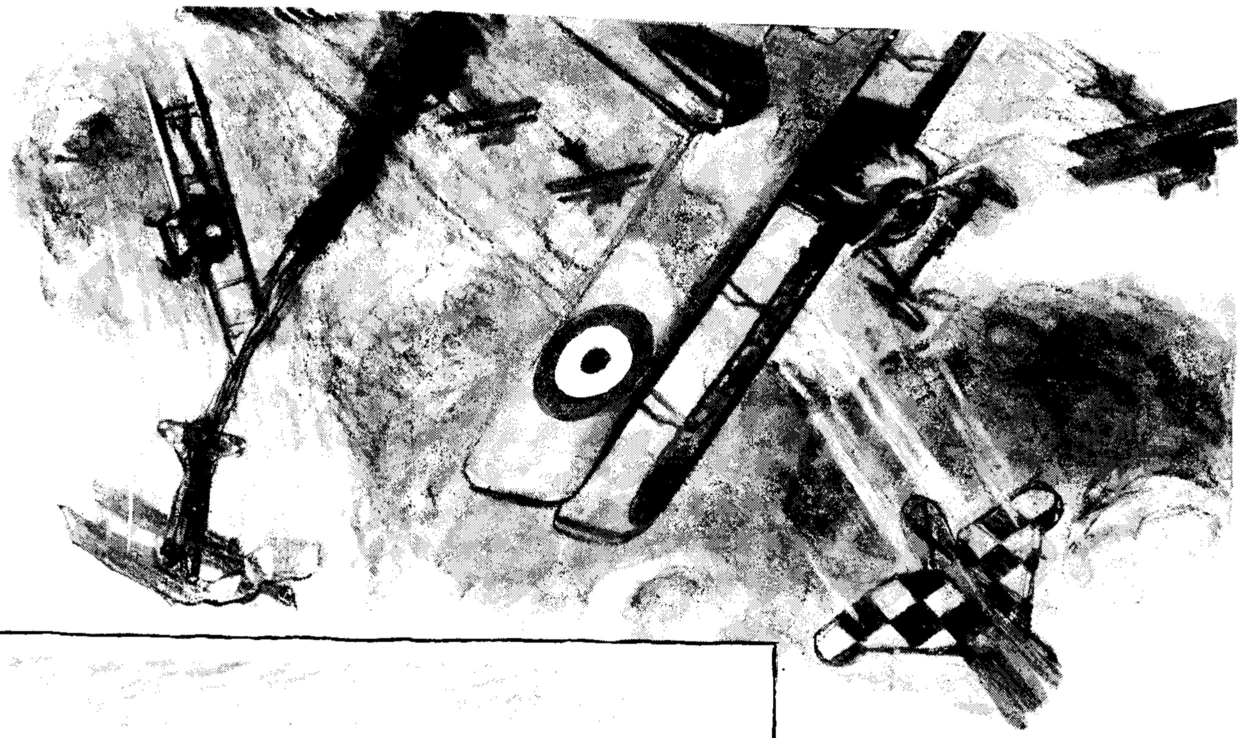


When you've mastered the rotary movement standing up, drop on one knee and try it. Then roll over on your back and gleefully pedal the air

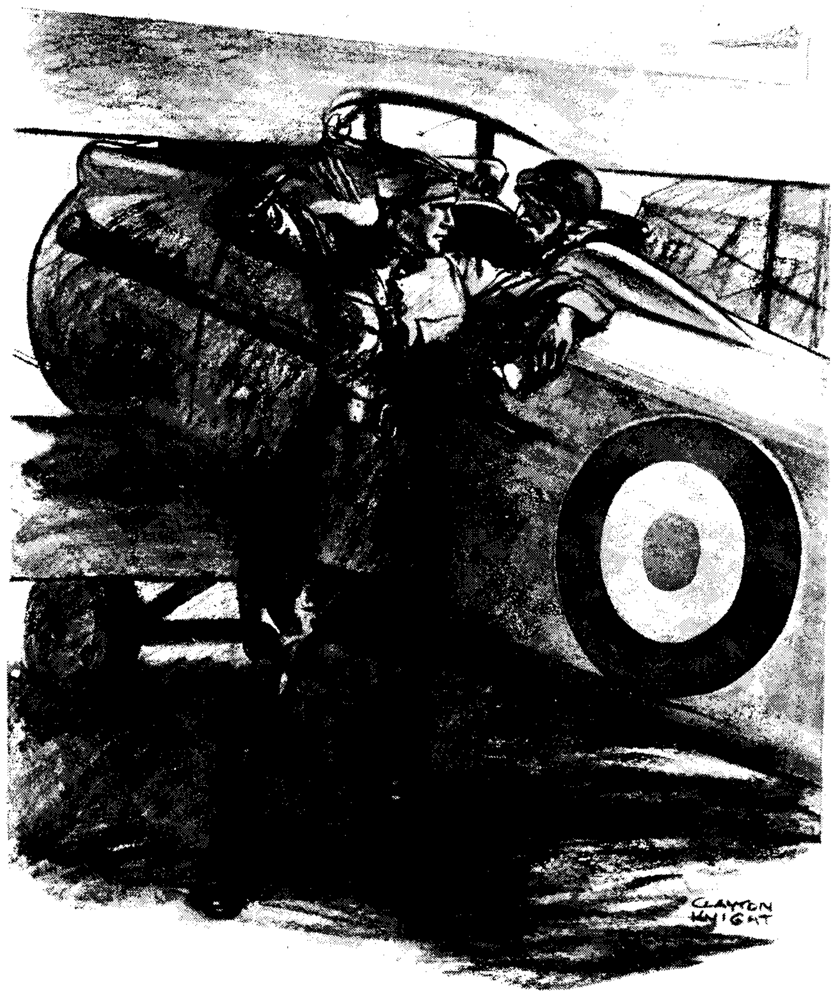
The Kiwi Cross

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

The story of a fighting pilot who knew how to take his medicine—on the ground and in the air



He caught one glimpse of Dever's white, bewildered face. Then his own Spad dropped, a sword no longer suspended, and his tracers hailed upon the red back until the Fokker stalled and spun



"Put her nose down and drop, Harper—if you're hit or if it's too thick"

A GRAY-WHITE cloud cover lay close upon the valley of the Marne. Through it a tiny, darkly silhouetted pinwheel spun down, like a tumbling lark, a black speck in the dull sky. Infantrymen of the Yankee Division, crawling through the wheat towards a machine gun nest in the corner of an evergreen wood, paused in their steady, stealthy progress to watch the crash—if there was to be a crash.

But they couldn't wait to see. A soft whistle brought them suddenly erect and plunging forward. A stuttering of machine guns came from the woods. Grenades burst in black spouts. There was a yell. Tall figures darted into the shadow of the trees—and the death grapple awaiting them there.

Ten minutes of following silence were shattered by another burst of fire, deeper in the woods, which raged until the tall figures, singly or in groups of three or four, came stumbling out into the open again. They ran a space of yards and flung themselves headlong into the concealing wheat. Some of them would lie there a very long time. Others awaited only that soft whistle to send them dashing again at that wooded corner which had been taken and retaken four times since dawn.

AND there was no crash. The falling plane pulled out of its spin into a long, smooth dive, leveled off above the trees, and began immediately to climb until the veils of cloud mist brushed once more across its top wing. It was a single-seater pursuit plane of the —th American Squadron which, with one other during that July, had lost almost its entire original flying personnel in an unequal battle. The swarming Fokkers raided the lines, broke up observation, dominated the air. The dark-eyed alert pilot knew that twenty of them must be skimming above that layer of cloud in search of him even now; for he was apparently the only one of their five-plane strafing patrol who had escaped.

He hoped not. God knows, he did not much want to escape and he had stayed until the bitter end. Twice he had burned Fokkers from a comrade's tail while steel spattered into his own instrument board. He had been still fighting when the clouds engulfed him in a cool invisibility. So he survived, as from the beginning.

Not all of it was luck. There were other factors. There was a habit of split-second decision, a gift of air sight, and the use of a scout plane's wings as though they were rooted in his own spine. For valor and also for safety he flew always into the edge of danger and, as vengeance for his friends, four enemy fighting planes in a few weeks had withered and gone limp in the white stream of his tracers.

Sometimes he could forget all that, that death in the air, the reaction of sickness which followed so quickly even the exultation of his own triumphs, or the agony, dulled by its frequency, of seeing a friend plunge. He could forget it in the sheer joy of flight, soaring over the peaks of a cloud range, diving into the pit of its mile-deep canyons, riding with throttled motor down the sunset when patrol was done.

An expanse of green forest beneath him brought to mind the flight's original mission. It had been a strafing patrol, ordered to attack troops and particularly an important machine gun nest in the southwest corner of the Loupeigne wood. He saw it down below, a known landmark of the sector. He saw the projecting corner where the machine gun nest must be. A long swinging spiral and a sharp swift dive, as a hawk comes down to strike.

They saw him. Long before his guns were in action a hail of machine gun fire came up to meet him and a feather of smoke rose out of the trees. A bit of tattered fabric fluttered at the trailing edge of his left wing. Then his fingers gripped hard on the triggers and his twin Vickers guns sent white spears into those trees until his wheels all but brushed above them. He zoomed, turned and dived again, and again, and again, searching out every square yard with his fire. He saw small, almost ludicrous figures dashing out of the woods and flinging themselves into a field of wheat for hiding.

Strange that they ran towards the allied line. That fellow lying flat with his arms out straight—but who could tell anything about helmets or uniforms diving at two hundred an hour? It was an absurd idea anyway, and one too horrible to think of.

The squadron commander wanted him. "So you lived through another one, eh?"

"Did any of the others—?"

"Thomas got back—with a bullet through his thigh and another through the neck. We've lost the whole flight."

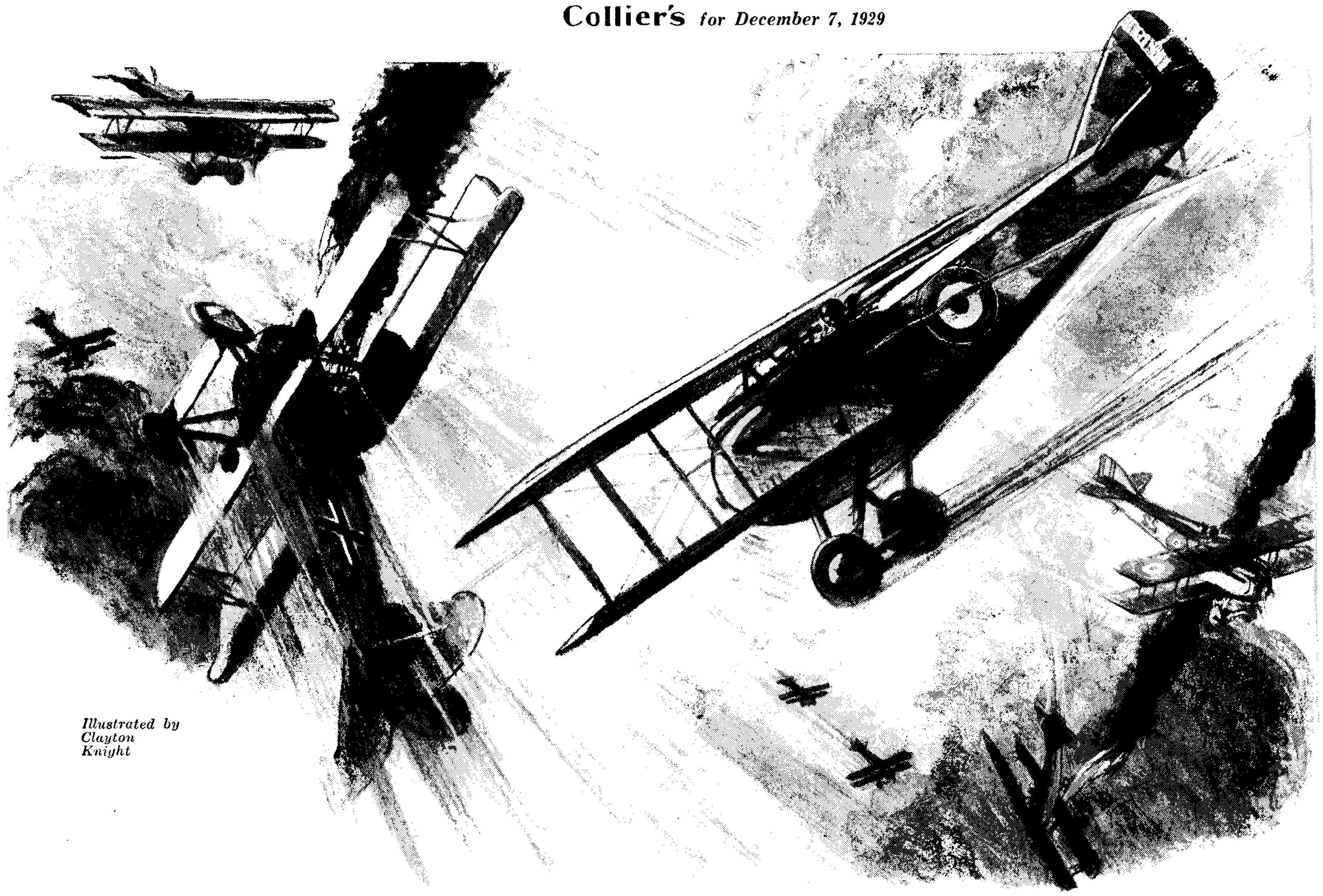
"All but me, I guess, Captain."

"And you too. You went down and shot up those woods, didn't you? Well, you shot American infantry out of those woods, my boy, and they want your blood. A brigadier has been on the phone about it already, crazy with rage, frantic to make the pilot who did it pay for somebody's official mistake. I guess you're done."

"YES." The pilot who had done it stood there pale and trembling. "Yes, if that is true, I'm done." He took a corner of the embroidered wings on his breast and ripped them with one jerk from his tunic. "Let them make a kiwi out of me, or send me to Leavenworth, or anything. I'm not fit to fly."

Two months after and some kilometers eastward, south of the Argonne, there were twelve of our pursuit squadrons in the fight. It was that fair soft September at Belrain, and life was very swift and casual and almost gay. So was death. But there was no death in it for Lieutenant Boone and, perhaps for that reason, neither was there much life.

He walked from the low black line of barracks across the huge, crudely improvised Second Pursuit Group drome towards the operation tent and hangars of the Eighteenth Squadron. His head was bent and his eyes were downcast; for his spirit was downcast too. Lieutenant Reynolds had complained that a cartridge was jammed past the ejector in his left Vickers gun. Lieutenant Boone was the squadron machine gun officer, a ground man, a kiwi.



Illustrated by Clayton Knight

The sound that came to one at Belrain was the constant muffled drumming, like summer thunder, of the guns in the North. From the air, Belrain was a plateau between wooded ravines, four clusters of hangars, like mushroom clusters, a road on one side, and barracks, headquarters huts, mess halls along the road.

But Glenn Boone did not see Belrain from the air. No embroidered wings were spread upon his breast. He was a ground officer, a kiwi. He extracted jammed cartridges from the fighting pilots' guns. He sat in their cockpits with wheels blocked and tail propped up into line of flight and checked the ring and bead sights, the synchronization, the one-in-three tracer bullet belt loads. He tested the triggers on the control stick. So there was a brooding in his dark eyes and his slender hard frame drooped as he crossed the field. He had the build of a flying man but he was a kiwi.

At the door of the operations tent Reynolds hailed him. Reynolds had downed a Fokker two days before and it had changed him. "Hey, Boone! Did you look at that gun? If the damn' thing jams again, I'm going to put on Marlins. Cost me a Hun this morning."

There was nothing wrong about it. Boone got on all right with all the pilots, except perhaps two. One of the two, George Duncan, he got on with better than all right. It was just an unmeant manner which in their young pride all the pilots used in talking to a kiwi. None of the others seemed to mind, the doctor, the engineering officer, the personnel fellow. They all just went ahead with the routine of their jobs and didn't mind. Boone reached B-hangar humming absently as much as he knew, as much as he could ever bear to hear, of a gay mockery the pilots chanted in quarters: "We don't have to fight like the infantry—like the artillery—like the cavalry—We don't have to fly over Germany—We are the Kee-wee-wee—"

The flags were back on B-hangar and mechanic crews were rolling the sturdy, chunky, little single-seater fighting planes out on the line. B-flight was putting up a high patrol at three.

A BIT of knowing how fixed Reynolds' gun quickly enough. Boone went outside again, along the line of Spads, their propellers turning slowly and visibly as the engines warmed. That new man, little Harper, who had come up as replacement when Meadows and Towne went down, was already in his cockpit. Glenn Boone was the only man at Belrain who knew that Harper—he was nothing but a moon-faced kid—was scared to death. "Hello there. You going over this trip? Guns all right?"

A few trips over, a dog fight or two, and that boy would be a cool, dangerous fighter. Boone had seen the type before. Couldn't be cowards and get even this far.

But now young Harper stared back at him with almost sightless, pupil-distended eyes. He made an effort to unlock his teeth to reply. But no words came.

Boone climbed up on the step. "Look here, boy," he said, "your belt drums are loose. Look at that. You can't take this ship over. I'll tell the captain."

"No!" The boy finally got his teeth apart. "No, Boone. You did that for me yesterday. It's no use. I'm going—I'll—I'll get over it. Just—let me alone."

But Boone didn't let him alone. He couldn't. He lingered there with his elbow on the padded edge of the cockpit and talked in a low voice about Spads, the way of a Spad with a Fokker on its tail, and climbing spirals which were hard to hit and how to dive out. "Put her nose down and drop, Harper—if you're hit or it's too thick. Ride her right down to the treetops."

Young Harper stiffened in his seat. "Say, where do you get on, Boone? A kiwi going to tell me how to fly! What do you know about it anyway? Like all the rest of these ground-hog aces—they can all tell you how it's done."

At the door of the operations tent Boone met Jerry Westcott, the flight leader. "I see you're taking Harper over for his initiation this afternoon. Good day for the ceiling, isn't it?"

"Oh, it's all right. I don't see why they always stick these green kids in B-flight anyway."

"Well, I'd keep an eye on Harper."

"Oh, you would, would you?" Westcott's smile carried the rest of his meaning. Turning away towards his waiting plane he called over his shoulder, "Thanks for the advice."

It was good advice. Perhaps no advice or its disregard would have made any difference. Thirty-five minutes after B-flight took off for the lines, young Harper was dead.

Coming out of the officers' mess shack that evening, George Duncan took a grip on Boone's arm. "Come on, Glenn, forget it. You and Westcott will be in a fight if you're not careful. And after all, how could he help it if the Fokkers drop on his end man?"

"Harper had no business being the end man," said Boone.

Westcott, emerging from the mess shack with Captain Boyd, paused in his light-hearted explanation. "No, it takes a kiwi with an upper bunk altitude record to tell us our duty." While George Duncan clung desperately to Boone's arm, Westcott went on with the captain. "You know what that spangled gang of Fokkers are, Captain. That's four of our fellows they've gotten. They're poison. The pair of 'em dropped on us and knocked Harper and went straight on through the flight. I think we did well if we got one of them."

"The only thing, Westcott," said the captain, "is that a youngster gets killed, the only one killed, his first trip over. Little Harper deserved a better break than that." They went on.

"But, Glenn, old man, don't you see?" George Duncan and his friend followed on slowly down the road towards quarters. "I don't want to hurt your feelings, Glenn, but you're not in a position to criticize Westcott, or any of the rest of us."

Later that evening, in the privacy of the boarded-off corner which the two shared as quarters George Duncan said something else: "Glenn, I know you and like you well enough to ask: How does it happen—damn it all, you're not the type—how does it happen you're in this ground officer business?"

"Because I did not feel myself fit to be a fighting pilot or a combatant of any sort," said Boone. "That's all, George."

"What do you mean unfit? Bad eyes or something?"

"Yes," said Boone. "Eyes. That's it. I wouldn't know whether I was shooting at friend or foe."

"But you always sight the returning patrol before anybody else does."

WHEN the candlelight was gone and he lay in his blankets staring at the close, black ceiling, those bad eyes of Boone's blinked over a hard, unaccustomed tear, brewed in a bitter heart. For they were the Kee-wee-wee.

After an hour of tossing he rose as silently as possible and pulled breeches, boots and Duncan's flying coat over his pajamas. He went outside and across the road. The field stretched out in misty light and, seeming far away, the hangars loomed in gray ghostly outline. Perhaps a third the distance towards them he stopped short and spoke uncertainly to the tall motionless figure which stood in his path:

"It's I, Captain Boyd."

"Who is that? Oh, you, Boone."

"Yes, sir. I forgot to put a belt in one of the early patrol ships. Trying to locate the night bombers, Captain? They're over Toul, I should say."

"No, I just came out for a little air—and a little thought. Doesn't seem to me we're operating just right with these new men, Boone." They walked slowly across the field together. "We're doing well on the whole. All the squadrons are. We control the air pretty much and our crowd has

(Continued on page 58)

The Age of Youth

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

HOPELESS because of her failure to make a decent living in New York City, Donna Raynor, a beautiful girl, writes to Randolph Granby, a wealthy bachelor, whom she has never met. She explains her predicament, and ends her letter thus: "I could get a rich husband if I had the proper setting. It would cost a thousand a month and I'd need two years to get the proper man. Will you give it to me?"

Granby reads the letter and throws it away. A few days later, however, inspired by curiosity, he calls on the girl and, to his amazement, finds her to be beautiful, cultured, lovely. With the utmost frankness they discuss Donna's proposition. "I'll guarantee," says Donna, "that within six months after you give me the money I need, you'll see me at dinner at—well, you name the house."

Intrigued by the girl's personality and her unconventional ideas, Granby accepts her proposal. Donna, he learns, owns a thousand shares of low-priced common stock, which nobody wants. He instructs his brokers to buy them (from Donna's brokers) at twenty-five dollars a share. . . . Then he prepares to sail for France.

Donna leaves her shabby little hotel, purchases an elaborate and costly wardrobe, and moves to The Herndon, which is ultra-fashionable. She visits Libby Prentiss, a wealthy society girl who is preparing to go to Europe, and sub-leases her charming apartment in the exclusive Fifties and agrees to retain her maid Jennie. Hardly is Donna settled when a handsome young man pushes by Jennie and enters the apartment. He is very much intoxicated. He wants to see Miss Prentiss. Donna greets him—wonders who he is. They chat for a few moments. Then—

"Believe I'll marry you," says the young visitor. "How would you like to be Mrs. Frank Gardner?" How would she like it? The answer is easy for Donna—for Frank Gardner is the wealthiest, most sought-after bachelor in America!

IV

FRANK GARDNER had achieved nothing in politics, the arts, commerce or finance. But there was more interest in his goings and comings than in the movements of any young man in the country, with the possible exceptions of Lindbergh and Rudy Vallee.

He had been born to forty millions.

The self-announced democrat may declare that a man's personality is what matters, and that his material possessions are of no possible interest in a summation of his character, but if those possessions have made his character, what then? One cannot look at the Prince of Wales as a young bachelor. One must look upon him as the heir to the throne of England. He can be regarded in no other way. Whatever he does, whatever he is, must necessarily be part and parcel of his destiny.

So with young Gardner. To consider him without also considering his wealth would be like considering the earth without the sun. He was his fortune, and his fortune was Frank Gardner. The two were inseparable. He had been born not merely with blue eyes and a snubby nose but with millions. And the press, which infallibly reflects the attitude of the public, had made much of him.

His entry in the Grand National; the prize he offered for the endurance flight; his chances of making the American polo team, now unhappily blasted by his terrific thirst; the attentions he paid to this or that girl—he was news. The most eligible bachelor in America the newspapers called him. They referred, of course, to his money. That he might have character, health, or brains, was quite beside the point. When one uses the word "eligibility" with regard to a young woman or man, one means, primarily, money. Secondarily, one means social position, only hardly anyone knows exactly what that means.

Weaving back and forth in the bedroom doorway, Gardner beamed upon the lady of his sudden drunken choice.

"You think—Frank Gardner intoxicated. Perf'ly correct. Your perspicac'ty most remark'ble. But, drunk or sober, always stand by word. Leave it to good old Jennie. Jennie knows me. Jennie'll tell you."

Beyond him, her ineffectual protests against this invasion stilled, stood the maid, clasping and unclasping her hands. Her attitude was mute but sufficient evidence that Libby Prentiss, unconventional though report had her, did not entertain intoxicated youths in her apartment.

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

"Will you be kind enough to end this intrusion?"

Donna finally found her voice, and the blush that overspread her face was not due solely to the fact that masculine eyes looked upon her in her bed. She was embarrassed because she sounded exactly like a servant attempting the grand manner.

Far better, she furiously told herself, had she sworn at him. It was not too late now.

"Get the hell out of here before I call the police," she amended.

Young Gardner's mouth, which had been mocking, now twisted in a sympathetic grin.

"Only poss'ble way lady could appeal to man in my condition," he said. "Apol'gize again for intrusion. G'by."

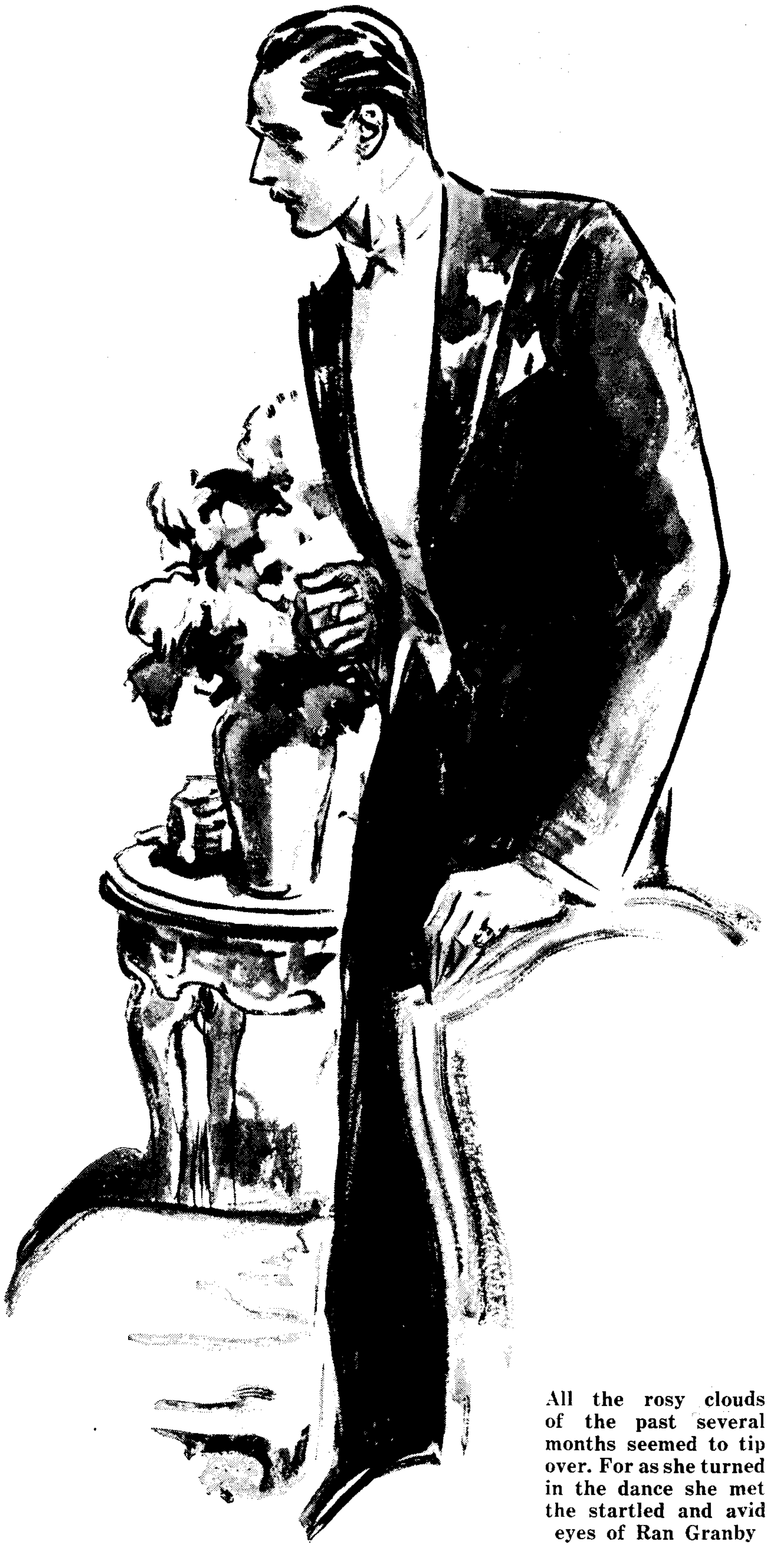
Abruptly he turned, making a valiant effort to walk straight, would have collided with Jennie but that the maid stepped to one side with a quite surprising agility, and in a moment the outer door slammed behind him.

"WELL," ejaculated the maid. "I never saw him—terribly sorry, Miss Raynor, but—he pushed right by me—"

"Never saw him!" cried Donna.

"That way," amended the maid.

She lingered in the doorway now. On her tongue lingered a score of disclosures. She would tell all about every visit that Frank Gardner had ever paid to Libby Prentiss' apartment. She would disgorge herself of enough gossip to keep a society reporter in columns for a week. Donna had never boasted a maid before. In that small town where she had been born and "raised," as the neighbors would have phrased it, the Raynors had kept one maid-of-all-work. Jennie, inherited from Libby Prentiss, was cook and chambermaid for Donna now, but her outlook upon life was that of the personal maid. She would do more for a bachelor maid than she would if employed where there were other servants, because of higher wages and more freedom, inconsistent though this sounded. She had stayed on with Donna because she envisioned week-ends when her new mistress—like her old—would be absent on house parties, night after night when she would have only to prepare her own dinner. She was by no means like the old-fashioned



All the rosy clouds of the past several months seemed to tip over. For as she turned in the dance she met the startled and avid eyes of Ran Granby

maid-of-all-work, and would have resigned any place where she was considered such.

Upon her ears, attuned to certain nuances, Donna's first utterance had grated, exactly as it had upon the more sensitive ears of Frank Gardner. But Donna's profane request had sounded exactly like Libby Prentiss, to Jennie, and Gardner's reception of the invitation, and his subsequent manner toward Donna, cast out from the maid's mind any lingering doubt that Donna didn't belong. Only two classes of women swore: the vulgar and the aristocratic. And the vulgar wouldn't swear at a man like Mr. Gardner. Therefore Miss Raynor was of the upper circle. Jennie, who would not have gossiped with a chorus girl, was prepared to gossip with Donna.

Now Donna wanted to listen to gossip. Everything that she picked up concerning the Frank Gardners of the new world she hoped to conquer might prove of value to her. A good general doesn't disdain information concerning the enemy no matter how unconsidered the source. But Donna had a certain native shrewdness. If she permitted Jennie to tell her gossip, Jennie would, in later conversation with other maids, disclose the fact that Donna lent a receptive ear to scandal. Other maids would talk to their mistresses; it would transpire that Miss Raynor liked to hear about the socially great.

NO GREAT crime in this. The person who doesn't care to munch a juicy bit of scandal lacks normal curiosity. But in the sort of campaign that Donna planned to wage there was a certain advantage to be gained by letting the world see only what sides of her she chose to present. To be pictured by a servant meant possible disadvantage. For instance, she should present her own attitude toward a young man, not permit a servant to present it. And—this was vital—one cannot listen to confidences without giving them in return. If she permitted Jennie to gossip, inadvertently she would let drop something about herself, about her past—no, it wouldn't do. Not mysterious, because that sort of thing would arouse unpleasant speculation, but aloof, remote.

"Good night, Jennie," she said.

The maid straightened. Here was drama and her mistress wasn't interested. The great Frank Gardner, whose greatness did not exist merely in the minds of shopgirls, but who was great to the persons of his own set, was so unimportant that Miss Raynor didn't care to hear about him. Miss Raynor must consider herself pretty important. The maid, snubbed, retired from the room with an accession of respect for her mistress.

A minor triumph, Donna realized, but still a triumph. But she didn't read the books or magazines with which she had equipped herself. She did, however, smoke the cigarettes, smoked too many of them, and in the curling smoke she saw visions.

"How would you like to be Mrs. Frank Gardner?"

Of course, the youth was intoxicated. His question meant nothing. Nevertheless, it had been put into words, and she repeated it to herself, over and over again.

How would she? Putting the question academically, she tried to answer it in the same fashion.

He had the things she wanted, money and position. Would it be possible for her to feel the thing that she must feel—love?

But finally she turned out the light and went to sleep with a smile of self-mockery on her lips. Because a drunken man intruded on her, paid her a drunken compliment, must she lose all sense of values?

A RESPECTFUL Jennie brought a dainty breakfast in the morning. Donna devoured it with healthy appetite. Propped up in bed she read the morning paper. She learned that Randolph Granby had been among the passengers on the Ile de France. Likewise, amid other notables, appeared the name of Libby Prentiss.

She smoked a cigarette after breakfast, making mental note of the fact that she was smoking too many, and slipped down deeper into the covers. The shops would begin sending things over shortly; why not lie abed until they came, and survey herself in the mirror?

A thought that had come uninvited last night reappeared. Would it be easy to give up this luxury? Moral fibers softened more quickly than physical muscles. Enervation of the spirit was to be dreaded far more than any mere physical anemia.

Why should she lie in bed? She'd not thought, when she wrote Ran Granby asking for money, to lie abed. She'd had plans, definite plans, and was on fire to attempt their execution. She leaped from her couch, smiling at her sudden eagerness, and bathed and dressed.

She would not be home for luncheon. That had been part of her arrangement with Jennie. Of course, if she gave a luncheon, it would be frequently at home, and Jennie would be reimbursed accordingly. But there would be no guests for today. She wondered, with that sudden sinking which was to assail her again, just when she would bring someone home. For, whoever it might be that graced her board, it would necessarily be someone whom she did not know now. For she had definitely and forever severed all connection with all acquaintance of the past. She had a momentary qualm, pondering this, as she thought of Jinny Loan. But continued friendship with Jinny wasn't worth the price such friendship would cost. Jinny was *out*.

Arrayed for the street, she surveyed herself in the mirror. The sun streaming in through the window assured her that summer was almost here. It was not a day for a coat, although the tan tweed which she had bought yesterday fairly cried aloud for wearing. Reluctantly she put it back on a hanger in the closet, adjusted the black felt hat with the tiny brim, pulling it down closer upon her head, smoothed the black silk ensemble which she had selected, and was consulting the Social Directory when the doorbell rang.

SHE let Jennie answer, and had put away the directory when the maid entered her bedroom. She bore a box obviously from the florist. As one not unaccustomed to receiving flowers, Donna told the maid to open the box.

Orchids! She'd never had one in her life before! Three gorgeous purple blooms. How sweet of Randolph Granby to remember her thus. She was thanking him inwardly as she opened the tiny envelope that nestled amid the flowers. Bless his thoughtful, generous heart.

Then, as she saw the name and message on the card, her heart seemed to thump against her ribs.

"With all the apologies there are. Frank Gardner."

How had he known her name? But she didn't speculate too long on that detail. The elevator boy, the doorman downstairs—he could have found out her name from any one of a dozen sources.

Did women wear orchids in the daytime? She racked her memory for recollection of the various young fashionables whom she had seen at her weekly luncheons at the Colony, at Sherry's, at the Marguery. Of course they did.

About her shoulders she placed the gray fox, and to it she pinned a bloom, so that it was upon her left shoulder. The telephone rang as she manipulated the flower into the most effective position.

"Mr. Gardner telephoning," Jennie informed her.

"Not in," said Donna carelessly. She added to the misinformation: "Tell him that Miss Raynor does not wish to speak to him."

Crude, but—effective. But what a hurry the boy was in. She had not done service in the Frivols chorus without knowing something of the fashion in which youths of the Gardner type "rushed" their fancies. But Gardner, though not sober, must have retained sufficient recollection of her appearance to incite him to speedy action this morning. The orchids first and now this telephone call.

Her cool refusal to talk to him would lead to one of three things: Mistaking her utterly, he would deluge her with orchids, with notes, and finally would accost her outside somewhere. Or she would never hear from him again. Or—and this was what she hoped and prayed for—he would make every possible effort to meet her in a conventional fashion.

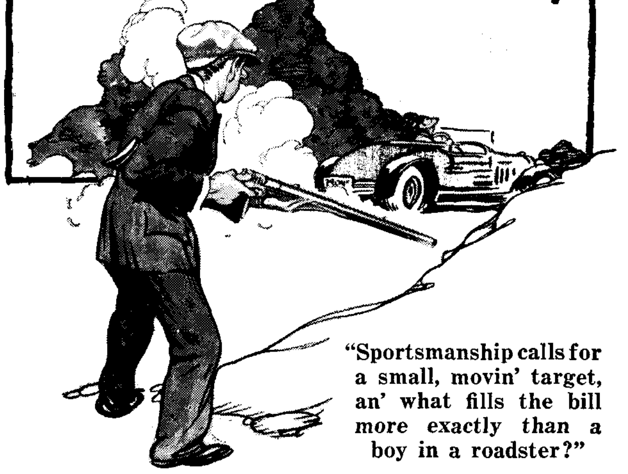
BUT that would take time. Meanwhile she would take the first step in her campaign. And the first step was a call upon Mme. Rosalie Galere. Mme. Galere taught singing. But she had also achieved recognition by the Social Directory. If one followed these matters as, recently, Donna Raynor had done, one was aware that Mme. Galere's pupils were not chosen at random.

Mme. Galere was the arts' sweet boon to wealth. (*Continued on page 38*)

The Breath Battalion

"I never think of leavin' home until I put my hat on a stick an' elevate it above the ramparts to see if any snipers are about. Nowadays only a reckless man runs the risk of makin' a rye face or swallowin' anything more liquid than a dog biscuit"

Uncle Henry



"Sportsmanship calls for a small, movin' target, an' what fills the bill more exactly than a boy in a roadster?"

"SHAKESPEARE was all wrong when he wrote about the piping times of peace," said Uncle Henry. "What he really meant was sniping. Not a day goes by that the dry agents don't pot a bunch of citizens who have been imprudent enough to quit the safety of their bomb-proof cellars. Bags have reached such huge proportions that they've stopped makin' notches on their guns, an' are insistin' that Andy Mellon give 'em addin' machines.

"The times are certainly what might be called parlous. Only last week a friend of mine in Illinois had two automobiles shot from under him in one night. The United States Steel Corporation has laid off battleship buildin' almost entirely, an' is concentratin' on the production of pleasure cars. Careful parents won't even let the young folk go for a row on a park lake unless they hire an armored cruiser from the navy.

"I never think of leavin' home unless I put my hat on a stick an' elevate it above the ramparts to see if any snipers are about. An' as people come home of an evenin' from offices an' stores the scene has all the excitement an' drama of a prison break, what with the roar of guns an' the yellin' of the prohis. Nowadays only a reckless man runs the risk of makin' a rye face or swallowin' anything more liquid than a dog biscuit.

"The Canadian Mounted, along with the girls of Ziegfeld's chorus, may boast that they always get their man, but the prohibition enforcement bunch doesn't stop at mere singles. They bag 'em in braces, an' if the machine gun doesn't jam, sometimes bring down whole coveys.

"Nor is the rank and file of the Death Battalion without a certain rude chivalry, 'Lonzo, for when it comes to bumpin' people off, they proceed on that noble exhortation, 'Women an' children first.'

The Battle Scare

"An' yet all this shootin' business is not without its glamour, possessin' a distinctly romantic flavor that recalls Admiral Dewey an' the battle of Manila Bay. Every mornin' the prohibition chiefs come out and look the country over, an' then, after puttin' on their steel helmets an' gettin' down under their desks, bravely give the order, 'You may fire when ready.'

"The Death Battalion, to be sure, is bein' sharply criticized for goin' after individuals instead of devotin' attention to the sources of production. But what else can be expected from men who've been taught to take pride in their marksmanship? Any boob can hit a still. It's like shootin' fish in a barrel. Common sportsmanship calls for a small target, an' a movin' one, if possible. What fills the bill more exactly than a boy in a roadster?

"Any time I send one of the youngsters down to the grocery for a bottle of catsup, we kiss him good-by, make him give us a lock of his hair, an' then ask the prayers of the congregation. It takes a mighty courageous man to carry home glassware of any kind, an' unless somethin's done every druggist is goin' to be put out of business. There's no chance of makin' money when a ten-cent bottle of cough medicine has to be delivered in an armored car.

"People are actually afraid to take a dose of castor oil unless they turn out all the lights an' go into the deepest recesses of the cellar. A neighbor of mine with the inflammatory rheumatism never reaches for his bottle of liniment without makin' a last will an' testament, an' our cook insists on bringin' the olive oil to the table in a paper bag. If rare old Ben Jonson were alive today, I bet he'd write his song along these lines:

"'Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And take no chance with wine,
Leave but a lash within the cup
And you'll see me get mine.'

"Yessir, 'Lonzo, President Hoover's noble experiment is certainly an experiment no longer. It has been proved beyond the peradventure of a doubt that the wages of gin are death, an' that where the dry agents are concerned blood is quicker than water. Justice may still wear a blindfold, but the eyes of the dry law are wide open, able to see anything, even if it isn't there, an' so keen they can guarantee a kill at any distance under five hundred yards.

"I hear that all dry agents are to be put under civil service, after first bein' roped an' thrown, an' this should result in an even greater efficiency. The navy's target practice grounds down off the Cuban coast have been borrowed for the tests, an' Scarface Al Capone has kindly consented to help the examiners draw up the questions.

"Another thing I've heard is that Dr. Clarence True Wilson is goin' to have President Hoover call out the marines to assist in enforcin' the Eighteenth Amendment. Well, why not? What's needed in the present crisis is a body of experts who can smell a drink a mile off, an' who won't be in a town five minutes without knowin' every place where booze is sold. The Epworth League may be all right in every other way, but what do they know about liquor?

"Honest, 'Lonzo, I've always been for prohibition, but I don't know now. Dryin' up the country is a whole lot different from shootin' it up, an' I can't find it in my heart to subscribe to the theory that the only good drinker is a dead one. I am second to none in my respect for the law, but I'm frank to say I don't like this business of havin' to get a safe conduct from the Anti-Saloon League before I can carry home a bottle of vinegar.

"I don't take much stock in this personal liberty howl, even though we did fight England for tryin' to make us drink tea. The actions of the individual have always been restrained, but I'm willin' to admit that it makes a lot of difference jes' who it is that does the restrainin'.

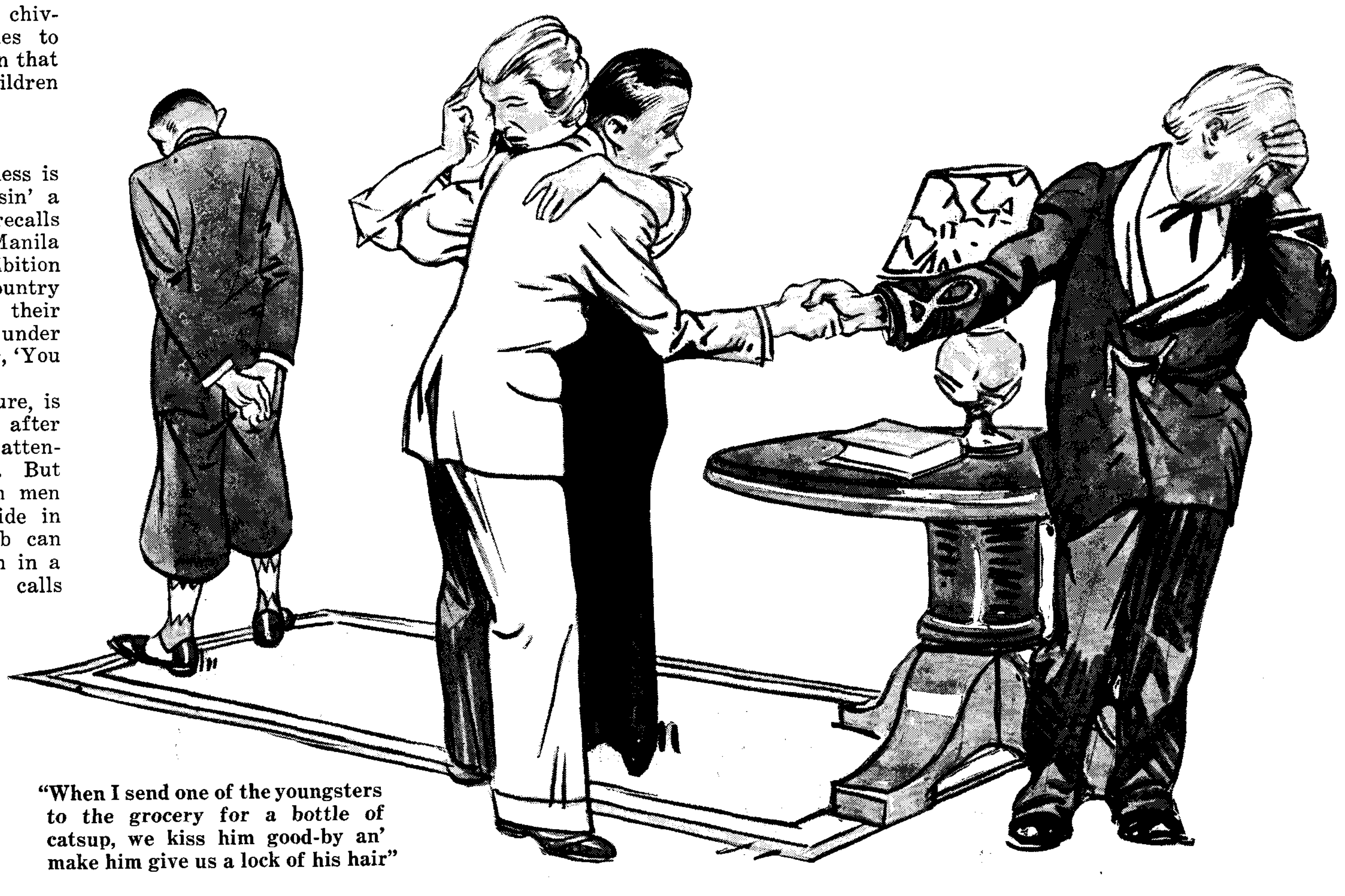
Poor Dry Congressmen

"Under local option, almost two thirds of the country was dry, but look at things today. Why, the country is so wet that flood control is no longer a mere Mississippi Valley problem. Rubber boot manufacture has now passed the movies as the nation's leadin' industry.

"The law, after all, is what people back up. When they don't back it up, all the marines in the world can't give it life and effect. Take the case of the very Constitution itself. The Fifteenth Amendment has been a dead letter in the South for full fifty years, Negroes havin' about as much chance to vote as an Amishman to be a Tammany sachem. An' yet you don't hear Dr. Wilson or any others of the Anti-Saloon League shoutin' for the marines to be called out."

"What gets me is the hypocrisy of the thing," growled Mr. Stubbs. "All these congressmen votin' dry an' then gettin' arrested with whole trunkfuls of assorted wines an' liquors."

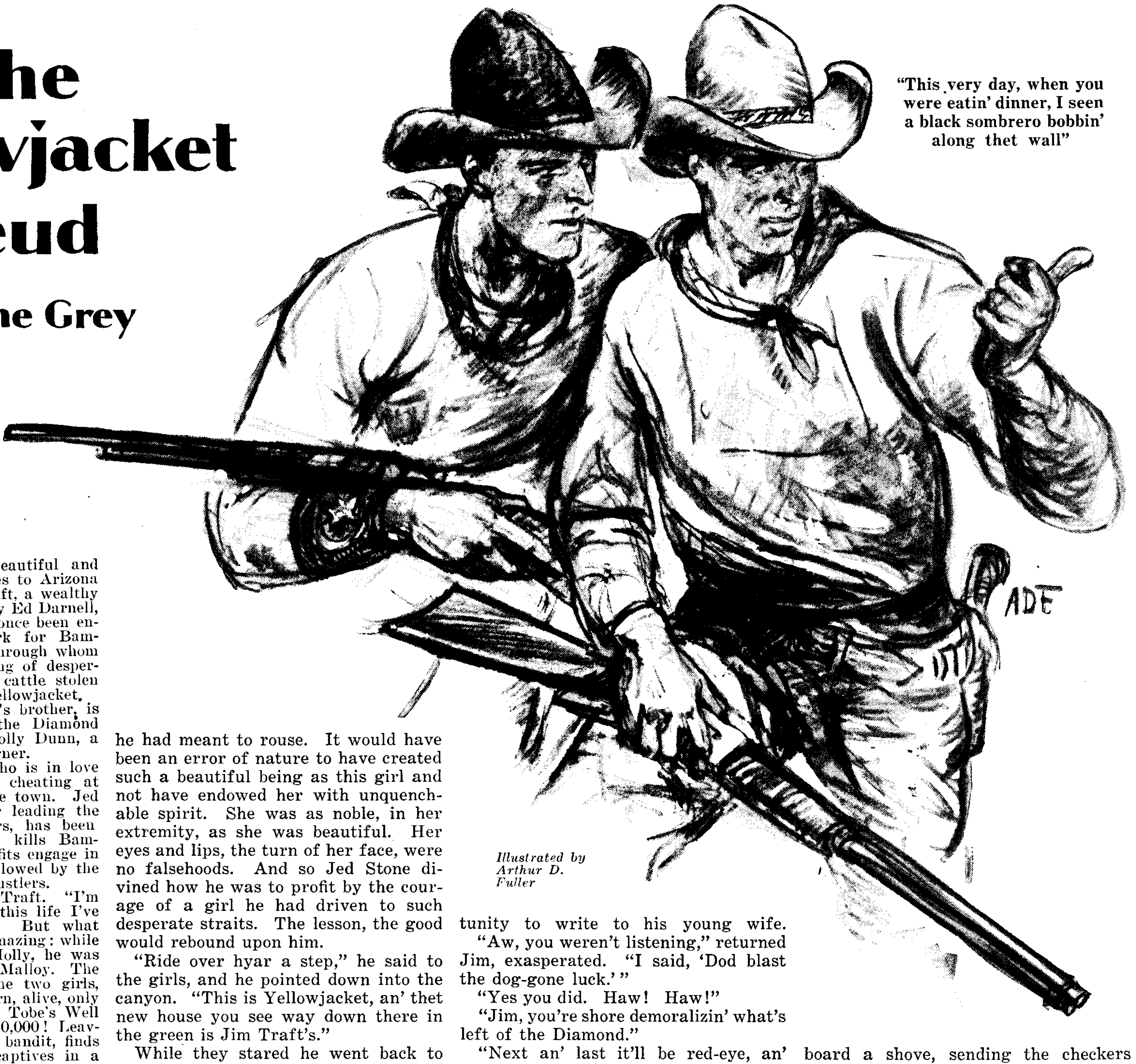
"They are more to be pitied than censured," replied Uncle Henry. "Didn't you ever hear of Typhoid Mary, that woman who gave everybody the fever without gettin' it herself? That's the way with these poor dry congressmen. They're jes' carriers."



"When I send one of the youngsters to the grocery for a bottle of catsup, we kiss him good-by an' make him give us a lock of his hair"

The Yellowjacket Feud

By Zane Grey



"This very day, when you were eatin' dinner, I seen a black sombrero bobbin' along thet wall"

Illustrated by Arthur D. Fuller

The Story Thus Far:

GLORIANA TRAFT, a beautiful and cultured Eastern girl, goes to Arizona to visit her uncle, old Jim Traft, a wealthy cattle king. She is followed by Ed Darnell, a scoundrel to whom she had once been engaged. Darnell goes to work for Bambridge, a crooked ranchman through whom the Hash Knife Outfit, a gang of desperadoes, has been disposing of cattle stolen from the Traft ranch—the Yellowjacket.

Young Jim Traft, Gloriana's brother, is leader of his uncle's men—the Diamond Outfit. He is engaged to Molly Dunn, a lovely but uneducated Westerner.

Curly Prentis, a cowboy who is in love with Glory, catches Darnell cheating at cards and orders him to leave town. Jed Stone, an outlaw who, after leading the Hash-Knifers for many years, has been succeeded by Croak Malloy, kills Bambridge. The two warring outfits engage in a thrilling battle, which is followed by the hanging of Darnell and two rustlers.

Stone encounters old Jim Traft. "I'm leaving Arizona forever, an' this life I've led," he tells the ranchman. But what Traft tells him is even more amazing: while driving with Gloriana and Molly, he was held up and robbed by Croak Malloy. The desperado rode away with the two girls, whom he has promised to return, alive, only on condition that Traft go to Tobe's Well within three days and leave $10,000! Leaving old Jim, Stone trails the bandit, finds him with his two terrified captives in a cabin near Tobe's Well, and kills him.

In order to cure Gloriana of her Eastern pride and make her buck up against the real West, Jed and Molly pretend that he has rescued the two girls merely to have them for himself. He abuses them and takes them on a long, roundabout way to the edge of the Yellowjacket, where he says they must part, one of the girls going with him. When Gloriana insists that she shall be the one to go with him, he feels himself suddenly gripped with a passionate desire to take her.

Conclusion

THE instant Stone understood that this was actual temptation—that it had tripped him with surprise and a feeling he never dreamed he possessed—he rejected it with the hard stern courage of the outlaw who had survived baseness. That kind of crime was for Croak Malloy—never for Jed Stone.

He stepped through the brush to the rim and gazed down into Yellowjacket. The canyon seemed to lift to meet his eye, with all the gold and green beauty, the noble gray cliffs, the singing amber stream, and with some indefinable peacefulness of solitude that he grasped then and there, forever to be a possession of his lonely soul.

Then he returned in thought to the issue at hand. Far beyond his hope had he succeeded in forcing latent good into being. This Eastern girl had really defeated him. What could be greater than sacrificing virtue and life itself for her friend? Stone bowed under that. Gloriana Traft had love—which was greater than all the fighting instincts he had meant to rouse. It would have been an error of nature to have created such a beautiful being as this girl and not have endowed her with unquenchable spirit. She was as noble, in her extremity, as she was beautiful. Her eyes and lips, the turn of her face, were no falsehoods. And so Jed Stone divined how he was to profit by the courage of a girl he had driven to such desperate straits. The lesson, the good would rebound upon him.

"Ride over hyar a step," he said to the girls, and he pointed down into the canyon. "This is Yellowjacket, an' thet new house you see way down there in the green is Jim Traft's."

While they stared he went back to mount his own horse and turn to them again.

"The road is right hyar," he went on, as coolly and casually as if that fact were nothing momentous. "Shore you can make it thet fer."

Then he patted Molly's dusky tousled head. "Good-by, little Wood Mouse, be good—"

"Oh, Jed," cried Molly, wildly, with tears streaming down her cheeks, "remember aboot never—rustlin' no more!"

Stone turned to the Eastern girl. "Big Eyes!" he called her, for that was the most felicitous of all names for her then. "So long! Marry Curly or Bud, an' have some real Western kids. . . . But don't never forget your desperado!"

As he spurred away he heard her poignant call: "Oh, wait—wait!" But Jed Stone rode as he never had from sheriffs and posse, from vengeful cowboys who pursued with gun and rope.

JIM TRAFT slammed down his pencil. "— — luck!" he shouted, crumpling the white sheet of paper, to fling it into the fire.

"Why, James!" exclaimed Curly, looking in grave surprise from his game of checkers, which he was playing with the crippled Bud, on his bed.

"Boss, thet shore's amazin' fine example for us—on a Sunday night, too," added Bud, plaintively.

"Shore the way Jim can cuss now is somethin' frazzlin' on the nerves," put in Jackson Way, who, as usual during any leisure, was utilizing the opportunity to write to his young wife.

"Aw, you weren't listening," returned Jim, exasperated. "I said, 'Dod blast the dog-gone luck.' "

"Yes you did. Haw! Haw!"

"Jim, you're shore demoralizin' what's left of the Diamond."

"Next an' last it'll be red-eye, an' then good-by."

It was Sunday evening at the ranch-house down in Yellowjacket. The big living-room shone bright and new with lamp and blazing fire. Jim had been endeavoring to write a letter to his uncle, reporting the loss of two thousand head of Diamond-brand stock, and the fight at the cabin down in the brakes, which had entailed a more serious loss. But the letter for many reasons was difficult to write. For one thing Molly and Gloriana would surely see it, and as Gloriana took care of her uncle's mail she would be very likely to read it first. And it had to be bad news.

Jim could not gloss over the death of Uphill Frost and Hump Stevens, nor the serious condition of Slinger Dunn and Bud Chalfack. Moreover, he found it impossible to confess his part in that fight. On the moment Curly was trying to keep the fretful and feverish Bud from reopening wounds. Lonestar Holliday read quietly by the lamplight across the table from Jim, but he could not sit still, and as he moved his bandaged foot from one resting place to another he betrayed the pain he was suffering. Jack Way wore the beatific smile which characterized his visage while writing to the absent bride.

"Jump, dog-gone you," said Curly, mildly to his opponent. "Cain't you see a jump when you have one?"

Bud reluctantly made the required move, when Curly promptly jumped three men, practically winning the game. Bud gave the homemade checkerboard a shove, sending the checkers flying.

"Skunked again! Thet's three games, without me gettin' a king," complained Bud, fiercely. "Of all the lucky gazabos I ever seen you're the dingest. . . . Lucky in fights—lucky in good looks—lucky at games—lucky at shenanigan out of work—an' lucky with wimmen! It do beat hell!"

"BUD, what's eatin' you? I've got brains, which shore was left out of your make-up. I think aboot things. I don't yell an' run into a lot of bullets, like you do. I take care of my face, hair, teeth, an' so on. When I play cairds or checkers I use my haid an' figger out what the other feller is aimin' at. An' it's a damn' lie aboot me gettin' out of work. As fer the ladies—wal, I cain't help it if they like me."

"Go out an' drown yourself," shouted Bud, who plainly was angry for no reason at all, unless because he was all shot up.

"Wal, pard, you can gamble on this heah," drawled his handsome friend. "If I turn out as unlucky as you with a certain lovely person I shore will drown myself in drink."

"Aw, I said wimmen. The way you talk anyone would reckon there was no plural number of wimmen a tall. Jest one woman in the world!"

"Which is correct."

Jim broke into the argument. "Shut up, you gamecocks. Listen. I can't write to Uncle Jim. If he doesn't show up here in a few days I'll have to ride to Flag."

"An' take Jack with you?" queried Bud, in a terrible voice.

"Yes. Jack has a wife, you know."

"An' leave the rest of us hyar fer Croak Malloy to wipe out, huh?"

Jim paced the floor. The matter was not easy to decide, and more than once he had convinced himself that the longing to see Molly had a good deal to do with the need to go to Flagerstown.

"Of course, if you boys think there's a chance of Malloy coming back—"

"Wal, Jim," interposed Curly, coolly, "as I see it you'd better wait. We've managed to get along without a doctor, an' I reckon we can do the same without reportin' to old Jim. He'll roar, shore, but let him roar. This last few weeks hasn't been any fun fer us. Somebody will get wind of thet fight an' Flag will heah aboot it."

"All right, I'll give up the idea about going, as well as writing. It'll be a relief," replied Jim, and indeed the outspoken renunciation helped him. "You know one reason I wanted to go was to block Uncle Jim's fetching Molly and Glory down here."

"Aw!" breathed Bud, reproachfully. "An' me dyin' hyar by inches."

"Let Uncle Jim fetch the girls," rejoined Curly, stoutly.

"Curly, you're a cold-blooded Arizonian," declared Jim, with both irritation and admiration. "Here's the deal: We had to take Slinger home to West Fork, shot to pieces. Bud's on his back, full of bullets and bad temper. Lonestar hobbles about making you grind your teeth. And out there under the pines lie two of the Diamond—in their graves!"

"Wal, it's shore sad," replied Curly, "but the fact is we got off lucky. An' we cain't dodge what's comin' because of what's past. I reckon thet fight aboot broke the Hash Knife fer keeps. I'm pretty shore I crippled Malloy. I was shootin' through smoke, but I seen him fall. An' then I couldn't see him any more. He got away, an' thet leaves him, Madden an' Jed Stone of the Hash Knife. Stone won't stand fer the kind of rustlers Malloy has been ringin' in of late. Thet Joe Tanner outfit, let alone such hombres as Bambridge an' Darnell. So heah we are, not so bad off. An' I reckon we could take care of your uncle an' the girls."

CHERRY WINTERS came in at that juncture, carrying a rifle and a haunch of venison. The cool fragrance of the night and the woods accompanied him.

"Howdy all," he said, cheerfully.

"What kept you late, Cherry?" asked Curly.

"Nothin'. I jest ambled along. Reckon I was pretty fur up the creek. Got to watchin' the beaver."

"Jeff has kept supper on for you," added Jim. "You know how sore he gets when we're late? Rustle now."

Jim went out on the porch. Night down in Yellowjacket was always dark, by reason of the looming walls, which appeared so much closer and higher and blacker than by day. No air was stirring, consequently no sound in the pine and spruce tops, and the warm fragrant atmosphere of the sunny hours lingered in the canyon. The stream murmured as always, mellow and low, and the crickets were chirping, while blinking stars watched pitilessly out of the blue above.

The trouble with Jim was that he had not been weaned of his tenderfoot infancy; he had swallowed too big a dose of Arizona and he was sick. Beginning with Sonora's ambush—which only Slinger's timely shot had rendered futile—a series of happenings had tested Jim out to the limit. He had been found wanting, so far as stomach was concerned, and he knew it. Asleep and awake that fight before the burning cabin had haunted him. No use to balk at the truth! He had taken cool bead with rifle at an on-coming and shooting, yelling rustler, and well he knew who had tumbled him over, like a bagged turkey.

Afterward Jim had looked for a bullet hole where he had aimed, and had found it. That was harsh enough. But the fact that he had, in common with his cowboys, turned deaf ear alike to the cursings and pleadings of the gambler Darnell, and had himself laid strong hands on that avenging rope, had like a boomerang rebounded upon him. All the arguments about rustlers, raids, self-preservation, had not been sufficient to cure him. Reality was something incalculably different from conjecture and possibility. In the Cibeque fight, rising out of the drift fence, he had been unable to take an active part; and so the killing of Jocelyn and the Haverlys by Slinger Dunn had rested rather easily upon his conscience. But now he was an Arizonian with blood on his hands. He still needed a violent and constant cue for passion.

Curly came outside presently: "Fine night, Boss. An' it's good to feel we can peek out an' not be scared of bullets. I reckon, though, thet feelin' oughtn't be trusted fer long. We'll heah from Croak Malloy before the summer is over."

"Yes, it's a fine night, I suppose," sighed Jim. "But almost—I wish I was back in Missouri."

"Never havin' seen Arizona an' Molly?" drawled the cowboy, with his cool, kindly tone.

"Even that."

"But more special—never havin' killed a man?"

"Curly!"

"Shore you cain't fool me, Jim, old boy. I was aboot when it come off. I seen you bore thet rustler. Fact is I had a bead on him myself."

"I—I didn't dream anybody knew," replied Jim, hoarsely. "Please don't tell, Curly."

"Wal, I cain't promise fer the rest of the outfit. Bud seen it, from where he fell. An' what's more, he seen thet rustler shoot Hump daid."

"He did!" cried Jim, a dark hot wave as of blood with consciousness surging to his head. A subtle change marked his exclamation.

"Shore. An' Lonestar reckoned he seen the same. Wal, thet rustler was Ham Beard. We searched him, before we buried him. Used to be a Winslow bartender, till he murdered someone. Then he took to cattle stealin'. Sort of a lone wolf an' shore a daid shot. If it hadn't been fer thet smoke he an' Croak might have done fer all of us. Though I reckon in thet case, if they'd charged us without the cover of smoke, we'd have stopped them with our rifles. . . . It was a mess, Jim, an' you ought to pat yourself on the back instead of mopin' around."

Jim realized this clearly, and in the light of Curly's cool illuminating talk he felt the relaxing of a gloomy shade.

"If Glory an' Molly never hear of it —I guess I'll stand it," he said.

"Wal, you can bet your last pair of wool socks in zero weather thet our beloved Bud will spring it on the girls."

"No!"

"Shore. An' not because of his itch to talk. It'll be pride, Jim, unholy pride in your addition to the toll of the Diamond."

"I'll beg him not to, and if that's not enough I'll beat him."

"Wal, Mizzouri, it cain't be did," drawled Curly.

THE cowboys had given the brakes a wide berth for days, notwithstanding the pertinent and baffling fact that most of the Diamond stock had been driven or had stampeded far south of Yellowjacket. Jim was strong to ride down, at least as far as the burned cabin, and to bury the rustlers they had left hanging to the sycamore. But Curly took as strong exception to leaving crippled cowboys unprotected at the ranch-house; and as for the hanging rustlers he said: "Let 'em sun-dry an' blow away!"

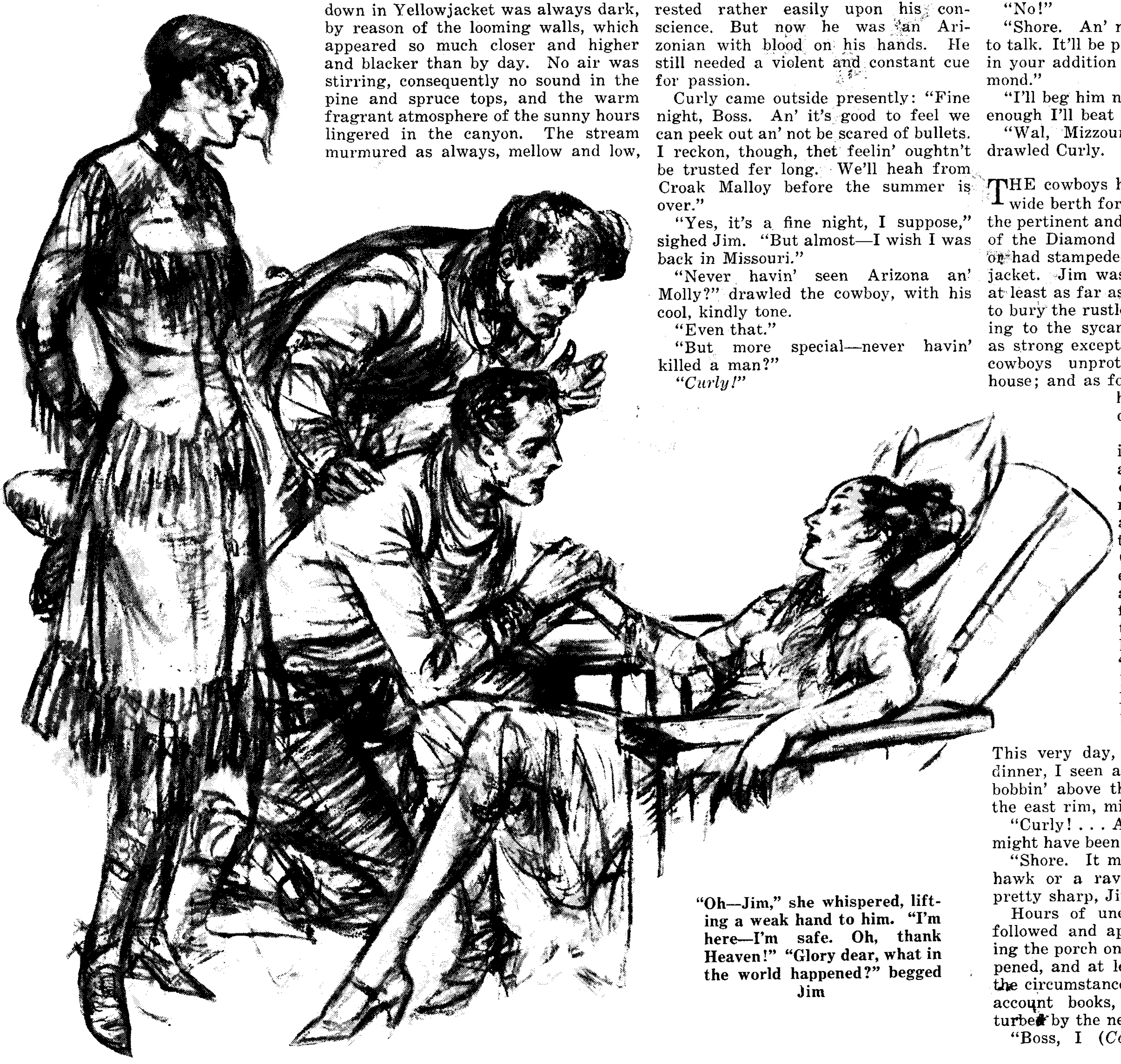
Curly was not as easy in mind as might have appeared to a superficial observer. He was restless; he walked up and down the canyon trail. Jim noted that Curly's blue flashing eyes were ever on the alert. And when Jim finally commented upon this, Curly surprised him with a whisper: "Nix on thet, Mizzouri. I don't want Bud or Lonestar to worry. They make fuss enough. But I'll tell you somethin': This very day, when you were eatin' dinner, I seen a rider's black sombrero bobbin' above the rim wall there. On the east rim, mind you!"

"Curly! . . . A black sombrero? You might have been mistaken," replied Jim.

"Shore. It might have been a black hawk or a raven. But my eyes are pretty sharp, Jim."

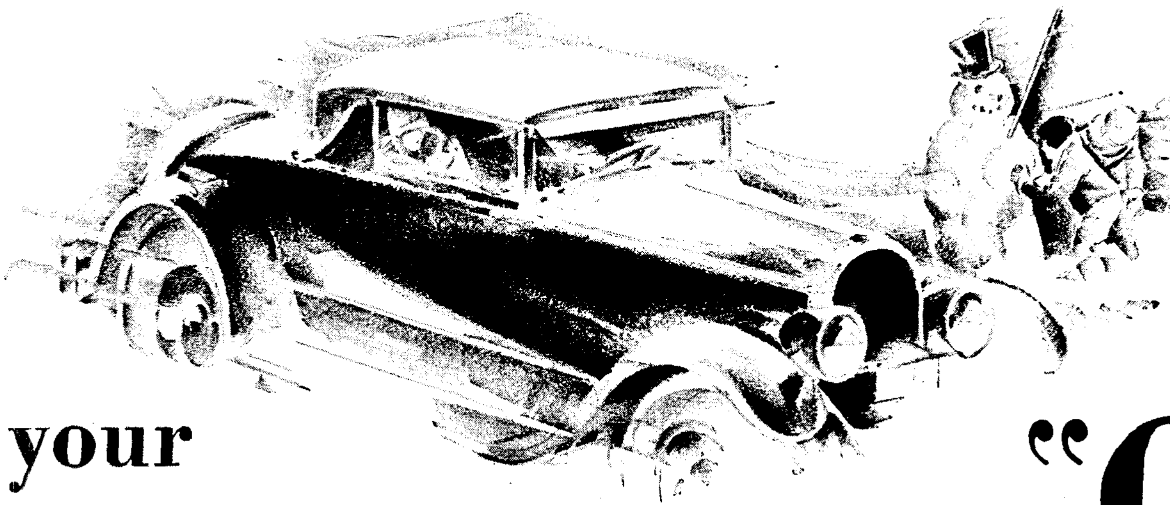
Hours of uneasiness on Jim's part followed and apparently casual strolling the porch on Curly's. Nothing happened, and at length Jim forgot about the circumstance. He went back to his account books, presently to be disturbed by the nervous Bud.

"Boss, I (*Continued on page 64*)



"Oh—Jim," she whispered, lifting a weak hand to him. "I'm here—I'm safe. Oh, thank Heaven!" "Glory dear, what in the world happened?" begged Jim

When the weather man says “Cold!” your battery and engine say, “Change to Mobiloil Arctic”



Change today, and be safe!

Two of the most dangerous enemies your battery and engine can have are “summer-oil-in-winter,” or a winter oil which is so light that it lacks rich lubricating value.

With too heavy a lubricant the thick oil lies, stiffened by cold, in your crankcase. After standing in the cold, your engine strains to overcome the resistance of “dry” pistons, cylinder-walls and bearings. Your battery can waste hours of its life in those few moments of terrific effort.

With too light an oil in your crankcase you get easy starting—but when your engine heats up, such oil may show a serious lack of lubricating value.

The new Mobiloil Arctic will give efficient lubrication from the first turn.

In its ability to meet your two cold-weather needs Mobiloil Arctic is unique.

1. Its correct body, and fluidity at zero assures easy starting and quick oil circulation.
2. It retains its rich lubricating value at your highest winter operating temperatures—thus assuring full protection no matter how fast or how far you drive.

Mobiloil Arctic has been tested and proved by millions of motorists in every cold country from Norway to Cape Horn.

When you change to Mobiloil Arctic you end every doubt about the correctness of your winter lubrication.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (Freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford, Models T, TT, use Gargoyle Mobiloil “E”).

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929		1928		1927		1926	
	Engine		Engine		Engine		Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
“ 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
“ *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	....	....	A	Arc.	A	A	....	....
“ *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler, 4-cyl.	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
“ Imperial 80 and Imperial.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A
“ *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	A	Arc.
Elcar, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
“ *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford, Model A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
“ Model T	....	....	....	....	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
“ *other models*	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
La Salle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
“ *other models*	....	....	BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
“ *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
“ *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight, 4-cyl.	....	....	....	....	....	....	B	Arc.
“ “ 6-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.

New Ease in Gear Shifting

While your oil is being changed, have the transmission and differential drained as well. Then have them refilled with Mobiloil “CW” Gear Lubricant. The new Mobiloil “CW” remains fluid on the coldest days, and always gives rich lubrication. It makes gears easy to shift and further lightens the winter load on your engine.

the New

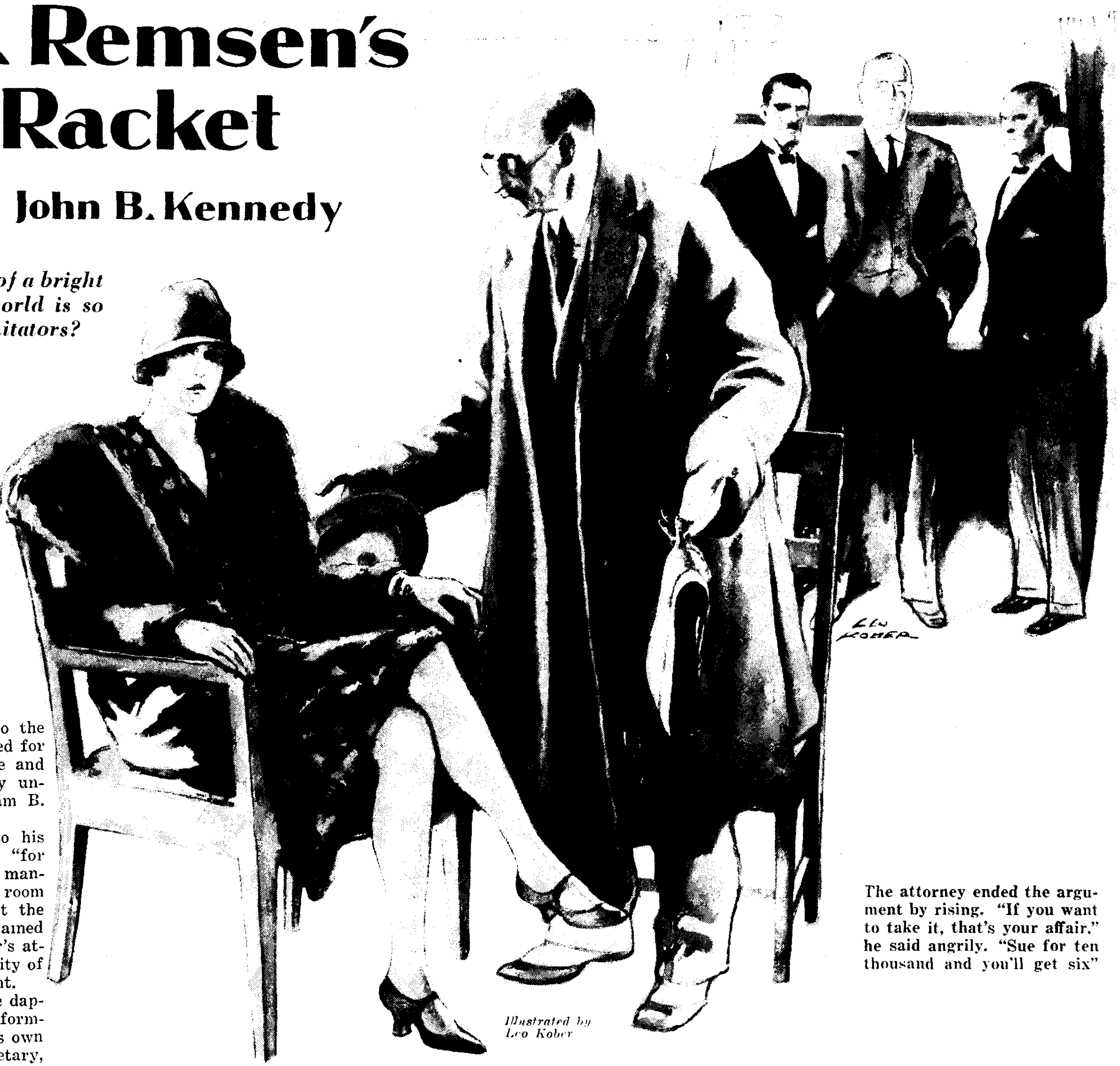
GARGOYLE

Mobiloil
ARCTIC

Mr. Remsen's Racket

By John B. Kennedy

What's the good of a bright idea when the world is so full of base imitators?



The attorney ended the argument by rising. "If you want to take it, that's your affair," he said angrily. "Sue for ten thousand and you'll get six"

Illustrated by Leo Kober

BAGGAGE borne by porter and bell boy through the marble foyer indicated the importance of the arriving guest: tray-thin dress trunk, and a rich leather English kit bag that would always be worth most of its contents, no matter what they might be.

A dapper young man accompanied an older, larger and obviously superior personage behind the liveried pair. The young man went to the registration desk, inquired for a suite reserved by wire and signed a name, a mildly unimpressive name: William B. Jones of New York.

"Mr. Jones will go to his suite now," he said, "for luncheon." The assistant manager looked over the room clerk's shoulder, then at the waiting personage. His trained eye read in the newcomer's attitude the shrinking dignity of the consciously important.

"Mr. Jones," added the dapper young man, after informing the room clerk of his own status as Mr. Jones' secretary, "is not to be disturbed by callers during his stay unless he expressly permits it."

Promptly on arrival in the rooms it was known to the assistant manager that Mr. Jones' secretary had ordered a simple and expensive lunch and had placed three long-distance calls—to Boston, New York and Chicago.

ABOUT two hours later Mr. Jones' secretary appeared in the hotel lobby. He seemed irritated when the doorman told him that Mr. Jones' limousine had left the curb some time ago and not returned. He asked the assistant manager—frock-coated, spruce and named Barlow—where the local agency of a certain aristocratic car might be, and, on being informed, speculated peevishly that the chauffeur had probably gone there for some minor repairs. He vanished through the palm-guarded doors, hailed a cab and directed it to take him to the agency.

Barlow, the assistant manager, saw the secretary leave. He regretted his absence some minutes later when a reporter accosted him.

"I'm from the Herald," said the reporter, a sharp-faced young man who smoked cigarettes that seemed to be conveyed to his thin mouth by an endless belt. "Where's Remsen the steel man located?"

The assistant manager checked over the arrivals.

"We have no Mr. Remsen," he said.

The reporter puffed smoke and grinned skeptically.

"He must be here," he said. "I've tried the Calamar, and he isn't there. This is the only other place he'd stop."

"We have no Mr. Remsen," repeated Mr. Barlow.

The reporter lifted a fresh cigarette and dropped the last, grinding it into a square of tessellated flooring.

"He's here," he said, "I spotted his car. There are only ten or eleven of that make in town, and I know who owns 'em. He had an out-state license. That's how I came to spot it."

Mr. Barlow became respectful. This was a smart reporter. Yes, Mr. Barlow would let him see the register.

Rapidly the reporter glanced down the names. His nicotined fingers stabbed at the entry—William B. Jones.

"THAT'S it," he said jubilantly. "That's Remsen. He always uses that name to avoid attention. Can I ring his room?"

"Pardon me," said Mr. Barlow, taking a counter telephone gently from the reporter's grasp.

The reporter smoked on, casually interested in less exalted guests than the one he hunted. Mr. Barlow's smooth-shaven face flushed faintly at what he gathered from the telephone receiver. Mr. Barlow, abashed, hung up.

"I think you're mistaken," he said to the reporter.

With a facial grimace, half scowl, half sneer, the newsman strolled away.

Shortly after Mr. Jones' secretary reappeared, to be informed by Mr. Barlow of what had happened.

"You were right," commended the secretary. "There's an important conference for Mr. er—Jones, which is no business of the newspapers."

Mr. Barlow smiled affably after the vanishing secretary, and felt—as he had often felt, as he habitually felt—that he was a quite adequate assistant manager.

Dinner-time came, and went. Mr. Barlow personally gave instructions that the service to the Jones suite was to be brisk and beautiful. He also hovered about the desk to forestall invasion by other inquisitive reporters. Likewise he had time to drop in on the switchboard operators to counsel speedy fulfillment of long-distance calls mentioned by Mr. Jones' secretary.

Later in the evening he was summoned to the Jones suite by Mr. Jones' secretary. Mr. Jones himself appeared, high forehead wrinkled with displeasure, gray eyes disturbed behind gold pince-nez. There were sounds of voices in a farther room. The secretary discreetly withdrew.

"Something annoying has happened, Mr. Barlow," said Mr. Jones. Barlow wondered whether a waiter had taken too lightly a person named Jones. "My chauffeur," said Mr. Jones to Mr. Barlow's relief, "met with an accident this afternoon. He struck another car and injured a man. That man's wife is here with her attorney."

"Too bad," said Mr. Barlow. "Is there anything I can do?"

"IT'S awkward," said Mr. Jones, in a low, pained voice. "I want your advice. Let me tell you," he turned and eyed Mr. Barlow fully, "that I am here under an assumed name for reasons of my own. My name is Remsen."

"Er—I knew that," smiled Mr. Barlow.

Mr. Remsen, late Mr. Jones, glanced sharply at the assistant manager.

"If this woman and her attorney learn my identity," he went on, "they will bring suit for some ridiculous sum. I prefer to settle the matter at once, with your help and without divulging my name. Will you come in?"

Almost before Mr. Barlow had given conscious assent he was in the large sitting-room, confronted by a youngish, determined and not ill-looking woman, and a square-faced, aggressive man, evidently her attorney. Mr. Jones' secretary stood sprucely at attention.

The attorney bluntly rehearsed the accident. His client's husband had right of way at an intersection on the outskirts of town and Mr. Jones' chauffeur in the big car, traveling at a high rate of speed, sidewiped him. His client's husband was (*Continued on page 56*)

he pleasure of those to whom you give it tells the story:

Dill's Best is America's Best

DILL'S BEST TOBACCO makes a gift that touches a responsive chord in any man who enjoys a pipe.

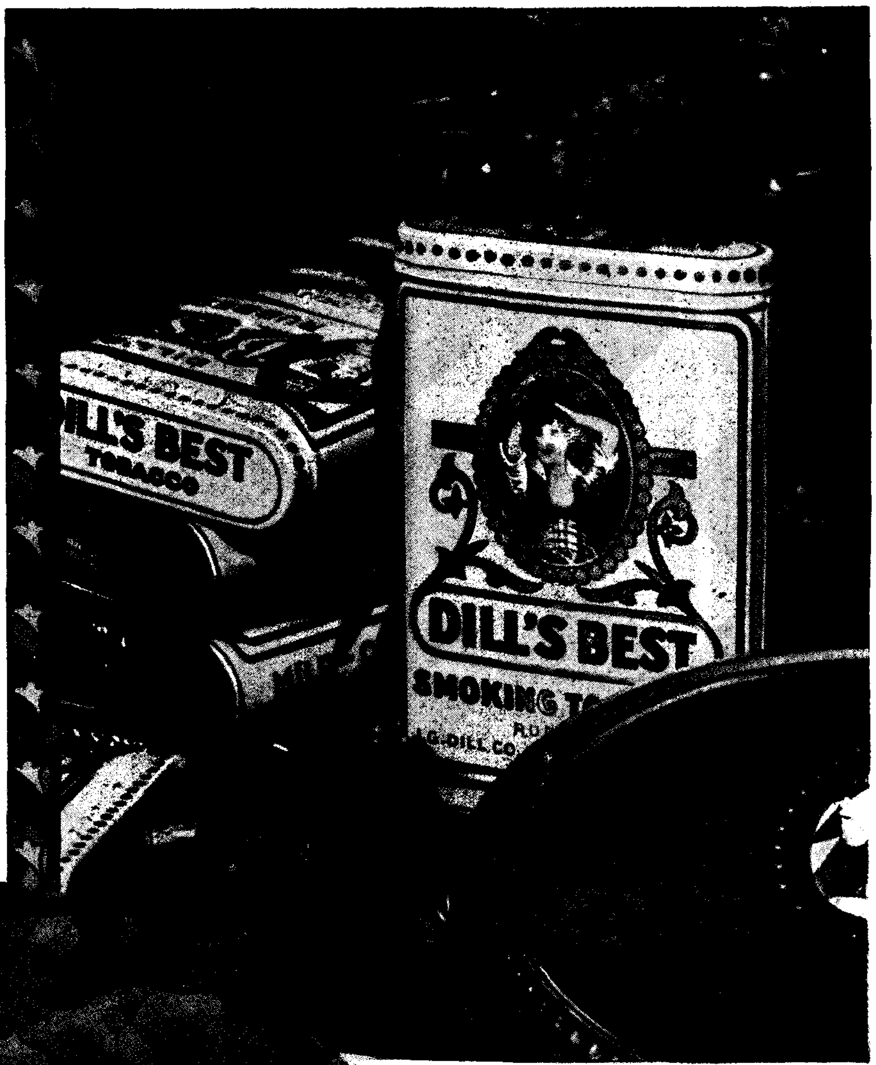
Is he finicky? He will appreciate the painstaking care that has been lavished on Dill's Best at every step of its progress from the tobacco fields to his pipe. He will respect the 81 years of experience that has taught Dill's how to prepare this rich, fragrant, natural-tasting tobacco which makes so many smokers say, "Dill's Best is America's Best."

Is he an outdoor man? Gratefully, and even gleefully, he will accept a big tin of Dill's Best. Since 1848, outdoor men have been especially responsive to the superior smoking qualities of Dill's Best—America's oldest brand of smoking tobacco.

Does he smoke at home? Men who smoke Dill's Best often hear their wives actually ask them to light a pipe—the smoke is so fragrant and wholesome. Wives who discover the solid satisfaction that their spouses find in this fine old brand of tobacco gratefully add their voices to the verdict: "Dill's Best is America's Best."

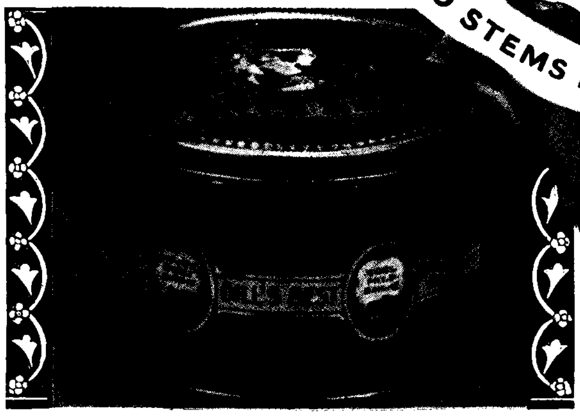
Pipe smokers champion Dill's Best for its honest, unadulterated, natural-tobacco taste. They enjoy the delicate fragrance and coolness that come from using only the tender blades of the tobacco leaf (no stems, disguised or otherwise, included) in Dill's. Many who smoke Dill's Best claim that no other tobacco, regardless of price, can give such comfortable, continuous satisfaction as is found in this clean, dust-free tobacco, that doesn't "bite"—or clog the pipe.

Dill's Best—in the regular 15c tin, and in handsome half-pound and full-pound humidor cans—is sold by almost all dealers. J. G. Dill Company, Richmond, Va.



Discriminating pipe smokers will welcome a gift of Dill's Best—six or a dozen of the 15c tins, or in the ½ lb. or 1 lb. sizes.

NO STEMS IN DILL'S BEST—ONLY ALL-CLEAR LEAF—A BASIC DILL PRINCIPLE—SINCE 1848.



In the ½ lb. and 1 lb. sizes, Dill's Best is attractively packed in mahogany-color humidor cans. A very convenient "dip-in" package, handsome on any desk or table.

AMERICA'S
OLDEST BRAND
Established 1848

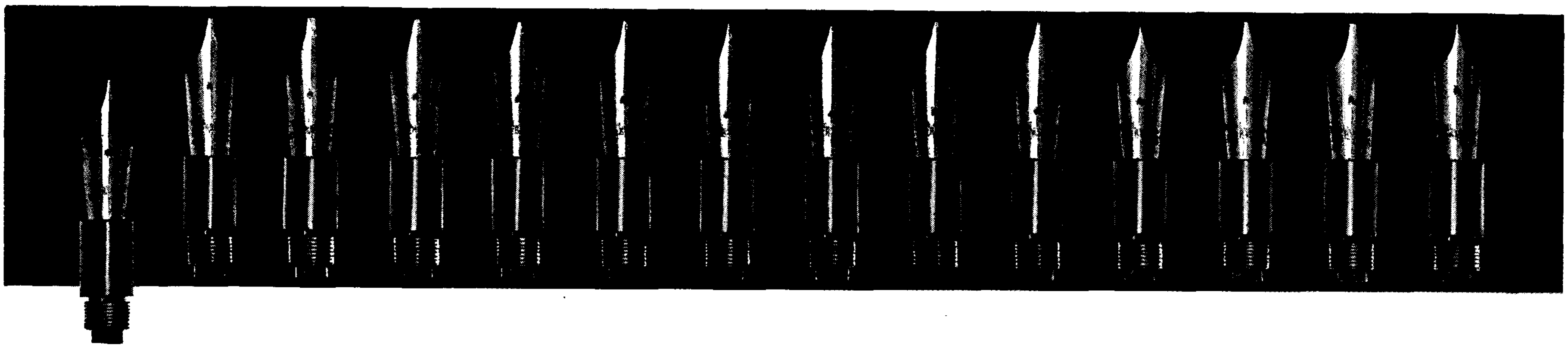
SINCE 1848

Dill's Best

TOBACCO

NO STEMS IN DILL'S

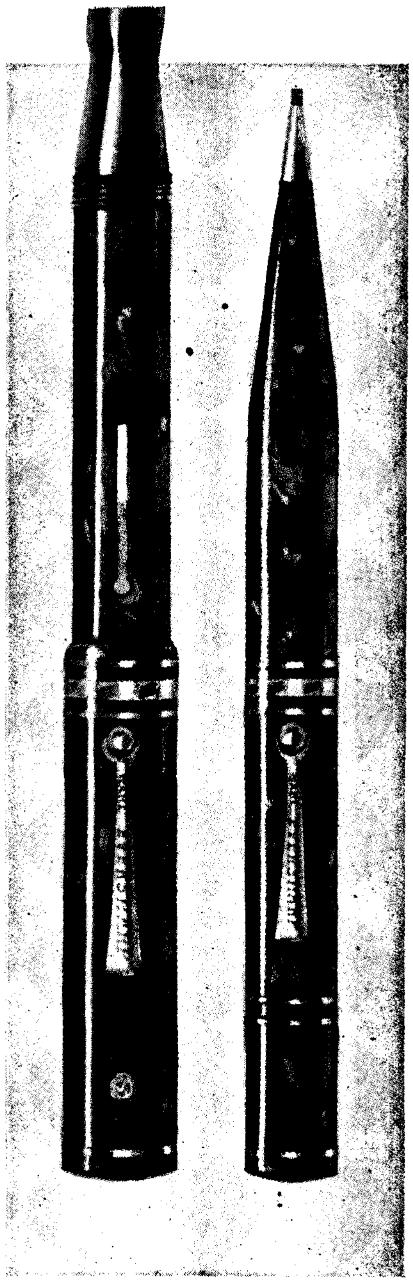
15¢
AND A PIPEFUL
LASTS LONGER



THE NEW EVERSHARP FOUNTAIN PEN

with choice of 14 Personal Points

IS THE NEW IDEA IN GIFTS



Bronze-Green Pyralin Combination Writing Set

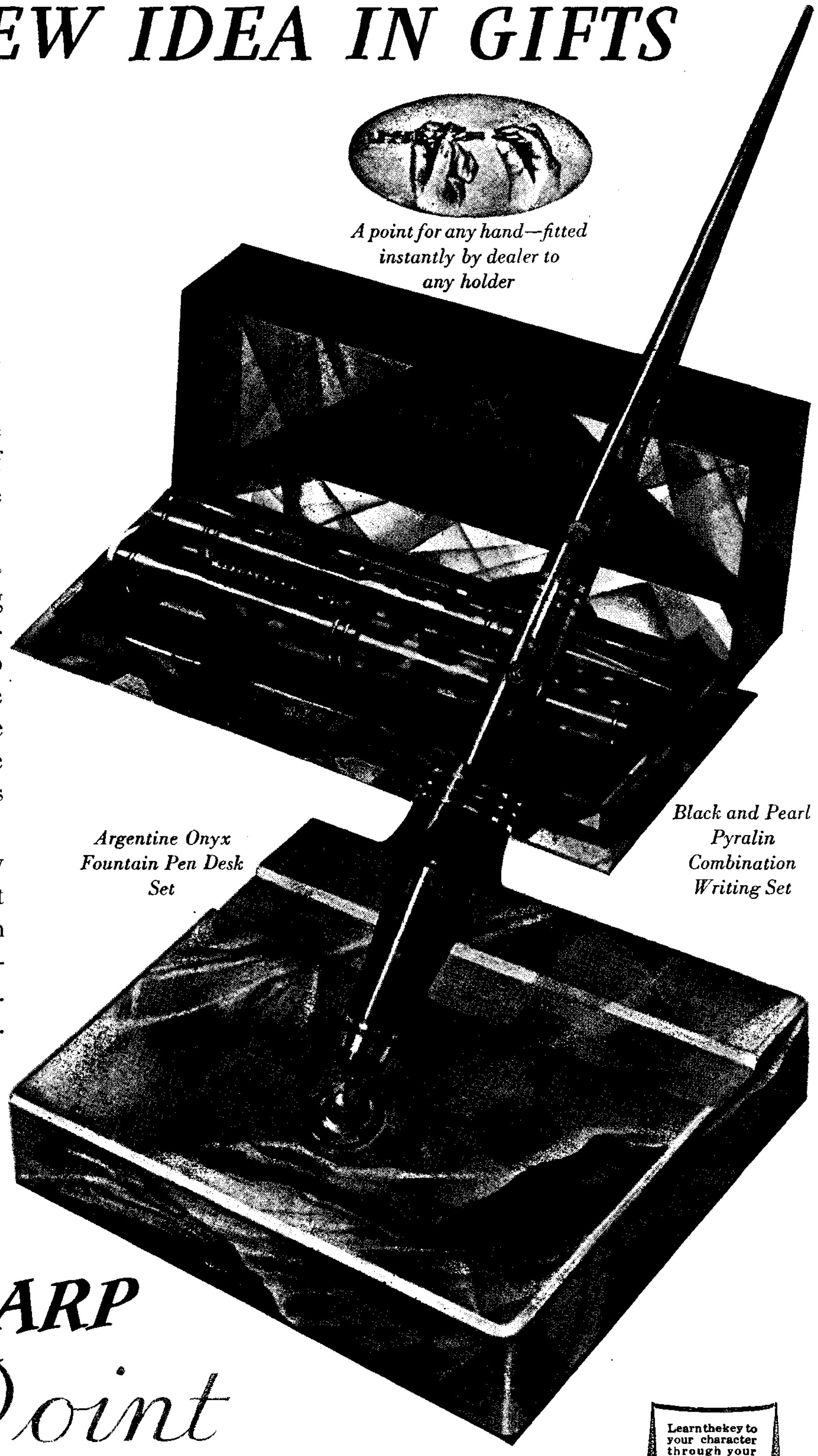
Points can be changed after Christmas to suit the hand of the user

Whoever receives an Eversharp Personal-Point Fountain Pen as *your* Christmas gift can have the point changed instantly by any Eversharp dealer anywhere, any time.

This Wahl-Eversharp feature — the interchangeable point with a range of selection to fit any hand — is available *only* in Eversharp Fountain Pens.

Choose Eversharp Fountain Pen gifts secure in the knowledge that the writing points need cause you no concern. Personal-Point service at all Eversharp counters after Christmas will provide the user exactly the point he or she would select in personally choosing the gift. No other fountain pen offers this personal-point exchange privilege.

Your Wahl-Eversharp dealer is ready to show you Eversharp writing gifts that are exactly what you wish to give — in style, size, color and price. No remembrances could be more truly personal. See them today at your nearest dealer.



A point for any hand—fitted instantly by dealer to any holder

Argentine Onyx Fountain Pen Desk Set

Black and Pearl Pyralin Combination Writing Set

$5 to $10

WAHL - EVERSHARP *Personal-Point* FOUNTAIN PENS

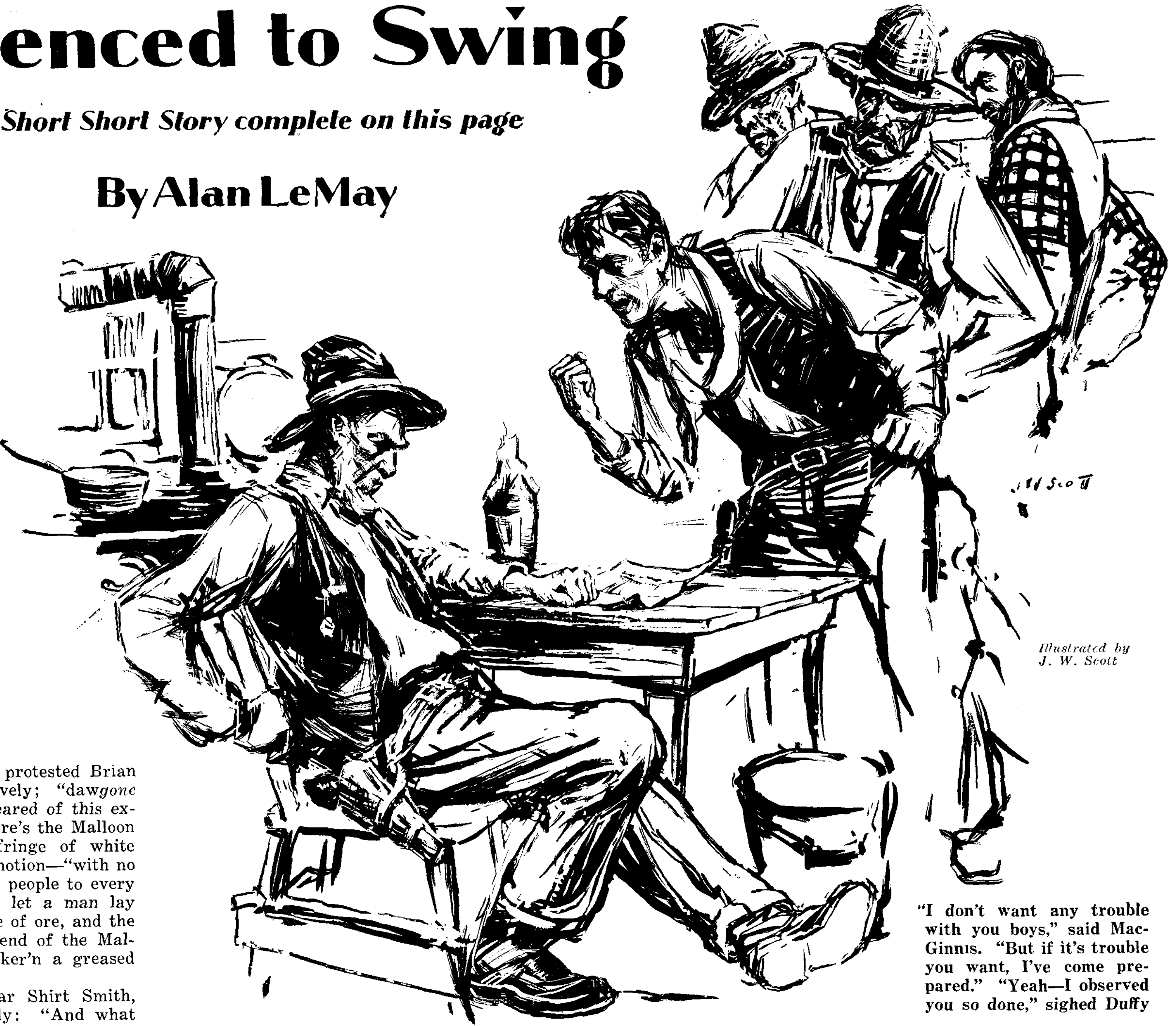
Learn the key to your character through your handwriting. Listen in Friday Evenings 8:30 to 9:00 Eastern Standard Time —Columbia Broadcasting System

ONLY WAHL - EVERSHARP PERSONAL - POINT PENS HAVE THE INTERCHANGEABLE POINT

Sentenced to Swing

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Alan LeMay



"I don't want any trouble with you boys," said MacGinnis. "But if it's trouble you want, I've come prepared." "Yeah—I observed you so done," sighed Duffy

Illustrated by J. W. Scott

"DAWGONE it," protested Brian Duffy plaintively; "daw*gone* it! I was afeared of this exact thing. Here's the Malloon Desert—" his short fringe of white beard quivered with emotion—"with no more than one head of people to every 890 square miles; but let a man lay hands on a rich sample of ore, and the rumor runs from one end of the Malloon to the other quicker'n a greased pig on skates."

His partner, Peculiar Shirt Smith, cut in on him savagely: "And what about this deed signed Aloysius MacGinnis? What about it? Is it forged like they say? Dast you write your name, right here on this table top, so we can see for ourselves whose handwritin' tacked on that name?"

Brian Duffy raised aged blue eyes humbly, and looked briefly at each of the men who stood over him. Though there were but four of them, including his own partner, the little cabin at the head of the Three Burros shaft seemed packed with people. Besides Peculiar Shirt Smith, there were those two silent and ugly-looking strangers, the short man with the washed-out green eyes, and the dark-faced hombre who looked as if he had less sense than thirst for trouble. And, worst of all, there was the wiry man whose graying hair still showed a trace of red: the one who had dropped a bombshell on the partners by announcing himself as Aloysius MacGinnis—original discoverer, and sole owner, of the long-abandoned Three Burros mine.

"IF YOU think I'm not MacGinnis," said the latter, "you can take it into court. I can raise up a hundred men, I betcha, right here in the Malloon, that remember me—Aloysius MacGinnis."

"Yeah, I recognize you, myself," Duffy admitted painfully. "I guess it's you, all right."

"And if you still claim I signed this shaft over to you, I'm willing to write my name down, and then you write it yourself, and we'll see plain who planked it onto that deed. I'll tell you straight out, Santy Claus, I never saw you before in my life. Here—gimme a pencil—"

"Ain't any need, to speak of," said Duffy sorrowfully. "I'll own up to it, Aloysius. 'Twas me rigged up the deed."

Peculiar Shirt Smith turned a pair of furiously popping eyes upon his aged partner. "You cold-decked me, then!" he yelled at Duffy. "You got me to come in with you, and put up the stake, on a dirty, side-winding—"

"It's a harsh way to put it," said Duffy humbly. "I meant it all for your own good, Peculiar. I was virtually certain that MacGinnis dynamited a good vein, when he upped stakes and blew, twelve years back. And I couldn't of opened the shaft alone, at my age and broke. So, you being so offish, and making so many objections, I just made that up about me having a deed to the old mine. I needed a stake, and a right honest and husky young man—"

"I knew there'd be some catch to it!" said Peculiar Shirt bitterly.

"—so that night I wrote out the deed myself," Duffy finished lamely.

"I don't want any trouble with you boys," said MacGinnis. "But if it's trouble you want, I've come prepared for it."

"Yeah—I observed you so done," sighed Duffy. "Well, easy come, easy go. . . . I ain't beat. I kin find me another."

The next morning Duffy and his partner, Peculiar Shirt Smith, rode away over the Casket Range.

"Tough break for the old corkscrew," MacGinnis admitted when they were gone. "Well, that's the last we'll hear of *him*."

It was the last, for all of three days.

On the morning of the fourth day three riders appeared in the notch of the Casket Range. Two of them were Duffy and Peculiar Shirt; but the third was a leathery, one-eyed old party, who carried his sheriff's star in his pocket.

WHEN MacGinnis and his two homely friends had been called out of the shaft, the hand of MacGinnis made a slight motion toward his holster; but he reconsidered in time, for there were rifles in the hands of Peculiar Shirt and Duffy, and the one-eyed sheriff had some small reputation of his own.

"I'll have to take all three of you boys, I'm afraid," the sheriff announced. "The rope's waited for you a long time, Aloysius, but I reckon it'll still hold. I guess it must have slipped your mind, about the trial where you was convicted of killing both them Benton boys?"

MacGinnis considered, while his face grew pale. "No; I was just hoping it would be brushed over, like, it's been so long. Can't say I forgot, exactly."

"Neither," said the sheriff, "has the law."

"Well," MacGinnis said, "I guess you got me on conspiracy to defraud. But that's all you got me on. I'm not Aloysius MacGinnis. My name's Wilbur H. Harkness. That being the case, I may as well go with you, I guess."

"I guess you had," said the sheriff. "The other two hombres, too, on general principles. Saddle, you jiggers—I got to get back!"

"Well, for cat's sake!" said Peculiar Shirt when they were gone. "*Can* he prove he ain't MacGinnis?"

"I'm virtually certain," said Duffy, "that he kin. Fact is, I wouldn't of called in the law on him if I hadn't believed he could worm out. It was funny about those killings. You see, MacGinnis really killed the Benton boys in self defense; only, the evidence made it look bad, and he was sentenced to swing, if he hadn't broke loose and sloped. No, I wouldn't have give him away, if I'd really thought it was him, not for all the gold in the Malloon. It wouldn't of been right."

"But how did you know it *wasn't* MacGinnis? You said your own self you recognized him."

"Well, you know yourself, Peculiar, lots of fellers find cause to take unto themselves fresh names—such as Smith, for instance."

"Well, of all the fool— Say! You tellin' me you just *guessed* he wasn't MacGinnis; because lots of fellers use the wrong name? Well, of all the darned—"

"Not exactly," admitted Duffy. "We'll just take back this shaft, Mr. Shirt Smith, by right of uncontested reopenry."

"But how did you know it wasn't him?" Peculiar Shirt insisted.

Duffy slowly surveyed his partner from head to foot, and back again, with a mild but thorough eye.

"Well," he said at last, "I was virtually certain, on *that* point. You see, I happen to be Aloysius MacGinnis myself."

When the host's little boy singles you out for a piggy-back

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. J-8-7
H. A-K-J-4
D. A-J
C. A-J-10-3

West
S. None
H. Q-10-9-8
D. K-Q-10-9
C. K-Q-9-8-2

East
S. Q-6-5-3
H. 7-6-5-2
D. 8-5-4
C. 7-4

South
S. A-K-10-9-4-2
H. 3
D. 7-6-3-2
C. 6-5

THE above hand was given in last week's Collier's. I selected it because I have received a number of queries asking me to tell about the largest loss I ever heard of in Contract. This hand is a record as far as I know.

South was the dealer and both sides were vulnerable. The bidding was: South one Spade, West two Spades, North pass, East three Hearts, South pass, West four Hearts, North double.

I think that West should have doubled on the first round rather than bid two Spades. A double would have only required a bid of two by East and also overbidding, beside meaning that no tricks will be lost in that suit, means that the overbidder has strong slam possibilities. West's hand without an Ace was a little weak to suggest a slam.

North's pass on the first round was sound because he knew that East would have to bid and North did not fear any bid that East might make. Also North did not wish to show his strength and deter West from bidding high on the second round. East of course could do nothing but bid three Hearts, which South passed. After that, West, who had more than shown the strength of his hand by his first declaration, should have passed. But being unduly impressed by his chicane in South's suit, he bid for game, and then North had a glorious double.

If the deal had been played in Auction, South would have bid one Spade, West would have doubled, North redoubled, East passed, putting the take-out up to West; South would have passed, and West would have bid two Diamonds. North then would have bid two Spades, North and South going game without difficulty.

The Play at Hearts

The hand as played was a curio. South, the leader, appreciated that East had made a forced Heart bid and that the Heart strength lay between West and North. He could not dream that North had three Heart honors, but a Heart lead through West seemed desirable as it would help to exhaust East's Hearts and might enable North to knock the adverse trumps together. Furthermore, South preferred that the Spades should be led toward him and he had no way to utilize his singleton trump except to lead it. To trick 1, South led the Trey of Hearts, dummy played the Eight, and North, with the dummy exposed, made the cinch finesse of the Jack. North then led his Ace and King of Hearts, taking two more tricks and drawing two trumps for one; then he cleaned up the trumps by leading his fourth Heart. On these three Hearts, South discarded two Diamonds and one Club.

Having won trick 4 with the Heart Queen, dummy (West) led the Diamond King to trick 5, selecting that suit instead of the longer Clubs because his Diamonds included the Ten. North won with the Ace of Diamonds, and led the Jack of Spades. Whether East covered was immaterial; if not, South could duck and permit North to lead through East a second time; if East covered, he established South's Spades on the first round. So North and South were in the pleasing position of being able to run six Spade tricks. It was immaterial what discards East made. On tricks 9 and 10 North let go his Trey and Ten of Clubs and waited to see what dummy would discard on trick 11 when the sixth Spade was led and when dummy would have to reduce his holding to two cards.

Declarer had no embarrassment over the dummy discards on tricks 6 and 10, he played three Clubs and two Diamonds; but the discard on trick 11 was a puzzler. He was squeezed because he must either give up dummy's winning Diamond or part with the King or Queen of Clubs. Declarer finally discarded dummy's Queen of Clubs, so North discarded his Jack of Diamonds, keeping the Ace and Jack of Clubs. A Club lead from South to trick 12 gave North the last two tricks. If dummy had discarded the Queen of Diamonds on trick 11, North would have discarded his Jack of Clubs and kept his Ace of Clubs and Jack of Diamonds to win the last two tricks. So North and South took twelve tricks in a hand in which West had bid to take ten. This netted them a little matter of 3,400 points.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. K
H. 9-8-4-2
D. A-7-5
C. A-8-6-3-2

East
S. 10-9-8-6-5-3
H. J-10-7-3
D. 6-4
C. 9

West
S. Q-J-4
H. A-Q-6
D. K-Q-10-8-3-2
C. 4

South
S. A-7-2
H. K-5
D. J-9
C. K-Q-J-10-7-5

A Star for a Night

Continued from page 16

Miller was patting his nose gently with a bloody handkerchief.

Norine was startled by a loud voice. "You've stolen my diamond heart," Roy was accusing her. Norine jumped. Did that guy dare? Oh, Heavens! She'd forgotten. It was the plot, of course.

Norine recited her lines nervously. Where was Mom? Had she died, was that why Sam had come back? He'd hit Mr. Miller. That meant she'd have to find another job. Mr. Miller was too big a manager to take kindly to being poked in the nose by a chorine's annoyed fiancé.

Now the guard was coming. Norine was glad. She could fight now, for it was in her part. They held her carefully. Claire Evans had never permitted them to touch her.

"She's a thief," sang Roy, "take her to jail."

"Take her to jail," trilled the chorus, heaving restlessly, anxious to see just how rough Norine would be. Just then Norine saw Sam—he had got free and was beckoning her wildly. Norine completely forgot the show.

"Mom!" she cried, and would have dashed off stage. But unskilled as her jailers were in the ways of criminals, they had their orders: Norine was to be taken up the steps and out on the other side.

Roy sang, "Take her away!"

The chorus murmured angrily: "Take her away!" Norine tried to pull free. She fought, bit, scratched and clawed. The audience was a trifle astonished. Tom stared in delighted ecstasy. This was action! As Norine watched, Sam was knocked down by a stage hand and carried out of sight. Norine herself, black and blue, tired and feebly struggling, was at last carried up over the steps to the other side of the stage into the wings. Once there, the six jailers surveyed one another.

"My Gawd!" said the leader, nursing a well-bitten right thumb and voicing the opinion of all six. "If that devil stays in the show, they can just get some of Whalen's men in. I know when I've had enough."

THEY nodded solemnly at one another and gloomily gripping a golden flag, presented to each by the prop boy, filed back on the steps and waved them very seriously and grandly. It was then that Norine appeared high up in the barred window of the tower, her tear-stained face picked out by a baby spot.

Roy sang again, and with an undercurrent of sobs in her voice Norine answered. It was a slow curtain, and a bored audience applauded perfunctorily. Norine felt beaten. She couldn't see Sam anywhere; perhaps he'd been turned over to the police. Nervously she bowed, realizing the effort the audience was making to keep the curtain going up and down that she as understudy might not too bitterly realize her failure. As the curtain fell in a dead silence broken by only two handclaps, Norine rushed to Mr. Miller.

"Mom—how's Mom?" she demanded. "Quick, tell me! How's Mom? Someone's gotta tell me!"

Mr. Miller patted his nose and eyed Norine a trifle distastefully. It was then that she saw Claire Evans—Claire already dressed in her second-act costume. Norine realized that she wasn't a star any more.

"Your mom's all right," Mr. Miller told her. "It wasn't appendix; it was acute indigestion. She's home again."

"Oh!" Norine felt her world swaying about her again. Mom was well again. Claire was the star and she, Norine, was nothing. "Where's Sam?" she quavered. Oh, dear! Why had Claire come back? Where'd she been anyhow? Why'd they thrown Sam out? Norine studied her slippers, waiting, but she got no answer to her excited questions. "I gotta change," she told them; and still having received no explanation of Claire's appearance or Sam's disappearance, she toiled up the skeleton iron frame stairs. And there, lounging at the top of the stairs, was Sam—a bandage round his head, but with smiling eyes. He took Norine in his arms.

"You were swell," he told her. "Mom's all right. It was a narrer squeak, though; she near died on us. And me —did you see me sail?"

"Why?" demanded Norine curiously.

"Listen!" Sam was earnest. "You know I'd asked Jim to get my pay? Well, listen, kid, he give it me just as I started into the theater and say, there was a slip in it."

"A blue slip—oh, Sam!" Norine was terrified.

SAM chuckled. "Aw, hell, kid!" he told her, "you got me all wrong. I'm permoted. I get eighty-five bucks a week from now on, and commissions. Now whadda yer say? I guess I can't feed yer mom now—eh wot, honey? I fergot all about the show being on. I jest saw you and wanted to tell yer everything was all right. Geez! if they hadn't a stopped me, I'd a been right out there in the lights."

"Oh, Sam!" Norine fluttered, and then: "Aw, honest! I can't let you spend all yer money on Mom."

"And why not?" he demanded. " 'S my money, isn't it?"

"Second act, ple-e-ease! Second act —overture's on! Miss Claire—Miss Eames—Mr. Jakes," the call boy droned past them, listlessly cawing.

Norine left Sam without a word and tore into the dressing-room where girls were already making up for the second chorus. Mrs. Poop stood ready. One, two, three—Norine was bare. One, two—no third hook at all —and Norine was dressed as a dear little Dutch girl. Mrs. Poop stooped over so slowly, laying out great Dutch shoes.

"Carry them carefully, girls—no noise now. Here, you! Lucy, use your eyes; you've got one of Sally's shoes. Quick now! Norine, you need powder and your cap's crooked." Mrs. Poop watched with an eagle eye as they filed past. She gave a tug here, a pull there. "You did great, dearie," she whispered to Norine.

"Oh!" Norine's heart sang. "Joy, joy!" It was her first praise. She walked downstairs happily.

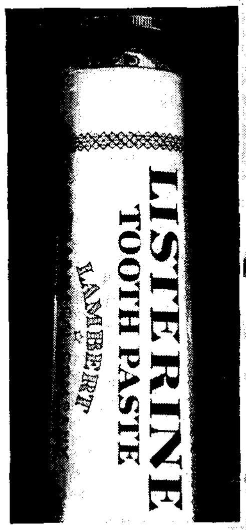
There was no one to talk to. The girls were grouped back stage. Bum was telling the audience stories. Sam was nowhere to be seen. Norine felt a little tired. She walked over and leaned against Claire's stage dressing-room. She didn't mean to listen to what was going on inside. It was just a good clean place to lean.

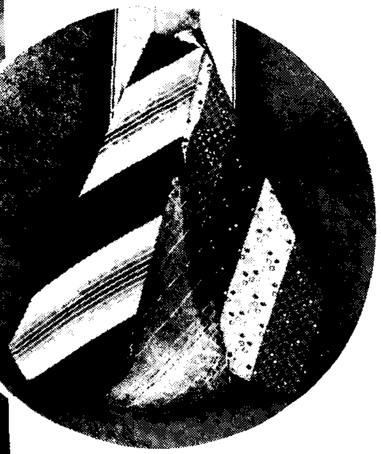
Her mind roved swiftly. How thrilling it had been, playing alone with Roy! She must have been mistaken about the audience's lack of enthusiasm. She'd been so excited! Why, she must have made good! Sam had said she was great, and so'd Mrs. Poop. That meant that pretty soon Mr. Miller'd come along and say, "We got to have you play a part, Miss Norine. You done something grand tonight—saved the show!"

(*Continued on page 34*)

Smiles that attract

25¢





Let your tooth paste buy you a good tie

Buy yourself a new tie with what you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. The saving averages about $3 per year per person, assuming you use a tube a month.

See *how quickly* this modern dentifrice makes teeth *white-lustrous*

YOU are urged to try Listerine Tooth Paste, made by the makers of Listerine and in every way worthy of the Listerine name.

We ask you particularly to note how swiftly it removes stubborn discolorations, tartar plaques and fermenting food particles.

Note, too, after a few brushings how white, lustrous and brilliant your teeth become. Such results are due to modern cleansing and polishing agents present in this unusual dentifrice. Many years of study preceded their selection. Their purpose is to cleanse speedily but with absolute safety. They do this because they are harder than tartar and consequently remove it. But they are softer than the precious enamel, and so are harmless to it.

Listerine Tooth Paste not only gives you ideal cleansing but definitely improves the hygiene of the mouth for it also contains the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine with their marked potency to inhibit the growth of dangerous bacteria in the mouth.

Incidentally, at 25¢ Listerine Tooth Paste saves about $3 per year per person when compared with dentifrices costing 50¢ or more. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

A Star for a Night

Continued from page 32

She felt all pleased and tickly. “Saved the show!” Naturally one couldn't expect a terrible lot of applause right the first thing. Marry Sam? What nonsense! When she'd just made a success; and of course she had. It was then that she heard Claire's voice:

“Imagine, Miller! I'd only got on at Fiftieth. I thought it would be quicker than a taxi, and when we got to Forty-second, the doors wouldn't open. No, sir, not an inch! Lord! Wasn't the crowd mad? And that's what I did while the show was on. Rode all the way to South Ferry like a cow in a freight car. The door mechanism had jammed all through the train, and they had to get a wrecking crew to get the doors open. God! I was so scared when I finally got out that I took a taxi at South Ferry and rode up on the street.”

Norine's mind explored the subject of Claire's adventure. Locked up in a subway train just when your show was opening! Gee, what a break! It was then she heard her name. Miller'd very likely tell Claire that she'd made a hit; maybe he'd say she was going to have a regular part—write one in, even. She'd tell Sam she was sorry, but she was a regular actress now—couldn't possibly marry.

“How'd Norine make out?” Claire's voice was kindly.

“My God!” Miller's voice was resigned. “She sung like a sick sparrow, ran round like a hen on a hot griddle, bit one of the guards and danced like an automaton. Why—” Norine heard his hand slam onto a table—“why,” he demanded again, “can a girl be a damn' good dancer and have no more personality than a wax doll? If Roy hadn't been the eighth wonder of the world, the show'd have closed when she went on.”

“BUT Norine seemed so good; she's understudied me for years.” Claire was standing up for her.

“Yeah!” Miller was vindictive. “Hereafter, though, she'll understudy herself. She's a grand little girl and a fine leader, but we'll have to find you an understudy that could maybe do a solo for twenty minutes without emptying the house.”

Norine swayed slightly where she stood. How awful! Not a success at all! Just a flop. Back to the chorus for her. She'd had her chance and failed. It was all over. Two years' hard work—years of striving, years of lameness; sore back, sore legs, muscles aching; late rehearsals, early lessons; but always ahead of her was the great chance—the hope of success.

A great lump came into her throat. She choked back her tears. Mustn't cry—would spoil the make-up. She had to work now—had to keep her job. If she lost it, Mom would starve. There'd be no flat—nothing at all. And now there was nothing ahead. Just a chorus girl getting older. Never a famous star becoming more famous. Tom was coming towards her.

“You did great, kid,” he told her, “but what was biting you? Was you scared?”

“Oh, Tom!” But Tom had turned away: she might ask why there'd been so little applause, and he didn't want to answer that.

“An absolute washout!” Norine heard Miller's voice as it boomed on to Claire Evans. Oh! Norine wanted to scream. So this was life. You worked like a dog, and all you got was a wick. Damn life anyway! She crushed her eyelids together to stop the tears. As she opened them to the fragrance of cinnamon she blinked at the proxmity of white blobs. She raised her eyes. Sam was there, awkwardly holding a dozen carnations.

“Gee!” he said wistfully, “you was great. You sure had a whale of a success, Norry, and I'm here to tell you that I'm sold on you. You gotta stay right on the stage. Gee!” he whispered, “the hand you got. Sa-a-ay!”—he drew a long breath—“I get you now. It's a wonder to me you didn't gimme the gate rougher'n you did. Me—jest a common aluminum peddler—trying to get you to be the missus.”

“Oh, Sam!” Norine's heart was racked. Poor dear Sam! That little spattering of dutiful applause had fooled him then.

“CUE! Hey, you dizzy blonde, get a move on!” and Sally of the Vail Girls hauled Norine into position. “Getting Ritzy—heh?” she whispered. “You and your being a star for a night! Get into step,” she hissed. “I was only kidding; you did great. Our dance was a washout without you to time us. We need our Norry.”

The Vail Girls were greeted with loud applause. “All you,” whispered Peaches as she passed Norine. “They reckernize you. They don't know we're here.”

Norine wanted to cry. They were being so kind to her! They knew she'd flopped, and they wanted to help her keep her self-respect.

Clump—clump! Bang—slap—up and off! There! that was the end of the Dutch shoes. See! They sat in a neat row by the footlights like a lot of little wooden boats. The girls were poised on their toes.

Norine could see that Sam was talking to Mr. Miller. Oh! what was Mr. Miller saying? Was he telling Sam she was rotten? Oh, dear God—no! If only Sam could keep his faith in her success, it would help so! What was the little paper in his hand? He was going to tear it up. Norrie's ankle gave way; and if it hadn't been for Peaches' ready hand, she'd have stumbled.

Norine headed the line. Arms threaded tighter about each other, difficult and intricate steps were switched about in a bewildering array. Applause came regularly. That was good! It meant this routine would stay put. Norine peeked into the wings. Mr. Miller was talking to Claire Evans and showing her the paper. It was small and oblong. Sam was stubbing his toe. He looked embarrassed. Pirouettes—fast, fast, faster! How that audience roared approval! Curtain calls and actually—an encore! That was a triumph. At least, she wasn't a failure when she danced with the girls.

Mr. Miller was talking to her. What did he say? Sam had a marriage certificate. Sam had tried to tear it up. Sam said she was too great a success to have a husband. Mr. Miller'd said she sure was a success; yes, sure—wonderful—simply grand—but that maybe she loved Sam. Norine nodded. It was so. She did love Sam—but she wasn't a success. Miss Evans knew. Mr. Miller knew. Sam was saying that now she'd be getting a part, and then where'd he be? Why didn't Sam shut up? Now Mr. Miller'd surely tell him where she got off. Oh, dear! what humiliation. But no—Mr. Miller only said that when one loved, success didn't matter; and that he and Miss Evans had thought that a real wedding between Norine and Sam in place of the fake one between star and hero would end the evening up with a bang. What?

“Lot of real publicity in that!” Bobby Arto, Miller's press agent, spoke up for the first time. “Understudy carries show—star locked in subway train. When star comes to theater, understudy's romance disclosed. Big wedding on stage. Fiancé properly humble. Manager gives living-room suite worth a thousand dollars to young couple. Audience voluntarily chips in a couple of thousand more. Flowers—cheers—tin cans—and live happy ever after!”

How to stop an Army half-back

NORINE was dumfounded. “You fergot Mom,” she ventured. Mr. Miller told Bobby about Mom being sick—Mom almost dying. He said, “Great, great!” and wrote it all down.

“I was going to tear up the license, Norry,” Sam told her. “You wouldn't want to be marrying me right now. I know that, what with your success and all.” And he was just about to rip it in two when she caught it.

“I do want to marry you—I do,” she whispered. “I don't honestly care two cents for my job. I just kinda wanted to have one big night, and I've had it, Sam. Honest, kid, I have! If I hadda live nights like this often with the show depending on me, I'd die.” She watched him in real terror. Would he believe, or would he suspect her failure?

“You're just wonderful!” he told her reverently. “Gee, kid! I'll do my damnedest to make up to you all you're giving up for me. Geez! You're sure the whitest kid. Gosh!” He shook his head. “Not many girls'd give up a grand career 'n' everything 'n' make believe they didn't care. Gee! You sure are somepin grand, kid.”

Now Mr. Miller was in charge. “The chorus men's dresser'll fix you up,” he told Sam. “Here, Gilliney, come take Mr.—Mr.—”

“Milligan,” offered Sam.

“—to your dressing-room. Conny knows what to do.” Sam followed a jerking forefinger.

Claire Evans had appropriated Norine, who listened helplessly to Claire's patter. Bewilderedly she looked about. How good everyone was!

“Mr. Miller said you were fine,” Miss Evans lied. “You can keep right on in the chorus after you're married, and I'm sure you'll get a part real soon. He liked you very much. Roy said you did so well; he was proud of you; and” —Miss Evans spread out dresses—“pick a couple of these frocks as a wedding present from me. The management'll give you your wedding dress. Tom's gone after a real minister now, and Miller's talking to the audience telling 'em about the wedding. You rest now.”

AN HOUR later, amid confetti, music and enthusiastic applause, Norine walked down the steps, her tulle veil floating behind her. Sam was shy, but he looked very handsome. He kept his eyes on the stage floor, for the lights blinded him. Claire Evans and Roy stood to one side. The orchestral strains of “Here Comes the Bride” died away. The audience was very still.

The minister's voice droned. Norine said, “Yes—yes! I do.”

The music swelled up again. The ring was on her finger. Claire Evans made her come down stage with her. Now Roy was beside her. Deliberately he kissed her. The audience shouted. How different this applause from the first act and its ominous silence broken by a few kind-hearted if perfunctory smacks! Flowers appeared over the footlights. Claire piled them by her. Norine gesticulated feebly. She knew they were for Claire, not her. Claire shook her head smiling and filled her arms. The curtain snapped up and down. The applause began to die. People put on hats and coats. The auditorium foamed with scarfs, hats and turned backs. The curtain stayed down.

Norine was kissed, Sam's hand shaken. A purse was put into Norine's hand. Boxes were piled in Miller's car and the flowers stacked in. The bride and groom entered. There were tins on the car and ribbons. Everyone halloed. Even the little alley boys grinned pleasantly instead of jeering, as they drove away.

“It was a shame Norine had to know she was a flop,” Claire told Mr. Miller, “but I guess we kept her husband from guessing.”

He looked astonished. “Oh! So that was your game, was it?” he demanded. “Well, the whole thing'll be front page tomorrow. I don't care why you did it, but it was sure some scoop. You're a winner, Claire. You certainly have a nose for news.”

Claire smiled gravely. She hadn't tried for the front page at all. She had only been trying to save a girl's heart from breaking, for she'd seen Norine standing close to the dressing-room when the door had blown suddenly open, and she realized that Norine must have heard something of what Miller said.

“GEE!” In the lurching cab, Sam was looking wide-eyed at Norine. “Say, kid, I'll never get over it. You—the very greatest success in New York, giving it all up to marry me on your first night! God,” he said solemnly, “I hope to die, if I'm not worth it!”

“You're all the world to me,” Norine hummed provocatively. But behind her flippancy lay a lifetime's devotion; and both she and Sam knew it and rejoiced.

CORONA *for* CHRISTMAS

CORONA
L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc

The best fun in the world is winning with brains

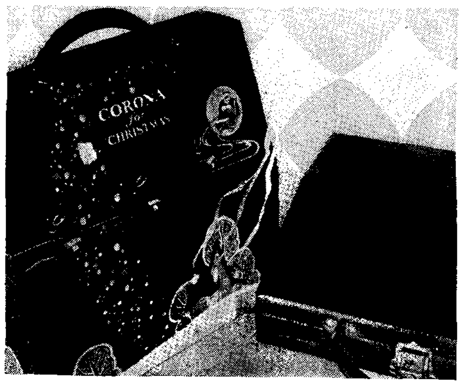
YOU know, quite a lot of people make good with just brains. Successful creative work and high scholastic standing are just as exciting and gratifying as winning in other sports. In the end it gets down to a competition in brains and nothing else.

Brain muscles keep on winning after body muscles have softened.

The point is that in brain sports, Corona is as useful as matched golf clubs or a well strung racket are in other sports. Of course, in college, you can hardly make the grade without a typewriter. Typewritten work invariably gets higher marks. Written work often gets no marks at all simply because no one can read it. In any form of literary competition, Corona is as necessary as running shoes to a runner or sharp skates to a skater.

As a matter of fact, every member of the family needs Corona. Mother's club work for example—papers to be read, resolutions, committee reports, publicity work; also the conduct of household affairs. Many times a year it would be a help to Dad when he has night work to do—speeches, articles for technical papers, an occasional important letter.

It's up to you to let the family know that your big Christmas need this year is a Corona. Families are kind of hazy about presents without a little guidance. It might work just to mail this advertisement to one of your parents. A subtle hint like that is sometimes as effective as coming right out and asking. The whole family will thank you for getting Corona into the home.



We show here attractive Christmas gift carton and the regular carrying case.

Corona is a great machine. You'll know that the instant you get your fingers on it. Smooth running as a new car, durable as a good reputation, easy to learn, so sturdily simple that it never goes wrong.

There are two Corona models: Corona with standard keyboard at $60 and Corona Special with three-row keyboard, at $39.50. Attractive carrying case comes with either model. Both are finished in many different colors. Sold by all typewriter dealers and in stationery stores, department stores and specialty gift shops. Dealers will be glad to send one on trial and arrange for gradual payment. An allowance will be made on your old typewriter.

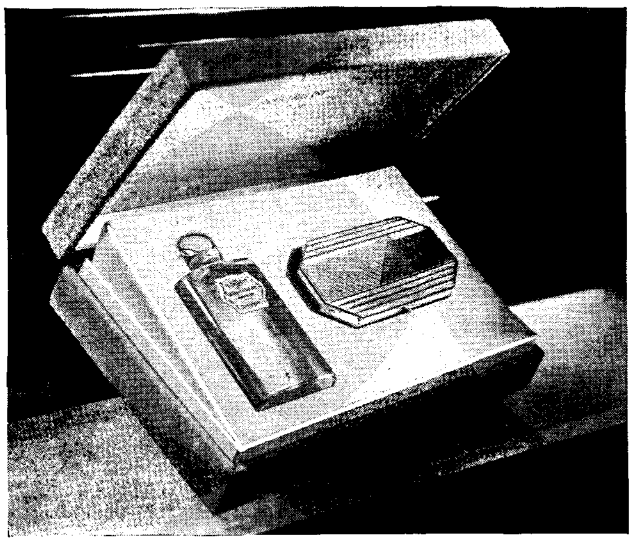
CORONA

L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc,
51 Madison Avenue, New York City.

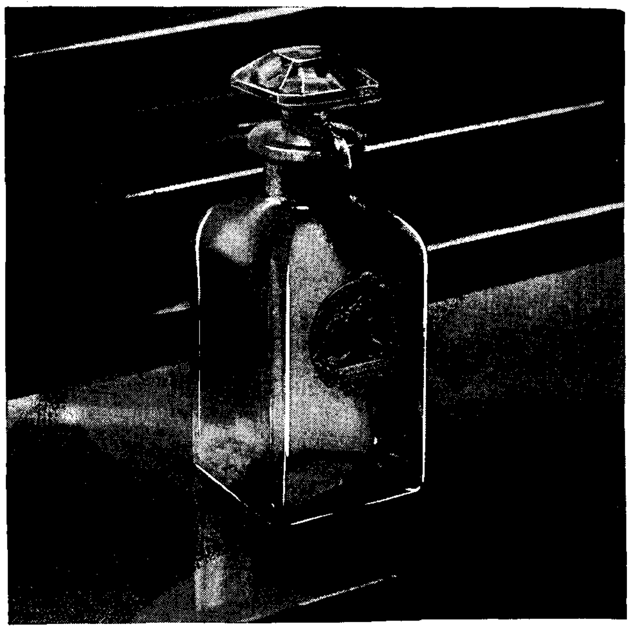
XMAS SHOPPING LIST

ADVICE TO THE

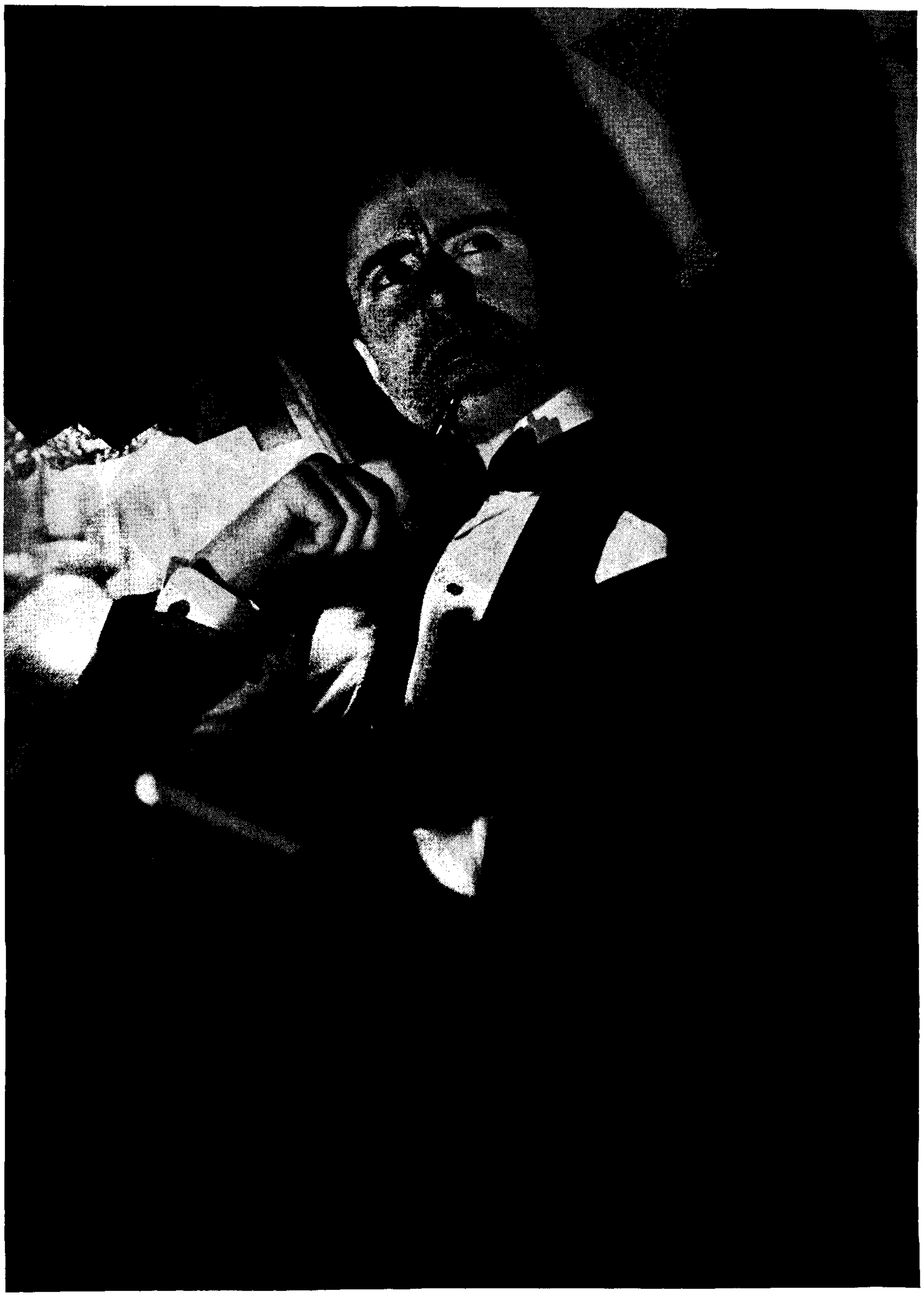
QUELQUES FLEURS—*Houbigant's fragrant expression of eternal, modern youth. The Perfume that has enslaved the smart sophisticates of two continents. In an exquisite silk-lined gift box, $7.50. Other sizes at $1, $2, $4 and $15.*



QUELQUES FLEURS OR LE PARFUM IDÉAL—*in a silk-lined Chamois case that plays treasure chest for these incomparable perfumes and for Houbigant's new gold-toned Triple Vanity containing compact powder, rouge and lipstick, $6.00*



LE PARFUM IDÉAL—*a fragrance delicately sensuous, seductively mysterious, as lovely as a half-remembered dream. And most attractively boxed, in a coffret of flowered silk, $12.50. Other sizes $1, $1.75, $3.50 and $6.75.*



This is America's Lovers, Brothers, Sons, Husbands and Fathers—all rolled into one composite, worried male—all pondering the eternal question—"What shall I give HER this Christmas?"

HOUB

P A

GIFTLORN ◆ ◆

All men know that all women treasure perfumes. And all men undoubtedly think of perfumes first, when planning Christmas lists.

Why some afterward discard the selection of perfumes may, in part, be attributed to masculine ignorance and fear.

Ignorance of what and who constitutes the best in the art of perfumery.

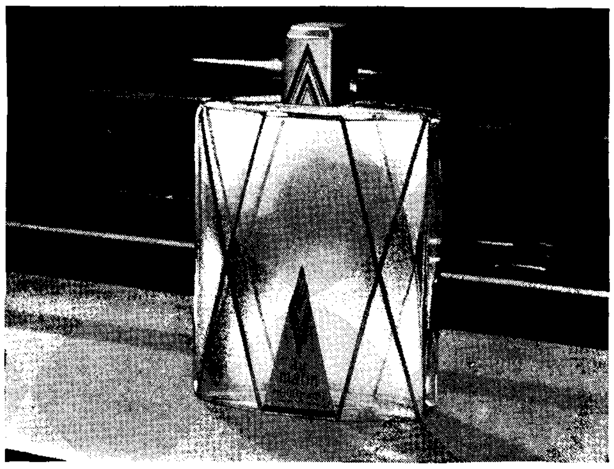
Fear, that their fragrant gifts may be critically received.

To all these men—to this one composite, worried male—to America's Lovers, Brothers, Sons, Husbands and Fathers—may we suggest—HOUBIGANT.

For, in smart feminine circles—among women who know Perfumes—Houbigant is King—the master parfumeur of Paris—and the world.

On these facing pages are his supreme odeurs—flaconed with a court jeweler's craft—and priced neither modestly nor extravagantly.

If you would experience that deep, inner satisfaction that accompanies the gift intelligently chosen and gratefully received—give Houbigant Perfumes.

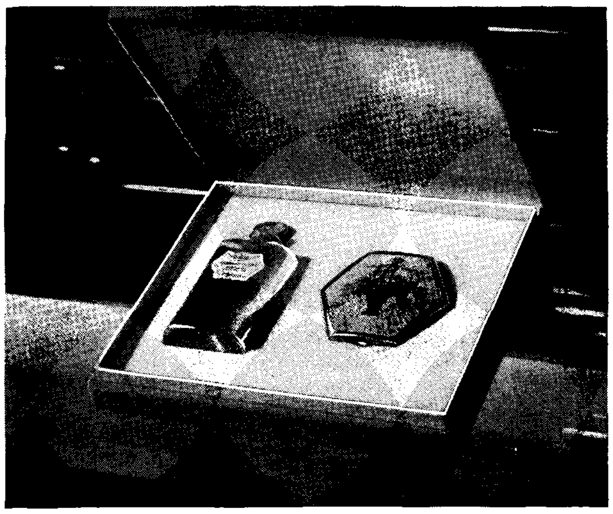


AU MATIN—*ecstatic fragrance of the French modernes—breath of dawn's awakening flowers—latest creation of Houbigant—favoured in critical Paris. $10 the Modèle Originale. $18 the Grand Flacon. $20 the Grand Flacon with Atomizer.*

FOUGÈRE ROYALE SHAVING SET—*the Man's Gift—containing one tube of Shaving Cream, one flacon of After Shaving Lotion, and the Talc—all mildly perfumed with that great outdoor fragrance Fougère Royale (Royal Fern) $2.00*

AU MATIN—*a Perfume and a Face Powder achieve an exquisite kinship through a bond of rarest fragrance—breath of flowers at dawn. In a charming silk-lined Gift Set, $10.*

ESSENCE RARE—*the world's most perfect fragrance—the ultimate in parfum elegance—the supreme gift! Enshrined in jewel-like splendour, $25 to $125 the flacon.*



QUELQUES FLEURS OR LE PARFUM IDÉAL—*a Gift of exceptional attractiveness. The silk lined Chamois case including Perfume and the hexagonal single Compact, $3.00. Items separately, $3.50.*

IGANT

R I S

The Age of Youth

Continued from page 23

She it was who discovered that the Junior League's membership held more operatic and dramatic talent than one would believe possible to be encompassed in one club roster. When any amateur musical or theatrical performance was staged, it was Mme. Galere who selected the voices, coached the ambitious amateurs, and saw to it that Belfield and Gasco and Willington, and all the other prominent professional theatrical producers, were on hand at rehearsals.

"Miss Sally Hemingway receives professional offer from Belfield. Gasco says that banker's daughter would make great star. Willington offers lead in new play to Junior League débutante."

Of course, these young women would not consider professional careers. Nevertheless, they usually kept the clippings. The town is filled with young matrons who—quite casually—let it be known that, had not parental objection or marriage intervened, art would have received a decided impetus.

Donna had heard of Mme. Galere while still in the Frivols. She had heard Roy Farrel cursing because he had been compelled to leave a rehearsal in order to listen to voices at Mme. Galere's.

"Not go?" he said to his dance man. "What the hell? That old girl's pupils are all daughters of millionaires. Boost one of them and you get a bid to a party. Get to the party and you meet daddy. Meet daddy and you have a backer for your next show. Be yourself, Jimmy."

So, having found Mme. Galere's address, Donna left the house and proceeded westward toward the teacher's studio. She found it in an extremely modern building on West Fifty-third Street. Alighting from the elevator on the fourth floor, she entered a tiny anteroom. Two girls, simply and beautifully attired, looked up from idle chatter at the newcomer.

A tiny page inquired her business. She gave her name, and sat down to await the teacher's pleasure.

The young things went on with their interrupted conversation.

"Never saw him in such a state," said one. "Wouldn't touch a thing and swore he was on the wagon for the rest of his life."

"Then it will be a short life," said the other. "Imagine Frank Gardner *not drinking*."

That was all she heard. The page bade her enter an inner room.

MME. GALERE had the good sense to know that she was fat. Also, she had the good sense to know that she could not impose upon anyone. In the first breath she took pains to inform you that her name was Galleher but that she had changed it.

"People are so stupid. They don't believe that a real musician can come out of the Middle West!"

Whereby she took you into the fold as one who was not stupid and could believe that a real musician could come out of the Middle West.

She dismissed a pupil as Donna came in, and surveyed her visitor shrewdly. She listened, noncommittally, to Donna's expressed wish to take singing lessons, then asked her would-be pupil to sing the scale.

"Professional?" she inquired.

Donna smiled.

"I wouldn't think I had promise enough for that," she replied.

"More sense than I'd expect so pretty a girl to have," said the teacher. A brusque, hearty frankness was her pose. That isn't fair; it was second nature to her after years of practice.

"You haven't much voice, you know," she went on.

"I know that," said Donna. "But I'd like to learn how to handle what little I have."

"Terms are five dollars a half hour," said Mme. Galere.

Donna nodded.

"Three times a week." Mme. Galere consulted a notebook. "Mondays at ten, Wednesdays at three, and Thursdays at twelve. All right?"

"Perfectly," said Donna.

"Address?" inquired the teacher.

Donna gave her the street and number. "I've taken Miss Prentiss' apartment," she ventured.

Mme. Galere stared at her.

"Libby Prentiss'?" she asked.

Donna nodded again.

"Friend of Libby?" asked the teacher.

Donna shook her head.

"No," she admitted. "I know no one in New York," she added.

"How'd you happen to take her apartment?"

"An agent suggested it," replied Donna.

"Well, I hope you don't carry on in it the way Libby did," said Mme. Galere.

Donna smiled. "Did she carry on?"

Mme. Galere shrugged. "Oh, nothing particularly harmful. But—what wouldn't be harmful for Libby Prentiss might be exceedingly harmful for—someone who wasn't Libby Prentiss."

"Oh," said Donna.

"And you're a stranger in New York? Where do you come from?"

Donna named the small Indiana town where she had been born.

"How'd you happen to come to me?" inquired Mme. Galere.

"Why, because of Miss Prentiss," said Donna, untruthfully.

"Oh." It was now Mme. Galere's turn to utter a vague monosyllable.

"Well," she said after a moment, "New York's a great place. Never forget when I first came here. My child, be careful of your friends. Make them slowly."

"I will," said Donna.

"Here endeth," she said to herself as she left, "the first lesson."

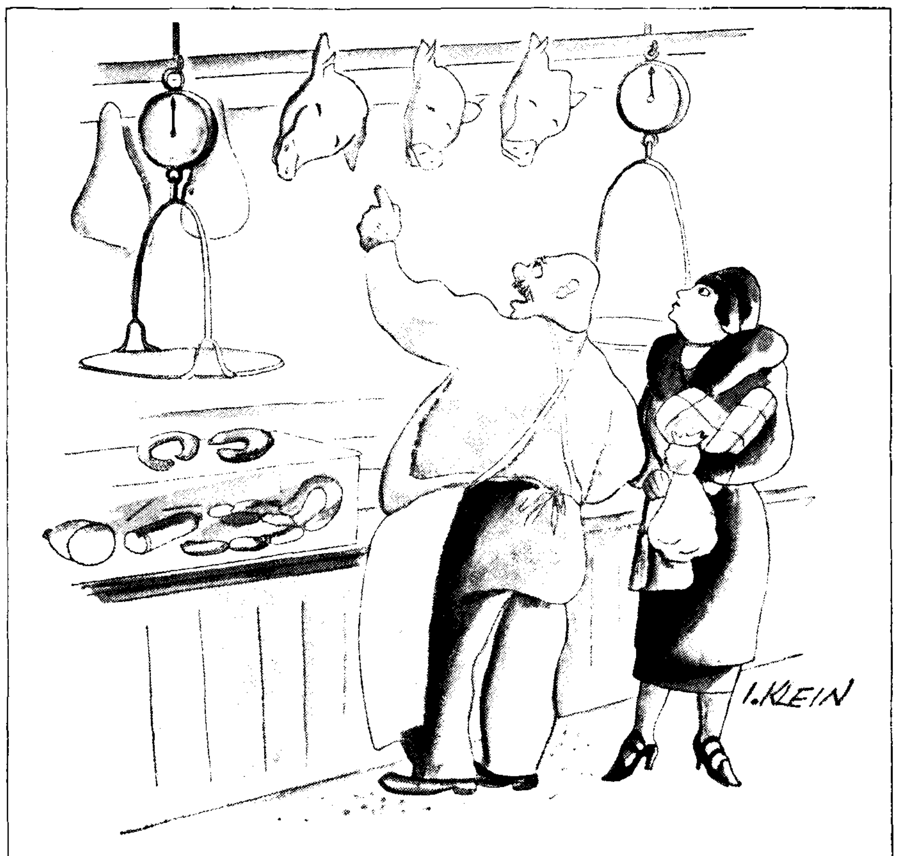
So Frank Gardner had continued on last evening—it must have been last evening—and announced that he was through drinking? Perhaps those orchids and that telephone call really presaged something. . . .

The two young things were still in the anteroom when she came out from the studio. But, though she lingered a moment before a mirror, they were no longer discussing Frank Gardner. She wondered if Gardner had told anyone the incident in her apartment.

WELL, there was no use in being silly. She must not think about him.

But Gardner was not the sort to let himself be too easily forgotten. He did not telephone again, and there was never a card in the orchids that arrived daily. But every morning, shortly after she had finished breakfast, a messenger would come from the florist's, and in the box he bore would be the inevitable purple blooms.

But Mme. Galere warned her against wearing them every day.



"I really hate to see that one go, he's such a cute little devil."

"It's a trifle conspicuous—every single day," she said.

That was enough for Donna. She had managed to secure herself acceptance as a pupil of Mme. Galere, and she was avid for the slightest hint. Also, she was careful to seem to ask nothing.

At ten on Monday, at three on Wednesday and at noon on Thursday she presented herself at the studio. She practiced the scales, tried an occasional song, and made not the slightest effort at conversation. All the time she was conscious that her teacher was interested in her, studied her. Mme. Galere even, for a while, dallied with the idea of the inevitable man in the background. But Donna's manner, her face, her whole outlook, soon dissipated such a thought.

Little by little Mme. Galere began to adopt a friendly attitude toward her newest pupil. She asked Donna to lunch with her. She came over, one evening, and dined with Donna. She saw the orchids. Donna told the tale of Frank Gardner's call.

"Frank Gardner? My dear, do you know who he is?" cried Mme. Galere.

Donna knew vaguely that he was somebody or other whose parents had a great deal of money.

"He's an orphan, the richest bachelor in America, and he's been utterly and completely sober for five weeks. Five weeks," cried Mme. Galere. "That's exactly as long as you've been taking lessons with me. Donna, wouldn't you like to come out to the country next week?"

Five weeks of assiduous care in her attitude toward Mme. Galere had brought about this invitation. Yet Donna carefully showed no particular elation. After all, Mme. Galere was not *of* society. Reckless society scribblers might call her *in* it, but she certainly was not of it, and Donna Raynor was going to be of it.

Summer had definitely arrived now, and Donna brought a bathing suit to the North Shore place that Mme. Galere had rented for the heated season. Half a dozen young people dropped in for cocktails on Saturday afternoon. All of them bore names that Donna recognized as having social value. There was an extra man. They talked of going to a road house for dinner and dancing. Mme. Galere spoke a word to one of the girls, Sue Philemon. Donna was casually asked along.

And on a certain day in early fall, Donna, just in from the Turf and Field at Belmont, where she had been watching several gentlemen jockeys perform almost as well as apprentice boys might have done, prepared herself with especial care for dinner.

The United Hunt Club meeting had been, the papers would say, a complete success. But it had been more than that for Donna Raynor. It had been an utter triumph. The Philemon girl had invited her there to luncheon with a dozen other young people, and she was going tonight to a dance at Mrs. Fred Fairleigh's.

And it had all come about in the most natural fashion. Following the week-end at Mme. Galere's, Donna had been lunching at the Colony. Sue Philemon, in town for the day, was also lunching there alone. She asked Donna to join her. A week later Sue had phoned to ask if she could drop in at Donna's to dress before going out to the theater and to dance. Her own town house was closed for the summer, and what relatives she might use for the occasion were pedantic old folk who would seriously object to her motoring out to Long Island at three in the morning with some young man.

So a friendship began. Donna was invited to Westbury for a July week-end with the Philemons. Someone at the last minute withdrew from the cast of a musical play to be given at Southampton during tennis week. Mme. Galere, appealed to, suggested Donna, and Sue saw to it that she was invited to spend the week at the home of a dear friend of hers, Millie Constantine.

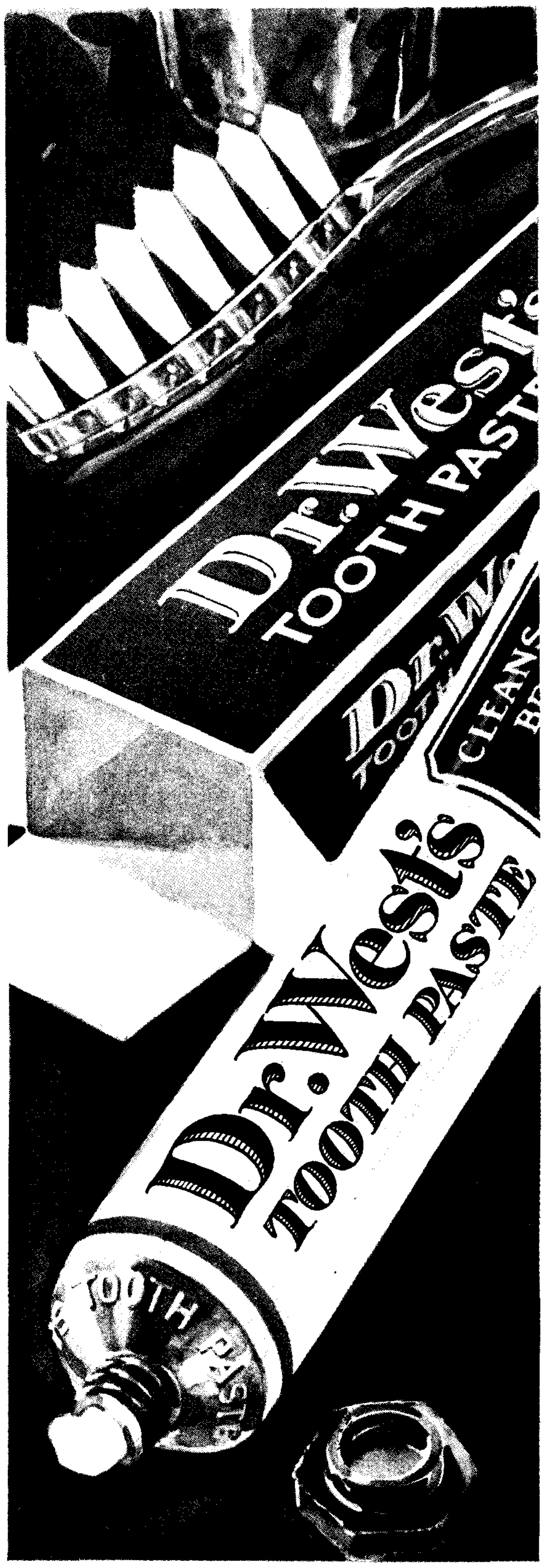
A FORTNIGHT after that, Donna was going almost everywhere, unquestioned and, in a manner of speaking, unquestioning. She had known that she could do this, so why be surprised that it had been done? Of course, there had been tremendous luck in it, but—after all, she'd known enough to seek out only Mme. Galere and leave the rest to luck. It took brains to know along what road luck lay and to follow that road.

And today she had met Mrs. Fred Fairleigh. She had not realized it at the moment, but now, at home, resting, she saw that young Donald Blaisdell had maneuvered it. It was he who had intercepted Mrs. Fairleigh as she passed their luncheon table, he it was who had

(*Continued on page 43*)

This quick double polishing *for* TEETH

It is not scouring, but two gentle distinct polishing actions, combined—an extra-thorough cleansing that brightens teeth remarkably



© W. B. M. Co., 1929

Here are new results by which you can benefit in caring for your teeth. A modern tooth paste perfected by modern skill and knowledge brings them.

It is produced by the makers of Dr. West's Toothbrush—in response to tens of thousands of requests for a dentifrice as good as the famous toothbrush. Already it has won sensational success. More than 10 million tubes were sold in the first 100 days; a record, we are told.

A test may surprise you; *may genuinely delight you.*

Unique two-fold polishing (not scouring!) brightens teeth quickly by restoring the natural smooth brilliance of enamel. *Two* gentle polishing agents do this.

Your whole mouth is cooled and refreshed, each time you use it. Lastingly, too.

Acid conditions are instantly neutralized. Gums are invigorated and protected (no harsh, coarse particles).

Staining, sticky deposits are dissolved and removed by purest, most costly vegetable cleansers. Every tiny crevice is thoroughly washed by the generous, active cleansing solution: the danger-spots, where decay starts.

And it works with uncommon speed—to meet the need of hurried, modern habits. These combined results are complete, each time you use Dr. West's *Tooth Paste.*

TO GET A TUBE FREE

(large 25c tube; not a sample)

At your favorite store, today, you are entitled to the large 25c tube of Dr. West's Tooth Paste, FREE, with the purchase of a 50c Dr. West's Toothbrush. Test it, and judge by results. (This offer good in Canada, also.) The Western Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

And this offers another way to make a test

FREE — 20 BRUSHINGS

The Western Company
402 W. Randolph St., Chicago
Send free test of Dr. West's Tooth Paste to:

Name..........

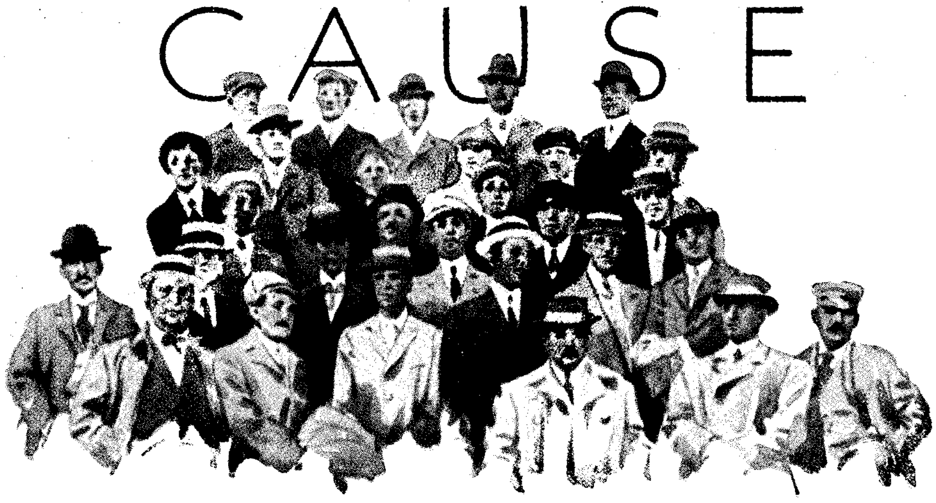
Address..........

City.......... *State*.......... Col. 12729

Home care of teeth was modernized by Dr. West's *Toothbrush*

Dr. West's
TOOTH PASTE

CAUSE



Painted from a photograph of the original personnel

The whole inspiring story of Goodyear is an illustration of the axiom that a business must develop men if it would develop itself.

Out of the handful of men who started with Goodyear, out of the tens of thousands who have worked with Goodyear since, has grown that mature and expert organization that is Goodyear today.

That the last year has been the greatest and most successful in the history of the Company is only another way of saying that Goodyear personnel the last year attained its highest usefulness.

This usefulness finds expression in the production and delivery of superior quality and value to the public, which responds by conferring upon Goodyear the largest volume of business enjoyed by any rubber company in the world.

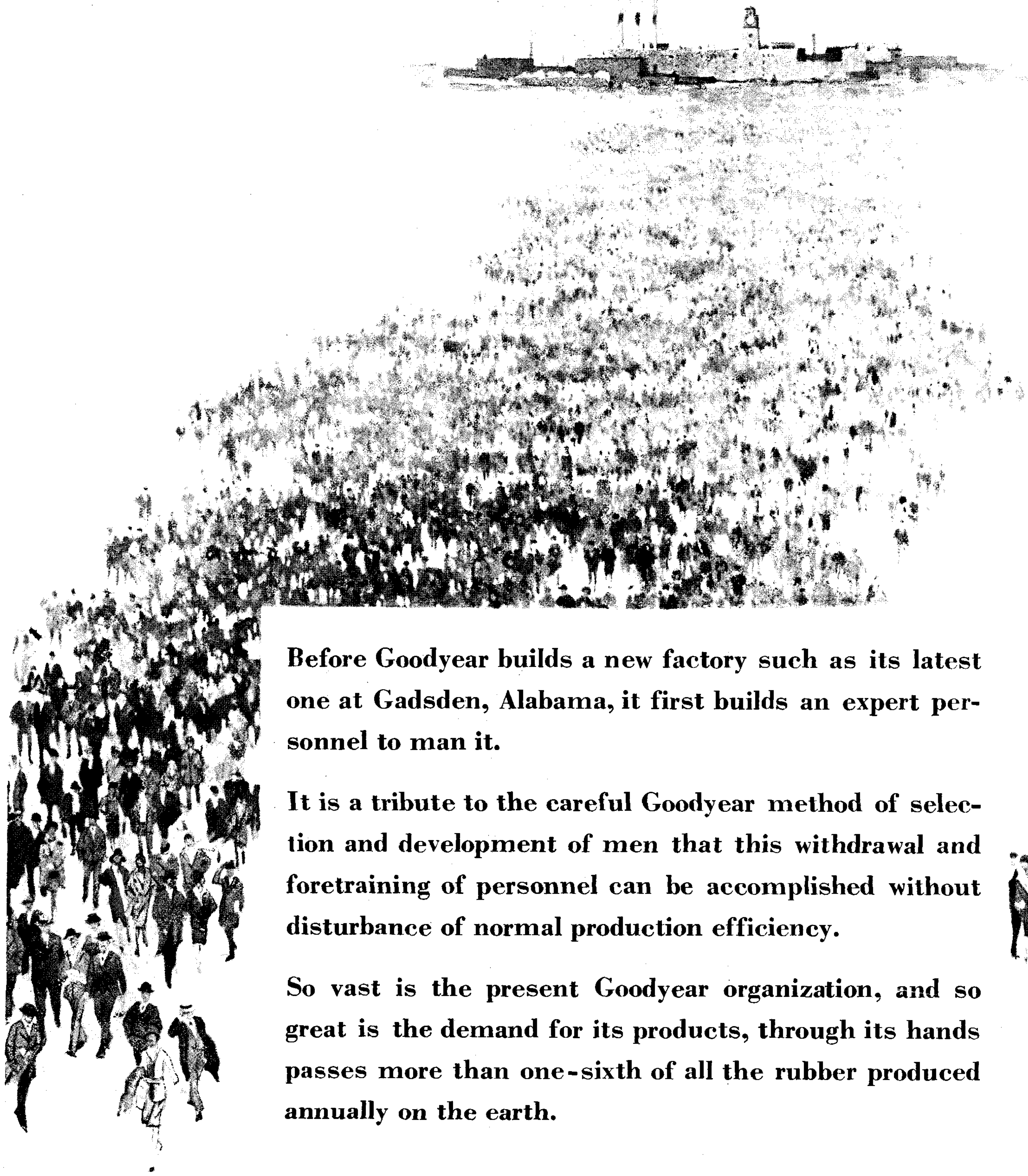
P W Litchfield

President

GOOD

THE STORY OF GOODYEAR CHAPTER 7

RESULT



Before Goodyear builds a new factory such as its latest one at Gadsden, Alabama, it first builds an expert personnel to man it.

It is a tribute to the careful Goodyear method of selection and development of men that this withdrawal and foretraining of personnel can be accomplished without disturbance of normal production efficiency.

So vast is the present Goodyear organization, and so great is the demand for its products, through its hands passes more than one-sixth of all the rubber produced annually on the earth.

YEAR

Copyright 1929, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

. . . "IT'S A ROYAL PORTABLE"

And the young hopeful capers with gleeful excitement. Pleased and delighted, mother congratulates Santa upon his thoughtfulness. He wisely chose a Royal Portable Typewriter as the ideal Christmas gift for the family, knowing well that its writing convenience would bring daily enjoyment to one and all ✣ ✣ ✣ The Royal Portable, compact, sturdy, and so colorful, is amazingly simple to operate. Its lively, entertaining keys quickly and neatly type your every thought. This interesting way of writing stimulates enthusiasm for home study hours, and advances the children in their progress at school ✣ ✣ ✣ Finished in a variety of unique Duotones and other colorings, the Royal Portable is obtainable also in a distinctive new type face, "Vogue," for personal correspondence ✣ ✣ ✣ This most exceptional of Christmas gifts is priced at only $60 complete with carrying case. Convenient monthly payments if desired.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.
NEW YORK CITY
More than 1800 Royal Portable Dealers in United States

Listen to Jesse Crawford . . . Royal's Poet of the Organ . . . Every Sunday Night at 10:30 to 11 (Eastern Time) over the nation-wide Columbia Broadcasting System.

ROYAL Portable TYPEWRITERS

The Age of Youth

Continued from page 38

caused her to enter into the general conversation, and of course it was he who had asked Mrs. Fairleigh to invite her to the dance tonight.

Perhaps she'd better not go. Something inside her warned her. But Sue Philemon, when Mrs. Fairleigh had vouchsafed the invitation, had begged her to accept. After all, Mrs. Fairleigh would realize that Donna was not the sort of girl to permit men to make efforts in her social behalf. And the dance itself was informal, Mrs. Fairleigh had taken care to explain. And here, hurried by messenger, was a written invitation supplementing the verbal one. Yes, she could safely go. To make certain, however, she telephoned Mme. Galere and laid her doubts before that estimable arbiter.

"Of course, silly," said Mme. Galere. "A nice girl like you? Certainly. Mrs. Fairleigh wouldn't ask you if she didn't want you. Be sure of that."

YOUNG Blaisdell called for her, and she felt that the three hours' nap she had indulged in after dinner had justified itself when she noted the gleam in his eye. She had acquired other clothing in the months that had elapsed since her first visit to Black's store, and it was in the newest of her evening gowns that she stepped out tonight.

It was blue, a bouffant frock, and on her shoulder was the inevitable orchid. She wondered if Frank Gardner, by any chance, would be there tonight.

She had never attended a party during these past triumphal months but that she had hoped she would encounter him there. But she had never met him. Gossip from her new friends was vague about him. All that was definitely known about him was that he was on the water-wagon, so far as anyone knew.

Meantime, young Blaisdell had proved a most acceptable beau. He had money, manners and a liking for mild whoopee. You could count on him for gayety and a certainty that he wouldn't try to turn gayety into a kissing festival. But as a possible husband.... Donna shook her head.

But his admiration, so patent in his eyes, was acceptable tonight. And Donna, having been greeted by her hostess, was dancing with him when all the rosy clouds of the past several months seemed to tip over and expose their other sides of grim potentialities for storm.

For as she turned in the dance she met the startled and avid eyes of Ran Granby.

Extraordinary though it was, she had almost forgotten Granby. He had drifted so swiftly and—she thought—utterly out of her life that she had given him no thought whatsoever. He was the only half-acknowledged cause of her happiness, her success. He had gone to Europe. He might as well have melted into nothingness, might never have existed at all, so far as she was concerned.

And now he was back in her life, in this room, at this very dance. Would he denounce her.... But that was too ridiculous. She started to return his eager smile, then her features froze. How could she have known him all these months and never let it slip when his name was mentioned? He must be presented to her.

And Granby understood the sudden freezing of her smile. As she finished the dance with young Blaisdell, her hostess approached. At her shoulder was Granby. Mrs. Fairleigh presented him. The orchestra struck up again, and she was dancing with him.

"Inside the time limit of six months," said Granby.

"But I didn't dine here," she said.

"That will be attended to in the near future," laughed Granby. "Mrs. Freddie is my pal. You'll be here."

"I don't want you to ask her for me," protested Donna.

She marveled how well he danced. When he approached her, he seemed the middle-aged man he had appeared to be last spring, but when he danced he was somehow younger. He was heavily tanned, and his eyes were gay.

"How did you do it?" he asked

"Didn't you think I could?" she countered.

"You accomplished one miracle. Why should another be impossible to you?" he asked.

"What miracle?" she inquired.

"You made me think of you every day for five months," he said.

"You weren't to think of me at all," she stated.

"If you remind me of that, I'll have to remind you that I told you I was human," he said.

"So you did," she said coldly.

"I telephoned you half an hour ago," he said.

"How did you know where to reach me?" she asked.

"Libby Prentiss mentioned having rented her apartment to a girl named Raynor. Saw her in Biarritz. And I know Libby's number."

"Did you—tell Libby? . . ."

"Do I seem the sort who would tell?" he countered.

She flashed upon him a smile that dazzled.

"Of course you don't."

"Have you—found the man yet?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Mrs. Freddie seemed to think that Don Blaisdell was rather taken," he ventured.

"He's sweet," said Donna.

"That settles him," grinned Granby. "Girls never marry men they think are sweet. May I come to see you?"

She leaned away from him a trifle.

"I'm not sure that I want you to," she replied.

"Why—Miss Raynor—you don't think—"

"You'd impose because of—well, what I owe you? No, not that. But—you remind me of—things I want to forget."

"Is that fair?" he demanded.

"I wouldn't know," she replied. "Do I have to be fair to you?"

"You certainly don't," he told her stiffly. "But still—"

THE music stopped. Mrs. Fairleigh approached again.

"Miss Raynor, something will have to be done about this, too many men want to meet you. May I present Mr. Gardner?"

Granby melted away into the throng. Everyone seemed to dissolve, to melt, to disappear. Perhaps, she thought, that was because she was melting, dissolving.

"How long have you known Ran Granby?"

She had expected any word from Gardner but this. She stared at him.

"Mrs. Fairleigh just introduced us," she said.

"Banana oil," said Gardner. "You've met him before."

"Well?" She tried to stare him down. He laughed at her.

"I don't want anyone to know you except myself. How would you like another proposal from me?"

(To be continued next week)

Here's where you get more speed

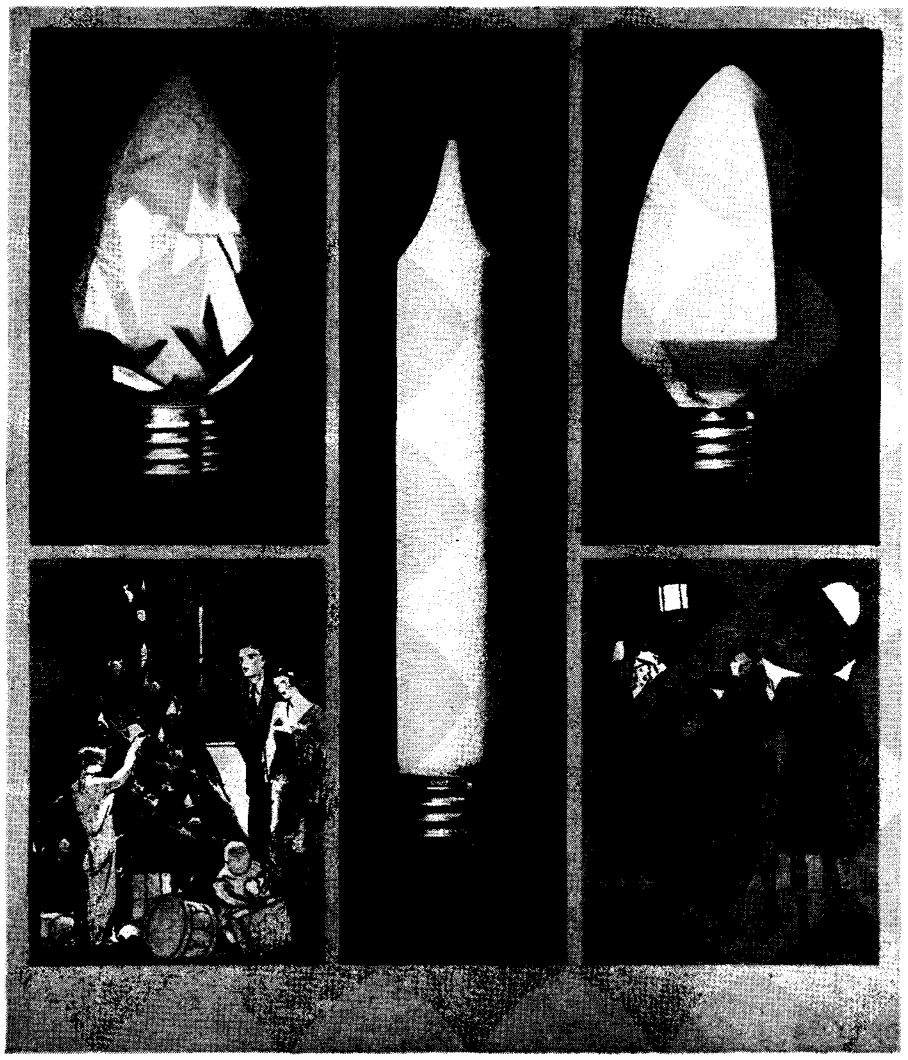
Speed underfoot . . . cushioned speed . . . built into the sole of these good-looking Walk-Overs. Speed from the Main-Spring* Arch, a firm yet resilient support that makes you feel like stepping out on high all day and brings you home with ideas for the evening. Many Walk-Over styles embody this Arch. Look for its identification on the sole. Illustrated is the STADIUM of Black Glove Calfskin . . . $10.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WALK·OVER SHOES

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

MAZDA—the mark of a Research Service



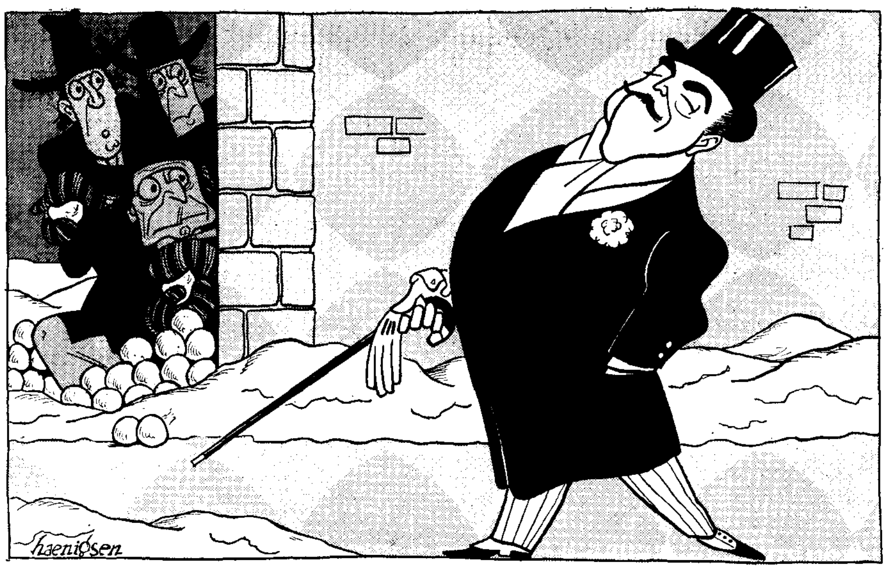
Light for Warmth and Cheer

Now Mazda Research has captured all the warmth and charm that lay for hundreds of years buried in the glowing heart of the yule log—and christened it *Flametint.* Taken the mellow softness of candlelight that played for centuries on uplifted childish faces and placed in it decorative lamps that add safety to beauty and convenience to decoration..... Given to a wide line of colored lights—from pale ivory to holly green—the pearl-like sheen of the famous standard line of Mazda lamps.

Visualize your home at Christmas time—and afterward—beautified by these National Mazda lamps. Bear in mind they are inexpensive to buy and to burn.

National Lamp Works of General Electric Company
Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS



Nicked!

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

ONE wonders just what effect the row between the Longworths and Mrs. Gann over social precedence will have upon the continuance of the power which Nick Longworth has over the House of Representatives. As the social season develops in Washington more will be heard of it.

There was dramatic notice of its seriousness when the Longworths declined an invitation to the White House in honor of Ramsay MacDonald. The gossip of Washington is that it was Nick, and not Mrs. Longworth, who declined this invitation, which seems likely enough in view of Mrs. Longworth's well-known indifference to the rules and regulations of Washington official society.

Even in Washington it is rather comic to make an issue of one's place at a dinner table. And very few statesmen can afford to be comic.

In the case of Nick it seems to be especially unwise to be a stickler for social precedence. He was born to the purple, as Washington public men go, and has only partly lived down the prejudice which that birth arouses among the lowly members of the House of Representatives by his air of being a royal good fellow. As it was, Jim Begg, when he was making him Speaker, had a good deal of trouble over the spats and waistcoats.

So anything that reminds the congressmen that Nick is an aristocrat will serve to widen the space between him and the ordinary ex-farmboy and villager who sits under the Speaker's eye.

The gulf between an autocratic Speaker and the rank and file of members widens anyway in the natural course of events, from the moment when the Speaker is first elected until the moment when the House arises in revolt and overthrows him.

A Formidable Opponent

In Mr. Longworth's case a number of things have happened which have tended to lessen his hold upon the House. Jim Begg of Ohio, who made him Speaker, was politically the cleverest of his lieutenants. And Begg, after a breach with Longworth, retired from the House in an attempt to win the governorship of Ohio.

He failed in this; so he will probably come back to the House, and if he does he will come back as an enemy of the Speaker.

None of Mr. Longworth's chief lieutenants seems to be a particularly effective prop of his power. Moreover, the emergence of Jack Garner as leader of the Democratic minority is a threat in itself.

Garner is a personal friend of Longworth's, but as leader of the Democratic party in the House he conceives it to be his business to destroy Longworth and his machine. And he has more political wit, a quicker and surer political intelligence and keener knowledge of the psychology of the House than the whole Longworth coterie put together.

Garner's opportunity lies in the division in the Republican party which at this writing has put a coalition of Western agrarian Republicans in control of the Senate and which at this writing appears to have made the great Republican party, after an overwhelming victory at the polls, impotent to pass a tariff bill.

The Western Progressives

The split between the Eastern and Western Republicans in the Senate cannot be regarded as a phenomenon.

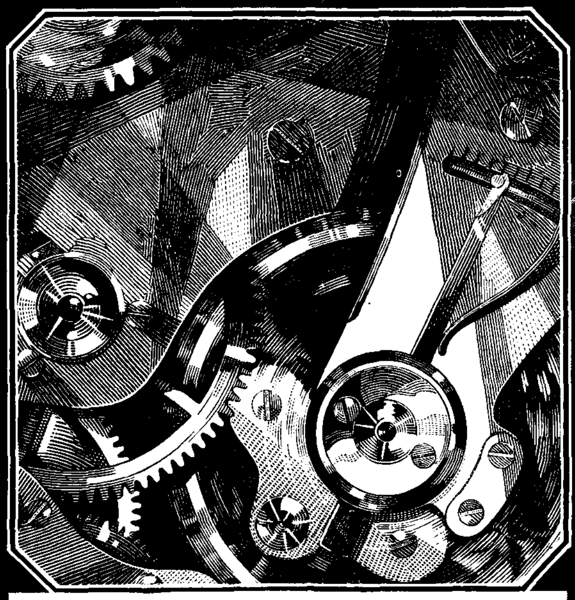
Some day Garner will have his coalition in the House. He is working toward it, throwing the support of his Democratic minority to the measures which interest the farm Republicans of the House, pursuing the same tactics which Senator Robinson, the Democratic leader of the upper chamber, has successfully used to split the Republican party there.

Longworth's power as Speaker is secure so long as there is a big Republican majority in the House. That is to say, there won't be a revolt against Longworth until the Western progressive members in combination with the Democrats are strong enough to shear Longworth of his power.

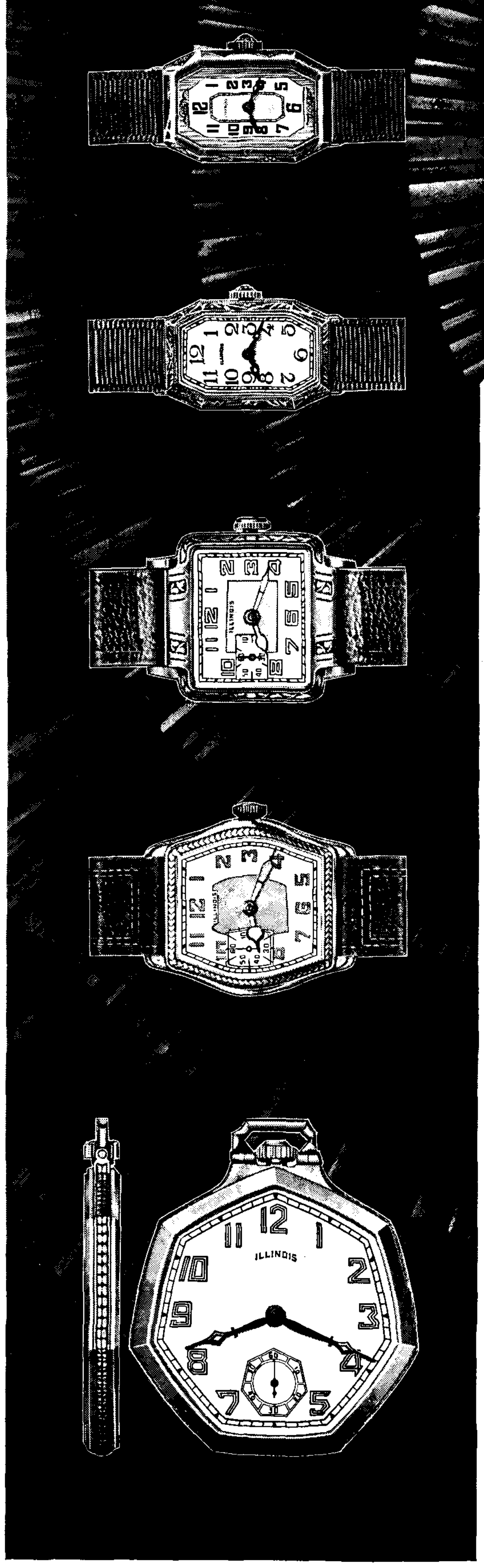
The farm debenture issue threatens Longworth. It has gained support in the House since the Republican majority refused last spring to attach it to the farm relief bill. The mess over the tariff has demoralized the regular Republicans so that now it is a question whether Longworth is willing to come to grips with Garner on the debenture issue.

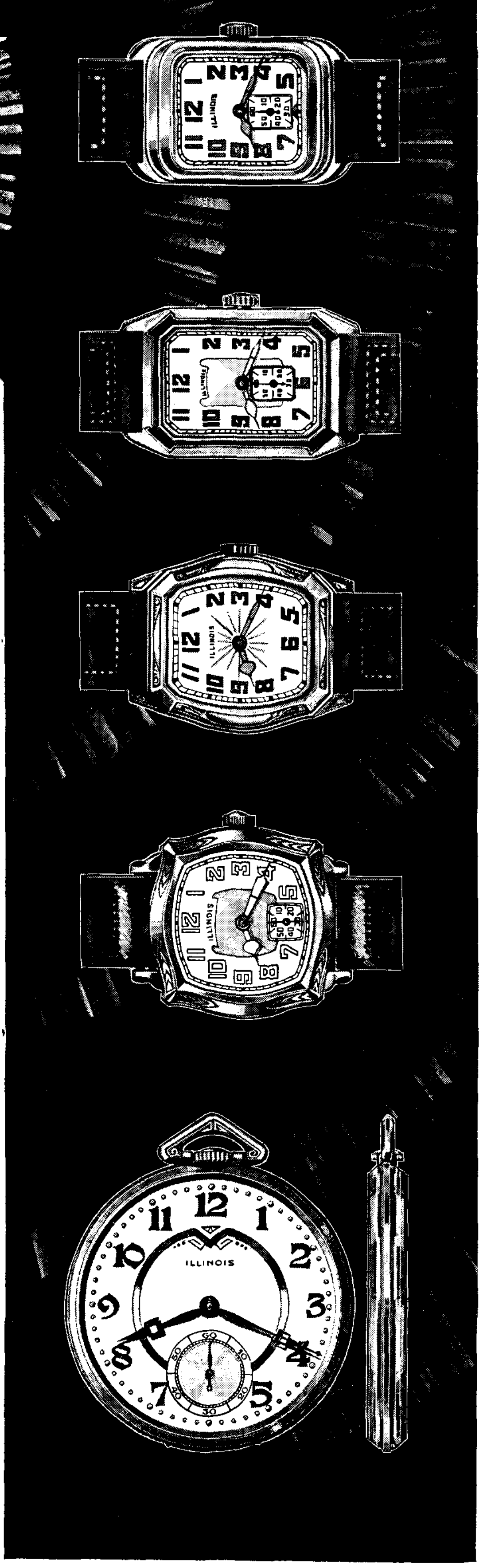
In the House to be elected next year the Republican majority will presumably be reduced. This is the normal result of mid-term Congressional elections. And in this case the Republicans will certainly lose a number of seats in the South and in the border states picked up as a consequence of the Democratic rejection of Alfred E. Smith in that region.

The two factions of the Republican party grow steadily more hostile toward each other. So by 1931 the Longworth machine may look for trouble.



Look for the Beauty that Lies Within
. . the beauty that is a timepiece.





A watch to grace the years . . an ILLINOIS

When you give or receive an Illinois Watch, you have done doubly well—for in "the thrilling beauty that lies within" you have the surpassing performance that alone makes a watch worth having; and in the beautiful new Illinois models for both men and women, you have just that charm, that smartness and style, to delight the most fastidious owner.

Let your gift watch be eloquent of thoughtfulness and regard. Let it be a significant token of love and esteem that will grace the years to come. Let it be an Illinois!

Your jeweler will gladly help you to a decision as to *which* Illinois Watch will best serve the purpose of your gift. Ask his opinion. He has known Illinois Watches ever since he has been in business. And learn more about the interesting story of Illinois Watches in our booklet, "The Thrilling Beauty that Lies Within". Address The Illinois Watch, 1218 North Ninth Street, Springfield, Illinois.

Left, reading down

The MARY TODD, 17 jewels, 18k solid gold, inlaid enamel........$75
The NEWPORT, 17 jewels, 14k gold-filled........................$50
The NEW YORKER, 17 jewels, 14k gold-filled...................$50
The ENSIGN, 15 jewels, 14k gold-filled........................$40
The TRUSTEE, 17 jewels, 14k gold-filled........................$55

Right, reading down

The FUTURA, 17 jewels, rectangular movement, 14k gold-filled......$60
The MEDALIST, 17 jewels, rectangular movement, 14k gold-filled..$60
The CONSUL, 19 jewels, 14k solid gold.........................$75
The JOLLY ROGER, 17 jewels, 14k gold-filled...................$42.50
The DEAN, 19 jewels, 14k solid gold...........................$110

The ILLINOIS WATCH

Established 1870
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

MORE THAN A FINE WATCH — A GREAT AMERICAN WATCH

You wouldn't listen to us ten years ago... maybe you'll listen now

FOR years we have been buying space in this magazine in order to put our message where you could read it.

We have told you how we have helped men to double and triple their incomes.

We have told you how presidents of corporations have praised the Modern Business Course and Service.

Our one big message has always been the same. It is this: The only way to succeed in business is to train for success. If you know just a little bit more than the average man, you can make a lot more money.

In the last ten years, hundreds of thousands of men have seen our advertisements. But only a comparative few have had vision enough to *act*. Many of those who acted have since become presidents and vice-presidents of corporations.

Perhaps you were one of the men who wouldn't listen to us. Perhaps you even sent for "Forging Ahead in Business" but threw it in the wastebasket without reading it. You felt that you could get what you wanted without us.

What did you get? As much as you might have in really satisfying achievement and growth? As much in money, and all the things that money will buy?

You expected a lot of yourself in those ten years—a good deal more than you got. Make sure, *now*, that the next ten years will bring you more than the last.

"Perhaps you even sent for 'Forging Ahead in Business' but threw it in the wastebasket without reading it."

How the Institute can help you

The Alexander Hamilton Institute is no cure-all. No success recipe. No miracle worker.

What is it?

It is a living, breathing, highly personal POWER specializing in the technique of business progress.

It is a STOREHOUSE of IDEAS.

These ideas are constantly fresh, constantly making money for other men. You might have had the advantage of them every day during the past ten years. But that is water over the dam. You can begin to have the advantage of them *now*.

And they are not ideas that will help you ten years from now. They will go to work for you tomorrow, next day, next week.

HERE ARE THE NAMES

of a few of the Institute's subscribers who are now officers of great corporations:

Geo. H. Bushnell, Vice-President and Comptroller, J. C. Penney Co. (1025 Retail Stores).

Edwin A. Fuller, President, Fuller Construction Company.

George M. Shriver, Vice-President, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

H. W. Hoover, President, The Hoover Company.

William Wrigley, Jr., President, William Wrigley, Jr., Company (Wrigley's Gum).

The judgment of such men is an argument stronger than anything we could write. The reasons for their enthusiasm for the Institute are fully set forth in the booklet the coupon will bring. Send for it.

Send for the facts

We ask an opportunity to send you a very stimulating little book, "Forging Ahead in Business," and attach a coupon to make your inquiry easy. This booklet tells in detail just what the Institute can do for you.

Send for your copy *today*.

Alexander Hamilton Institute

Executive Training for Business Men

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE, 957 Astor Place, New York City

Send me the latest edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which includes a description of the new Management Courses.

Signature .... Business Position ....

Please write plainly.

Business Address ....

In CANADA, *address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto.* In AUSTRALIA, *11c Castlereagh St., Sydney*

Ain't Nature Gland!

Continued from page 17

influence on the use and absorption of calcium in the body, a very close relation to the thyroid, and some effect on the use of carbohydrates, but their functions are as yet little known. To put it briefly, we know we can't live without them but we don't know why.

The *pancreas*, as we said before, is a gland of double purpose. It secretes an important part of the digestive juice, which is emptied into the small intestine, and it secretes, in microscopic portions of its tissue (the islets of Langerhans), an internal secretion which is taken up by the blood and is necessary for the use of sugar in the body. The discoveries which led to the present knowledge of, and ability to treat, diabetes by injecting the artificially extracted internal secretion of the pancreas (called "insulin" because it is derived from the islets of Langerhans) constitute one of the triumphs of modern scientific medicine. It is one of the things the discouraged doctor should think about to warm his soul and lessen his sense of futility after a hard day of trying to cure a lot of neurotics who don't want to be cured.

The Side Show of the Circus

Leaving behind us the glands about which we know so little that speculation is futile, and the one gland we know enough of to make actual scientific use of its secretion, we enter the realm of wild speculation and romance—the pituitary, the thyroid, the adrenals and the sex glands, or gonads. Here we enter the side show of the circus, and view the bearded lady and the fat lady, the giant and the midget. Here we look longingly at rejuvenation, and try to find excuses for our faults of temperament and disposition. Here, in the words of the football coach, it is extremely urgent that we keep our shirts on, and our feet firmly on the ground.

The *adrenal glands* are two small bodies which cover the top of the kidneys like a cap. They are formed of two kinds of secreting tissue. The inner part secretes a substance we now know accurately and well: it has been analyzed chemically and it can be prepared in pure form, and its actions and uses in medicine are made use of repeatedly. It is called epinephrin, or adrenalin.

Its action to increase blood pressure by constricting the small arteries, and to slow and strengthen the heart, makes it useful in shock and collapse. We infer that in the body the secretion of the inner portion of the adrenal is used to maintain the tone of the arteries and thereby blood pressure. When the adrenals are diseased, the patient suffers from low blood pressure and great muscular weakness.

The outer portion of the adrenal secretes no adrenalin. It consists of tissue nearly related to the sex glands, and its internal secretion controls the development of what are called the secondary sexual characteristics—growth of hair and distribution of hair, depth of voice, character of the skin and musculature.

On the whole, however, the functions of the outer portion of the adrenal are obscure. Like the parathyroids, the adrenals are necessary to life, and it is supposed that the outer part is the essential part.

After complete removal of both adrenals, death follows in a few days. Again, we don't know why we need them, but we do. Just because we know that a tumor of the adrenal may cause a lady to develop a beard, we cannot make use of adrenal substance to inhibit the growth of undesirable hair. Nor can the masculine woman or the effeminate man correct deficiencies by consuming adrenal substance or having a "gland transplantation." Our knowledge of one part of the adrenal, then, is still intriguing but not practical.

The *pituitary body*, which hangs from the base of the brain, is also a double-structured gland of many functions, without which we cannot live, and again, it is the part about which we know least, the anterior lobe, which is necessary to life.

The posterior lobe secretes a substance which affects nearly every other gland of internal secretion in the body. It affects also the action of smooth muscle, as in the bladder, intestine and uterus; it influences growth, particularly of the skeleton; it stimulates the liver and it also increases the flow of urine.

Disturbance in function of the pituitary body may lead to giantism by enlargement of the skeleton, or to extreme obesity, particularly of the trunk. If, for any reason, the secretion of the pituitary body is insufficient, we may get mental retardation and sexual infantilism.

Feeding extracts of the gland is sometimes useful to correct defects coming from insufficiency of the secretion, especially in the case of children, but as the patient grows older, glandular medication is less and less effective.

The pituitary is a fertile field for investigation, and something is developing in that field every day. But there is still a great deal we don't know, and because of the location of the gland in a cup of the skull, experimentation is difficult, and treatment of the gland itself is more difficult.

When you hear someone diagnosed, lightly, by a person who has been reading some of the lurid gland literature on the market, as a "pituitary type," put your tongue in your cheek. There is no such animal. A person with pituitary disturbance may be anything from a very fat child to a giant. The fact that we can influence the contractions of the intestine and of the uterus by extracts of the gland does not mean that we are yet ready to change personality by the same methods.

The Weight Regulator

The *thyroid gland*, situated at the base of the neck in front, one lobe lying on either side of the neck, and the isthmus connecting the lobes in the center, is one with which everybody is more or less familiar. Its vagaries are pretty well known to medicine, and its functions more or less. Its importance to life has been known for a long time, from the early accident of total removal; but thyroid feeding is more successful than the feeding of other glands, so that the condition of deficiency of the gland may be really remedied.

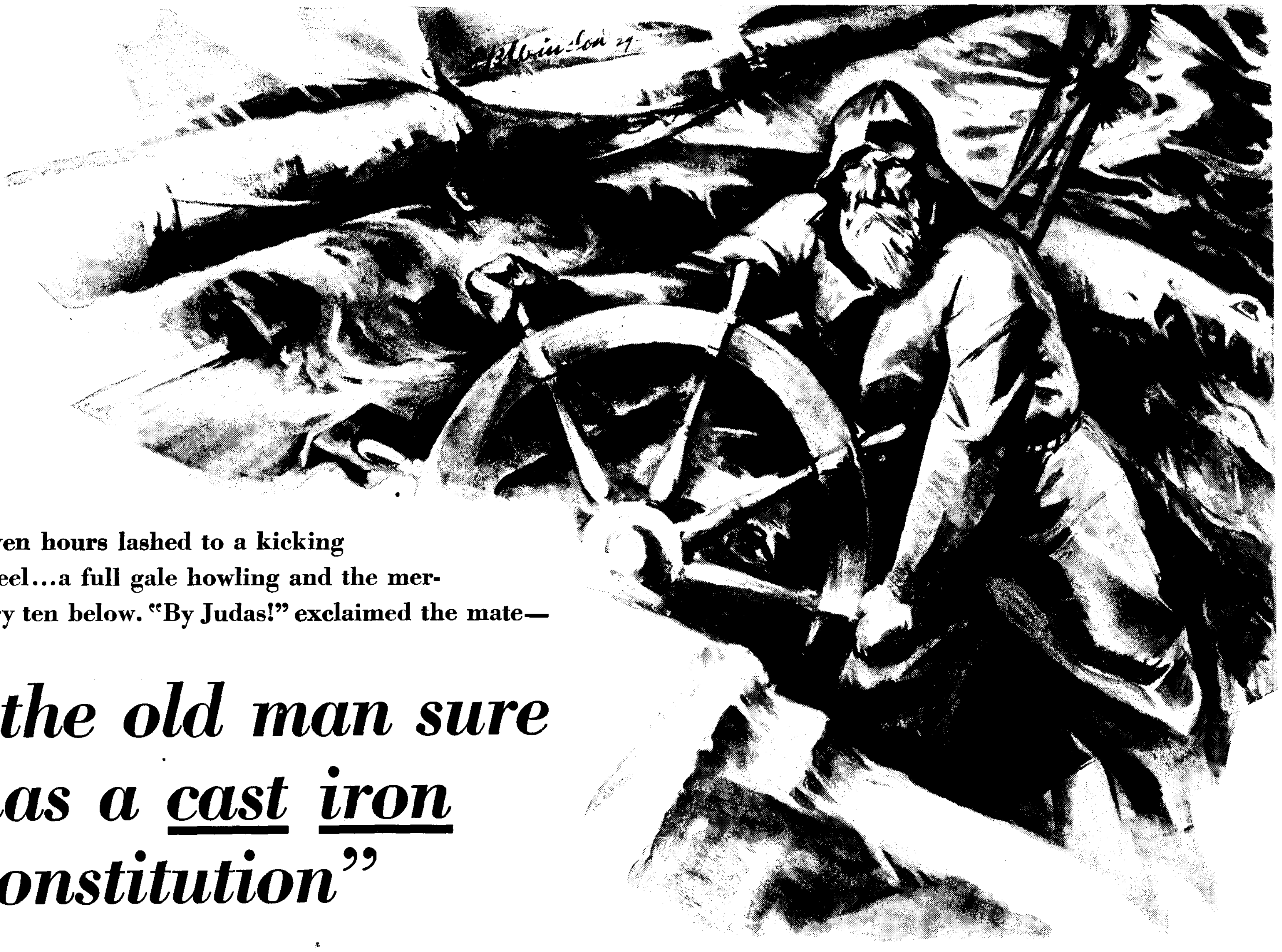
Excessive secretion of the gland can also be helped, because it is easily accessible, and so vascular that its blood supply can be curtailed without injury, if carefully done.

The facts we know about the thyroid are:

That to stay normal it must receive definite amounts of iodine in the water drunk and the food eaten.

That it regulates the efficiency of the

(*Continued on page 48*)



Seven hours lashed to a kicking wheel...a full gale howling and the mercury ten below. "By Judas!" exclaimed the mate—

"the old man sure has a cast iron constitution"

THE term "cast iron" is a forceful and familiar expression for superlative endurance. *Cast iron* laws are laws that hold. *Cast iron* nerves are nerves that never fail. And, the actual enduring qualities of cast iron which gave rise to these expressions, essentially belong to cast iron pipe. *Cast iron pipe is acknowledged to be the longest-lived underground pressure pipe that has ever been produced.*

Cast iron pipe serves for centuries. Mains which were laid more than 200 years ago are still in active use today. New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore—all can testify to cast iron mains still young after scores of years of constant service.

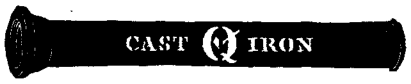
Here then is *the* kind of pipe for gas and water mains to be placed under expensive modern streets. Here is pipe which can be laid and forgotten; pipe which reduces to a minimum those costly traffic jams caused by tearing up streets to repair short-lived mains. Small wonder that engineers and city officials who plan wisely for the future specify cast iron pipe. What kind of pipe are your taxes paying for? You will find it greatly to your advantage to insist that only cast iron pipe be used for the underground mains of your city.

Cast iron pipe marked with the "Q-check" symbol is produced by modern methods, in accordance with established technical standard specifications, by the leading pipe founders listed at right. The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association offers to taxpayers, city officials and engineers, information on the use of pipe for water, gas, sewers, road culverts and for industrial needs. All information is supplied without cost. Write to The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association is a service organization of leading pipe founders, formed to promote the scientific improvement and use of cast iron pipe. Pipe bearing the "Q-check" mark may be obtained from the following: Alabama Pipe Company, Anniston, Ala.; American Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; James B. Clow & Sons, 219 N. Talman Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Donaldson Iron Company, Emaus, Pa.; Glamorgan Pipe and Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; Lynchburg Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; National Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; United States Pipe and Foundry Company, Burlington, N. J.; Warren Foundry and Pipe Company, 11 Broadway, New York.

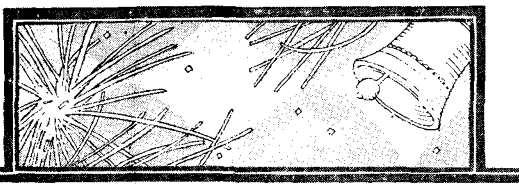
Copyright 1929, by C. I. P. R. Ass'n.

Look for the "Q-check" symbol stenciled in white, as shown below. It is the registered trade mark of The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association and identifies Cast Iron Pipe made by the leading pipe founders listed in this advertisement.



CAST IRON PIPE

✦FOR✦
CHRISTMAS

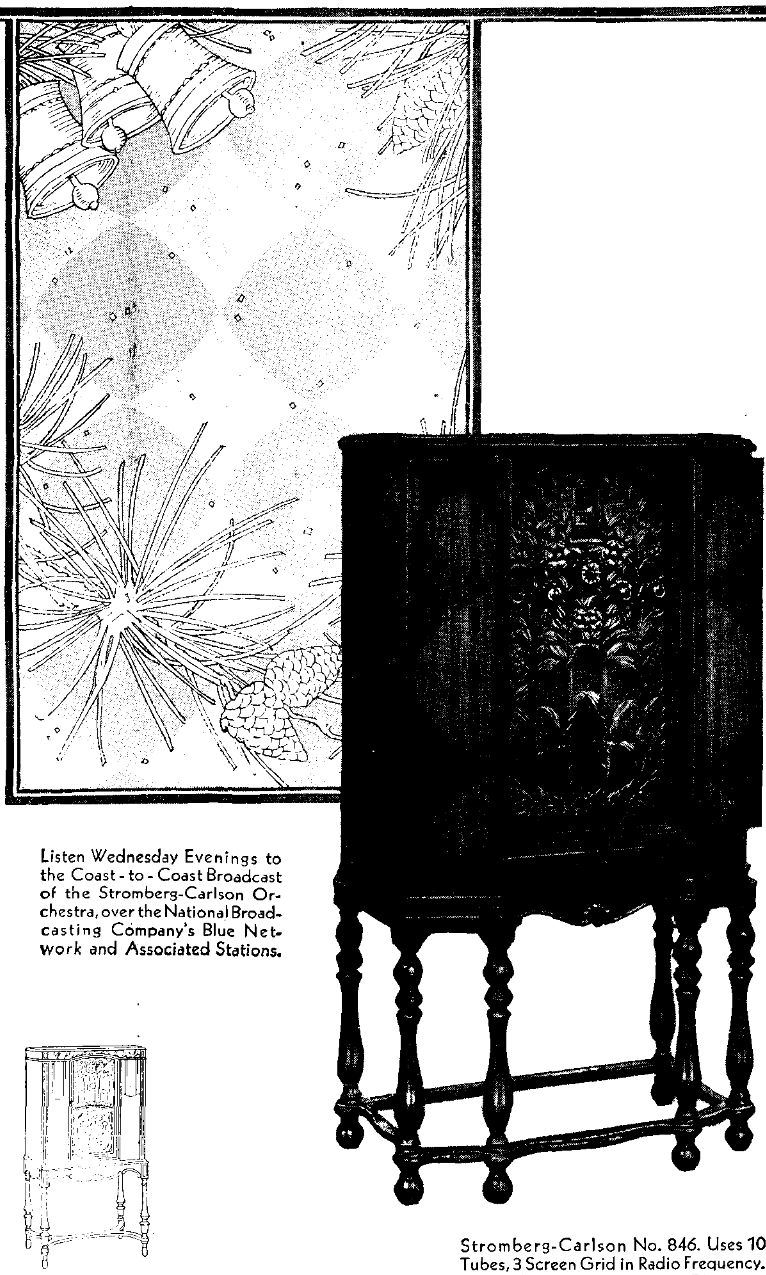


THE very spirit of Christmas is embodied in this new Stromberg-Carlson No. 846 . . . It possesses tonal splendor as magnificent as the season's songs . . . Physical charm akin to the beauty of sentiment itself!

Exquisite, distinctive is the half-octagonal cabinet. Luxurious are the carefully matched woods and hand-rubbed finish. And far above ordinary standards is the quality of workmanship and materials inside.

There is a Visual Tuning Meter to insure utmost accuracy of selection. A Silent Push Button to eliminate sound while tuning. An Automatic Volume Control, a Phonograph Jack and other Stromberg-Carlson refinements. All in all, it is a remembrance that your loved ones will be proud to own!

"THERE IS NOTHING FINER THAN A STROMBERG-CARLSON"



Listen Wednesday Evenings to the Coast-to-Coast Broadcast of the Stromberg-Carlson Orchestra, over the National Broadcasting Company's Blue Network and Associated Stations.

No. 642. Screen Grid Receiver. Built-in Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Price, less tubes, East of Rockies . . $247.50

Stromberg-Carlson No. 846. Uses 10 Tubes, 3 Screen Grid in Radio Frequency. Power Detection. Built-in Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Price, less tubes, East of Rockies $347.50

STROMBERG-CARLSON TELEPHONE MFG. CO., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Stromberg-Carlson

MAKERS OF VOICE TRANSMISSION AND VOICE RECEPTION APPARATUS FOR MORE THAN THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

Ain't Nature Gland!

Continued from page 46

combustion of food—if it is overactive, food is wasted and the body loses weight on normal diet; if it is underactive, food is not burned rapidly enough to supply energy for the body needs, and the body gains weight and becomes sluggish and obese.

Here we have one of the pitfalls of common knowledge about the thyroid. People knowing that excessive thyroid secretion causes loss of weight, hope to lose unwanted pounds by eating the gland substance, a procedure futile if the obesity is not caused by thyroid sluggishness, and dangerous in any case, if not carefully supervised, because it upsets the normal balance of the connected gland system.

We also know that the thyroid has a direct connection with the reproductive system, particularly in women, and that enlargement at puberty and during pregnancy is to be expected and should not cause alarm.

The Fountain of Youth

And we know that the thyroid and the nervous system are so intimately connected that disturbance in either one may cause disturbance in the other. The one condition in the thyroid which is not really alarming is called exophthalmic goiter, because with the enlargement of the gland which we call goiter there comes a protrusion of the eyeballs known as exophthalmus.

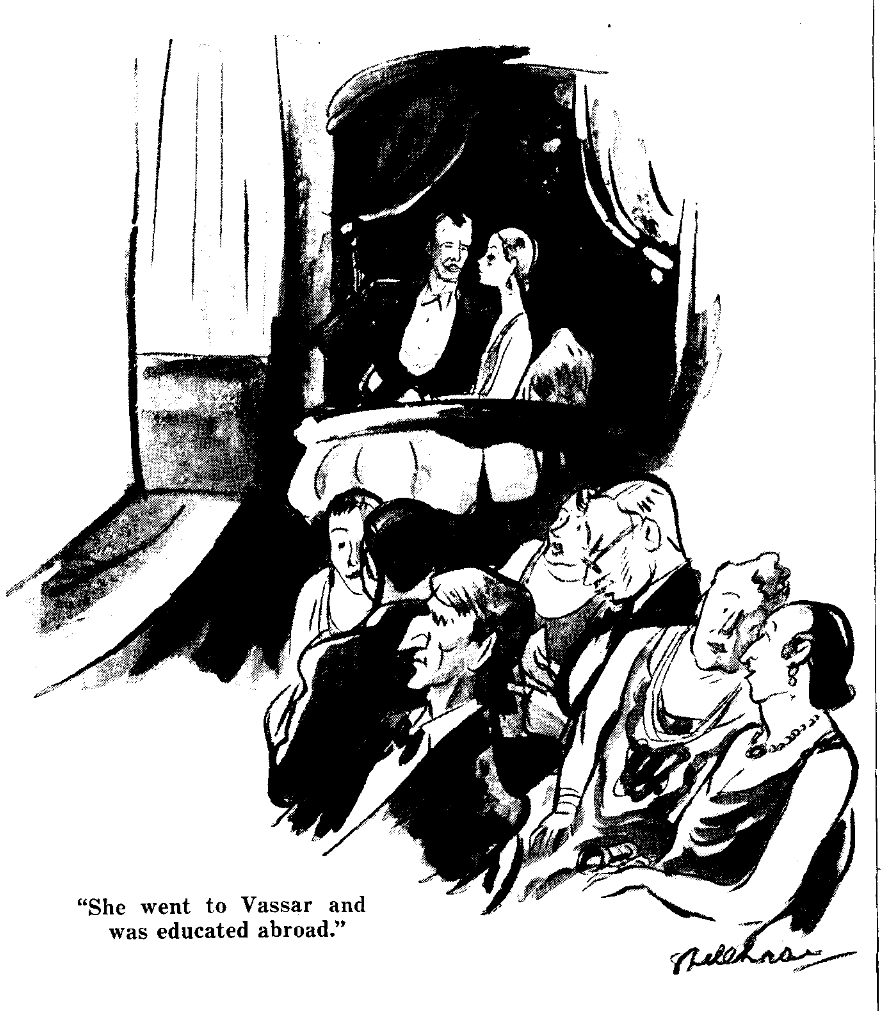
This condition is often found to be of purely nervous origin. If the cause of the nervous disturbance can be removed the goiter often disappears, as in the case of the young instructor who worked for an irritable old professor who nearly drove him mad. He developed exophthalmic goiter and had to be sent away on a long leave of absence. While on the ninth tee of a golf course, where he was trying to regain his health, a caddy came to him with a telegram telling him of his chief's death and his own promotion. The man who was playing golf with him, and who has a reputation as a good doctor to keep up, told me that before the young man had reached the eighteenth hole his goiter had markedly improved.

The *sex glands*, or gonads, besides performing their major function of producing the sexual elements, have an internal secretion of importance for health and happiness if not for life itself.

This secretion, like that of the cortex of the adrenals, has an influence on the secondary sexual characteristics, specific in each sex. It also has an effect on the emotional reactions of the individual. That it has any real effect on youth or age other than the perfecting of the psychological aspects of sexual maturity we do not know.

Experiments in transplantation of ovaries and testes in animals have had some sensational results, which have led the world at large to hope for great things from transplantation in human beings. We must admit at once that transplantation in man is not practical, and that its results are very transitory. In the present state of our knowledge, operations for rejuvenation are only pitiful. Ponce de Leon found more in Florida than we can find in the operating-room.

Extracts of the gonads have, however, their function in alleviating some of the symptoms of approaching age, especially in women. We shall no doubt know more about them some day, but at present, except in carefully selected cases, they can only be used with our fingers crossed.



"She went to Vassar and was educated abroad."

A BROKEN KNEE BUT BILLS PAID BY INSURANCE

ONE DAY IN JANUARY, last year, Charles R. Thurston, of Battle Creek, Michigan, in going downstairs in his home, fell, breaking his right knee. A surgical operation was necessary, and Mr. Thurston was disabled many months before he could resume his duties as druggist. Fortunately, he was insured under an Ætna Accident Policy, which not only paid the operation fee and the hospital bills, but also paid him $37.50 a week during the long period of his disability. (Claim 24-PA-816.)

Touring along the highway in Georgia, K. B. Deane, from Toledo, Ohio, was seriously injured when another car pulled out of line and crashed into his machine. Many miles from home, Mr. Deane found that it pays to be insured under an Ætna Accident Policy. Ætna paid the bill at the local hospital where he was taken, and assisted in his recovery in every way possible. Also, during the many months of disability that followed, Ætna paid Mr. Deane a weekly indemnity of $50. (Claim 31-PA-10.)

The body of C. R. McLaughlin was found inside his automobile submerged in twenty feet of water in Horseshoe Lake, Mississippi. The car had skidded from the road and slid over the steep embankment. The driver, unable to extricate himself, had been drowned. The cause of the accident was undetermined. The widow of the insured was paid $30,000 by Ætna. (Claim 39-PA-425.)

"Insured by Ætna" means unfailing, immediate help in time of distress. The above claims, like all just ones, were settled by Ætna promptly. Though the names given are fictitious, all other details are correct and recorded fully in the Ætna files.

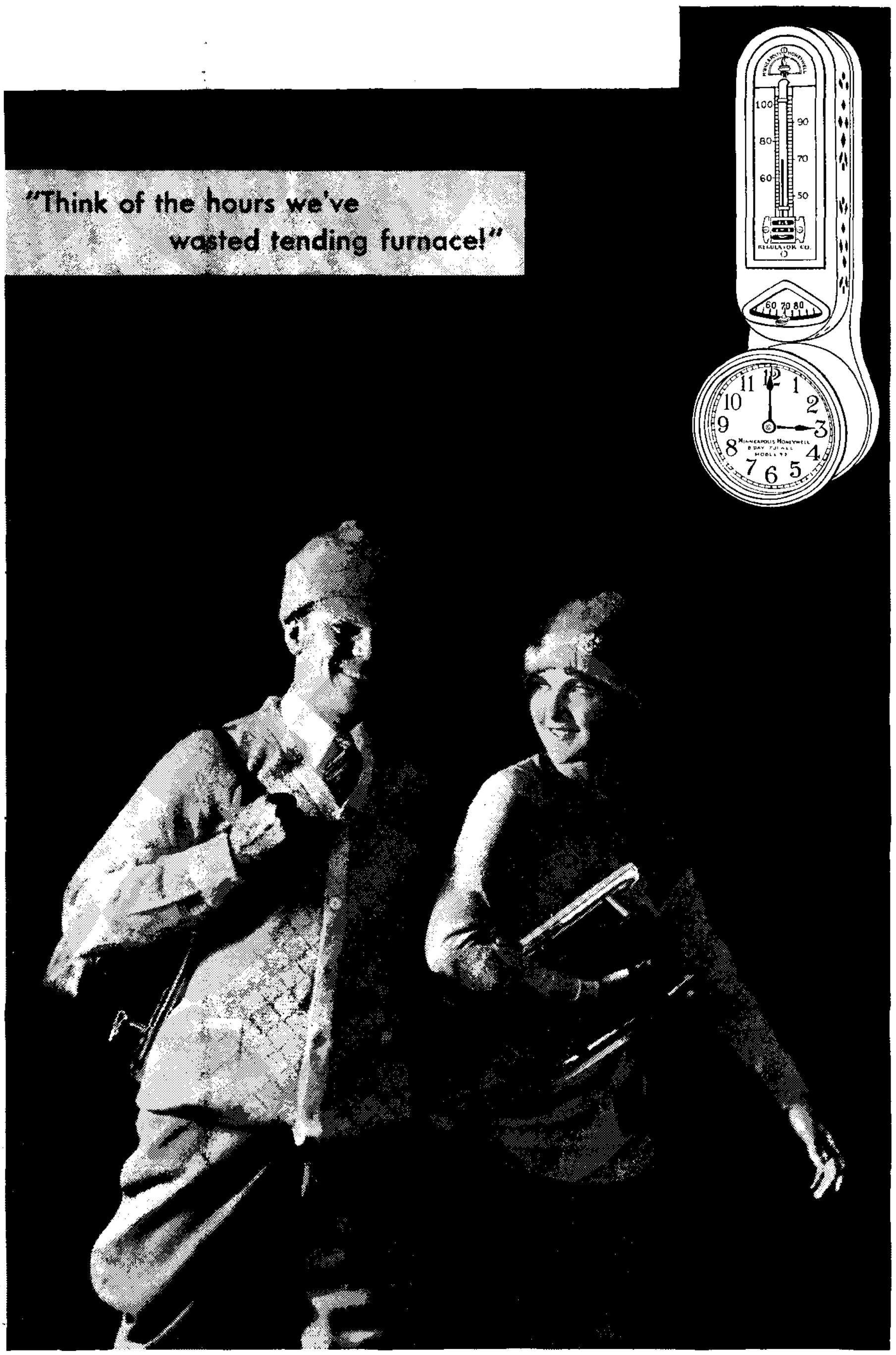
There is an Ætna policy or bond to protect you against every insurable risk. From coast to coast 20,000 trained Ætna representatives stand ever ready to assist you when in trouble. Let the Ætna-izer in your community help you establish a complete and economical program of protection.

The Ætna Life group consists of The Ætna Life Insurance Company, The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company, The Automobile Insurance Company, The Standard Fire Insurance Company, of Hartford, Connecticut.

ÆTNA-IZE

ÆTNA

SEE THE ÆTNA-IZER IN
YOUR COMMUNITY—HE IS
A MAN WORTH KNOWING


"Think of the hours we've wasted tending furnace!"

This is the Age of Automatic Home Heating . . . founded on Automatic Heat Control

"Remember, before we got the regulator, how early I had to get up to start the fire so the house would be halfway warm for breakfast? And how you spent a good share of every day and I wasted most of my evenings trying to keep the temperature somewhere near 70?"

The owner of a Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator sleeps an hour later every morning because the regulator rouses the fire automatically. He leaves home knowing that his wife will not have to worry about the heat during the day. And he comes back in the evening to a healthy family in a warm, comfortable home—a home that is free from heating plant drudgery because the regulator operates checks and drafts automatically to keep the indoor temperature uniform.

Your family can secure all the priceless advantages of automatic heat control . . . the foundation of automatic heating . . . in two ways: Install a heating plant burning coal, oil or gas automatically (the leading makes, you will find, depend on Minneapolis-Honeywell controls) — or equip your present heater with a Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator, modest in cost but destined to give you a lifetime of faithful automatic service . . . May be purchased on easy payments . . . Write for free booklet, "The High Cost of Overheating".

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL
HEAT REGULATOR

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR CO., (Also manufacturers of industrial temperature, pressure and safety combustion controllers, industrial motor valves, automatic control for unit heaters, and Jewell Temperature Regulators.) Executive Offices: 2720 Fourth Avenue So., Minneapolis. Factories: Minneapolis, Minn. and Wabash, Ind. Branch offices and distributors in principal cities. Authorized factory-trained representatives in almost every city.

The Prince of Pleasure

Continued from page 18

stage, who, growing tired of her senile husband, has come to Le Touquet alone, and has picked up a boy friend in the approved chorus-girl manner.

Standing just above them and opposite the French banker and his friend are two Englishmen. Quite young, the slimmer of them looks, with his fresh pink and white complexion, though if you look closer you will see the wrinkles around his eyes, and dark pouches under them. His companion has an air of responsibility and a military bearing. The shorter man lingers for a moment at the table on his way to the baccarat room. "I say," he whispers, "I must have a little flutter here. Let's try thirty-five three times running and see if my age is lucky." His companion nods and flicks a hundred-franc counter onto the number thirty-five.

An Embarrassing Break

"*Rien ne va plus*," and the little ball slips into the groove at four.

"Better luck next time, let's try again," says the slim man cheerfully, and another hundred-franc counter falls on thirty-five. "*Rien ne va plus*," and number seventeen turns up.

The croupiers rake in the stakes again. Suddenly the shrill voice of the French cocotte breaks in: "No, no! I have won. I put my stake on seventeen. Give me my money."

"Pardon, madame, you put it on dix-huite," murmurs the croupier courteously.

"Non, non, you are thieves," she breaks into shrill imprecations. Pointing across at the slim young man she shouts, "You, m'sieur, you saw my stake on seventeen. Tell these thieves at once."

The young Guards officer glances up at the slim young man. "Tell her to go to hell. She's holding up the game," he mutters. Then his eye catches the face of the man to whom he has spoken. He leaps to his feet, scattering his counters on the floor as he does so. Feet clicking together, he bows profoundly from the waist. "I beg your pardon, Your Royal Highness," he says apologetically. "I did not recognize you at first."

The French woman catches a word of this conversation. "*Ah, c'est le Prince de Galle*," she screams. "He will give me justice against these thieves."

The companion of the Prince of Wales (for it is he) pulls at his arm, and the Prince, drawing himself up, inclines his head to the assembled company and with a mechanical smile turns on his heel towards the baccarat-room followed by entreaties and curses from the indignant French woman.

A reporter for the gossip column of a large London daily, who is sitting in the roulette-room, smiles slowly. "This is one of the things we are paid not to report," he murmurs to his companion.

The fiat has gone forth from St. James's Palace and from Fleet Street that the public does not want to hear about the Prince in the casino, and consequently the public is obediently fobbed off with the information that "The Prince of Wales flew back from Le Touquet on Monday after his week-end there." What he did at Le Touquet is very properly left in darkness.

Actually of course the Prince's amusements in the casino are of the most harmless description, but the puritanical public has got it firmly into its head that casinos are the haunts of vice and that it is incompatible with the dignity of the Crown for the heir to the throne to be present there.

The above is the only incident that I have seen, when the Prince was present, that could reasonably be called a scene, and there his presence was transitory enough. I have, however, seen several incidents in the baccarat-room in which the Prince played a greater part.

The baccarat-room of course is the room where the experts congregate, leaving roulette for the amateurs. It is here that the famous Greek syndicate makes its great coups that have passed into the history of gambling. The faces here are serious faces. Poker faces, with an added glint of excitement in their eyes. The Prince of Wales, like his grandfather, is fonder of baccarat than any other card game.

I remember one incident in particular. Sitting next to the Prince of Wales, who was taking no part in this hand, was the young wife of an ex-officer blinded in the war, while on the other side was her husband. Beyond him in turn was a German gambler with particularly obnoxious manners. On entering the room the Prince of Wales had immediately recognized the ex-officer as a man whom he had met at a visit to St. Dunstan's Blind Institution some years before, and they had exchanged a few words of greeting.

The game had soon got to a stage where it was clear that there were only two players left in, and they were the wife of the ex-officer and the German on his right. The bidding got higher and higher, and all the rest of the players in the room crowded round. The blinded soldier conferred with his wife as to the advisability of going on. Suddenly the German's voice broke in.

"I protest," he said firmly. "This gentleman by my side is looking over my cards, and telling them to the lady on his left."

The spectators were thunderstruck, and there was a certain amount of angry muttering from the Englishmen there. The Prince of Wales alone retained his tact. He rose slowly to his feet. "Sir," he said gently, "I think you are laboring under a misapprehension. The gentleman on your left is blind."

A Gambler's Face

"Yes, blinded in the war," a voice cut in from the other side. And the German subsided, covered with confusion, and promptly made a foolish mistake that lost him a couple of hundred pounds.

The Prince himself, though he plays quite frequently, is no devotee of baccarat. He has enough sense to play for moderate stakes that he can afford, and if he had not got enough sense himself, his staff would very soon see that he did not do anything foolish. In fact the majority of young men with the extremely large income that the Prince of Wales possesses would probably be bored by playing for the small stakes that he ventures. But H. R. H. himself is not bored. One might almost say that baccarat is in his blood, and that he takes after his grandfather. It is only his lifelong training, and the caution of the staff which constantly surrounds him, that keeps him down to his small maximum.

A famous gambler, a member of the Greek syndicate, once told me that the Prince had missed his vocation when he firmly refused to become a gambler. The actual words of my informant are quite worth repeating. "You see," he said to me, "he has such an excellent poker face, not like ordinary players'

(*Continued on page 53*)

A Low Priced Billiard Table for the Youngsters—$7.50

The Brunswick Junior Playmate is a table for juvenile use which meets the exacting Brunswick standards of construction. It must not be confused with ordinary toy tables. It is sturdily built, portable, with folding legs and complete playing equipment—available in six sizes, at $7.50, $13.50, $18.50, $37.50, $60.00 and $100.00 (*prices slightly higher west of Denver and in Canada*)—at leading stores everywhere. You will instantly identify it by its rich mahogany finish and the Brunswick trademark in Gold, which is shown below.

BRUNSWICK
JUNIOR PLAYMATE
MFG. BY
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

No Problem for Dad

WITH billiards in the home, a parent is more than an acquaintance with his children. He's a play-fellow, a hail-fellow, a confidant and companion. For billiards is the ideal recipe for home development. It is the magnet which draws together families and friends—young and old.

Billiards is the home's basic ally—the most wholesome of indoor games—providing perfectly proportioned physical and mental exercise, recreation, relaxation and play—for all the family—regardless of age.

Billiards is inexpensive. It can be played in the club-like atmosphere of the modern billiard room, recreation center, or at home. Brunswick home tables range in price from $7.50 up. Each model, irrespective of price, is staunchly made, accurately angled, and completely equipped with balls, cues, etc. The lower priced models are sold at leading stores everywhere. The more expensive tables can be bought on the deferred payment plan (only a modest initial payment required) from the Brunswick branches located in all principal cities.

Mail the coupon below for the "Home Magnet", a booklet of complete information, sizes, prices and illustrations of Brunswick Tables. There is no obligation implied.

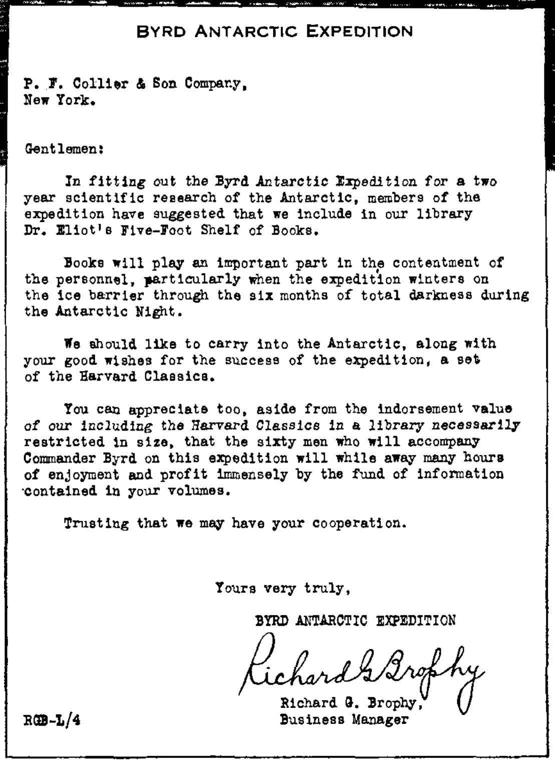
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Dept. 199, 623 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without obligating me, please send your "Home Magnet", a booklet giving descriptions, sizes, prices, and your easy-payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables.

Name..
Address..
City........................... *State*.............

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., *General Offices:* 623-633 So. Wabash Avenue, *Chicago, Ill.* In Canada: *Toronto*

The Byrd Expedition chooses these books



BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

P. F. Collier & Son Company,
New York.

Gentlemen:

In fitting out the Byrd Antarctic Expedition for a two year scientific research of the Antarctic, members of the expedition have suggested that we include in our library Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

Books will play an important part in the contentment of the personnel, particularly when the expedition winters on the ice barrier through the six months of total darkness during the Antarctic Night.

We should like to carry into the Antarctic, along with your good wishes for the success of the expedition, a set of the Harvard Classics.

You can appreciate too, aside from the indorsement value of our including the Harvard Classics in a library necessarily restricted in size, that the sixty men who will accompany Commander Byrd on this expedition will while away many hours of enjoyment and profit immensely by the fund of information contained in your volumes.

Trusting that we may have your cooperation.

Yours very truly,

BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

Richard G. Brophy

Richard G. Brophy,
Business Manager

RGB-L/4

THIS letter was written to P. F. Collier & Son Company by the Manager of the Byrd Expedition, asking that The Harvard Classics be added to their very limited library. The Publishers were pleased to serve Commander Byrd and his men.

The selection of Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books is typical of the vision with which the whole voyage was planned. Men of the highest type need the best possible reading recreation, and The Harvard Classics have brought inspiration and pleasure to thousands.

Men in the ice floes of the Antarctic need be no more remote than the people in our civilized urban world, so far as their reading is concerned. Although the explorer is limited to the few books he can take with him, we of the busy world may be so hopelessly lost in the millions of books that we miss the truly great ones.

The explorer *must* choose. And the Byrd Expedition chose The Harvard Classics.

Because Dr. Eliot, forty years President of Harvard University, recognized the need for easy access to the best books, he assembled in one convenient set the works which have everlasting value, the books that stimulate, inspire, and advise. In these volumes are included the writings of 302 immortal authors. Through Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf people have found that the classics are not dull, but intensely stirring; not beautiful antiques, but lively, stimulating modern thought with vital application to everyday life.

P. F. Collier & Son Company has published good books since 1875. By the famous Collier plan, you can pay for these books while you read and enjoy them.

This Free Booklet

Before you spend another penny for books, get a copy of "Fifteen Minutes a Day"—the booklet that tells how to turn precious spare time into profitable entertainment, growth and increased power. It's ready and waiting for you. Sending for it does not obligate you in any way.

15 MINUTES A DAY

DR. ELIOT'S OWN PLAN OF READING FREE

Pleasure, self-satisfaction, entertainment and at the same time the delight of mental growth—these are the inspired ideas behind The Harvard Classics. In all the world there is no other such grouping of the few imperishable writings which picture the whole progress of civilization. These books have as proud possessors more than a third of a million intelligent ambitious families. Send for the free booklet which gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading and tells how he has put into the Five-Foot Shelf "the essentials of a liberal education."

Address Department 7209-HCM
P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
250 Park Avenue New York, N. Y.

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

{The Harvard Classics}

The Prince of Pleasure

Continued from page 50

faces without a shadow of feeling at all, but something better. His practice at being Prince of Wales makes him able to put on that everlasting smile whenever he likes and whatever he is really thinking. Why, if I had the training he has had, and could put on that smile, I should be a millionaire by now, and not in francs either. If ever you have a revolution in England, which I must say does not seem very likely, I shall be the first to offer the Prince of Wales a job as a member of my syndicate."

A Puritanical Restriction

Fortunately that revolution has not yet come off, and the baccarat-room is for the Prince of Wales largely a waiting-room where he can spend the early part of the evening before the amusement that he really comes for gets into full swing.

It is, of course, the ballroom of the casino that attracts the Prince of Wales; and after eleven o'clock, if he is at the casino at all, you are almost sure to find him there.

It is at the dances in France, at Deauville and Le Touquet, that the Prince really has an opportunity of enjoying himself much as an ordinary man. That is why he goes there so frequently. He is not hemmed round so much by etiquette there, and apart from the ever-watchful guardianship of his equerries he is able to dance with pretty well whomsoever he pleases. In France it is not necessary to have been introduced to a woman before you ask her for a dance. And it is quite customary to go up to any disengaged girl, and asking the permission of her partner, which is seldom refused, to take her onto the dance floor straight away. Naturally the Prince himself cannot do that, and accordingly one of his equerries generally does the asking for him; and I may say that so far he has never been refused!

The only bar that there is toward his choice of partners is the bar of expediency, and his equerries see to it that he does not dance sufficiently often with one partner to give rise to malicious gossip among the disappointed ones.

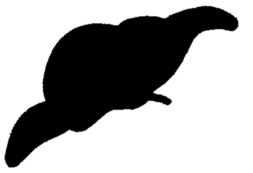
You may well ask why you have not heard all this before. Simply and solely because of the stupid puritanical attitude of the Fleet Street pundits.

The Prince's amusements in Le Touquet are just as innocent, though much more amusing, than laying foundation stones in Bootle. But because Le Touquet is thought to be the resort of the demimonde, and a haunt of vice, the prurient minds of little Englanders imagine that if the Prince of Wales goes there he must be living in sin.

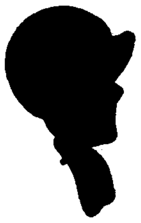
That does not stop the Prince of Wales from going there. It just stops the public from hearing what he does there. And naturally they think the worst. THE END

Inky Incidents

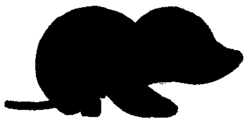
YES, but there's no danger of inkstains on your fingers. Colliergraphs eliminate all the mess from picture making. Try your hand at this fascinating pastime and you'll be amazed at the endless possibilities contained in these five variations of the French curves. This is the time to start!



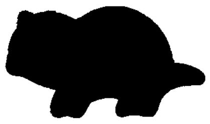
George F. Summer, 714 Lincoln Ave., Moore, Pa.



T. W. Doyle, 219 Robinson St., Fairmont, W. Va.



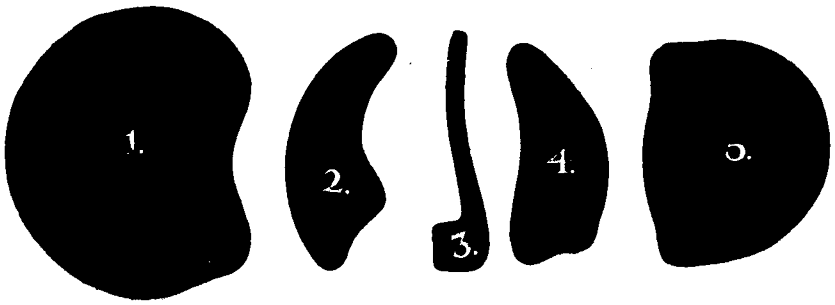
C. D. Watson, 730 St. Paul St., Denver, Col.

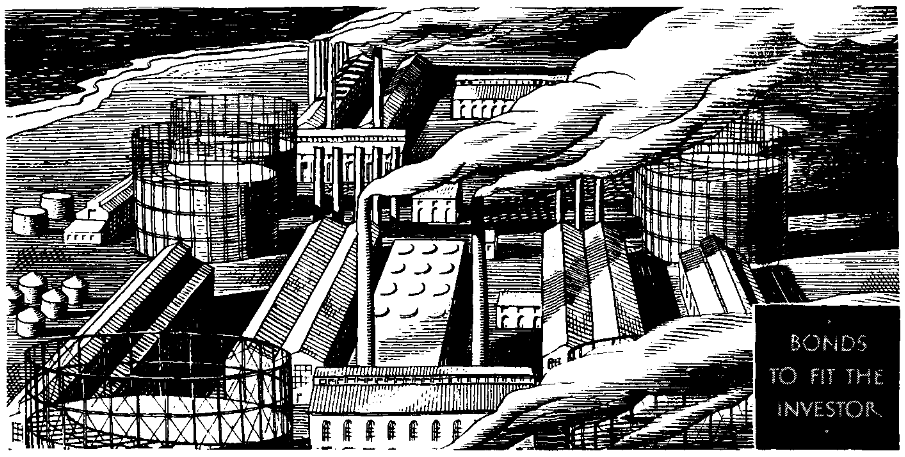


Flora C. Kerr, Toronto, Kan.

CUT out these five black figures. For greater ease in manipulation, mount each separately on cardboard. Then lay them on top of one another and shift them about until you have achieved a silhouette of the person, animal or plant you have in mind. When you are satisfied with the result, paste the pieces together and mail them to: Colliergraphs Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Five dollars each will be paid for those published.

Here are the pieces—cut them out




BONDS TO FIT THE INVESTOR

B. T. U.'s by the Billions

"OUR bill was a trifle more this month . . . or, a trifle less" . . . that, for many, sums up their immediate interest in the gas industry. The hundreds of companies providing manufactured gas, their producing plants, reservoirs, and underground distributing systems . . . the natural gas companies, their compressor stations and systems of pipe lines . . . the millions of cubic feet they deliver and the heating quality of their product in B. t. u.'s (British thermal units) . . . all this the general public takes for granted.

This unconcerned acceptance reflects the faith of the public in the soundness of the modern gas industry—a faith which underlies the hundreds of millions of investment dollars back of the industry. It also implies the promise of more capital as it may be needed for future growth—a growth which is being accelerated by the increasing use of gas in industry, and which should be further accelerated as gas is more widely used for the heating of homes and buildings.

In recommending the purchase of conservative bonds secured by gas properties, Halsey, Stuart & Co. has been privileged to serve in two capacities . . . first, it has played a prominent role in the upbuilding of this essential industry . . . and, second, it has assisted thousands of people to place their surplus funds in safe investments.

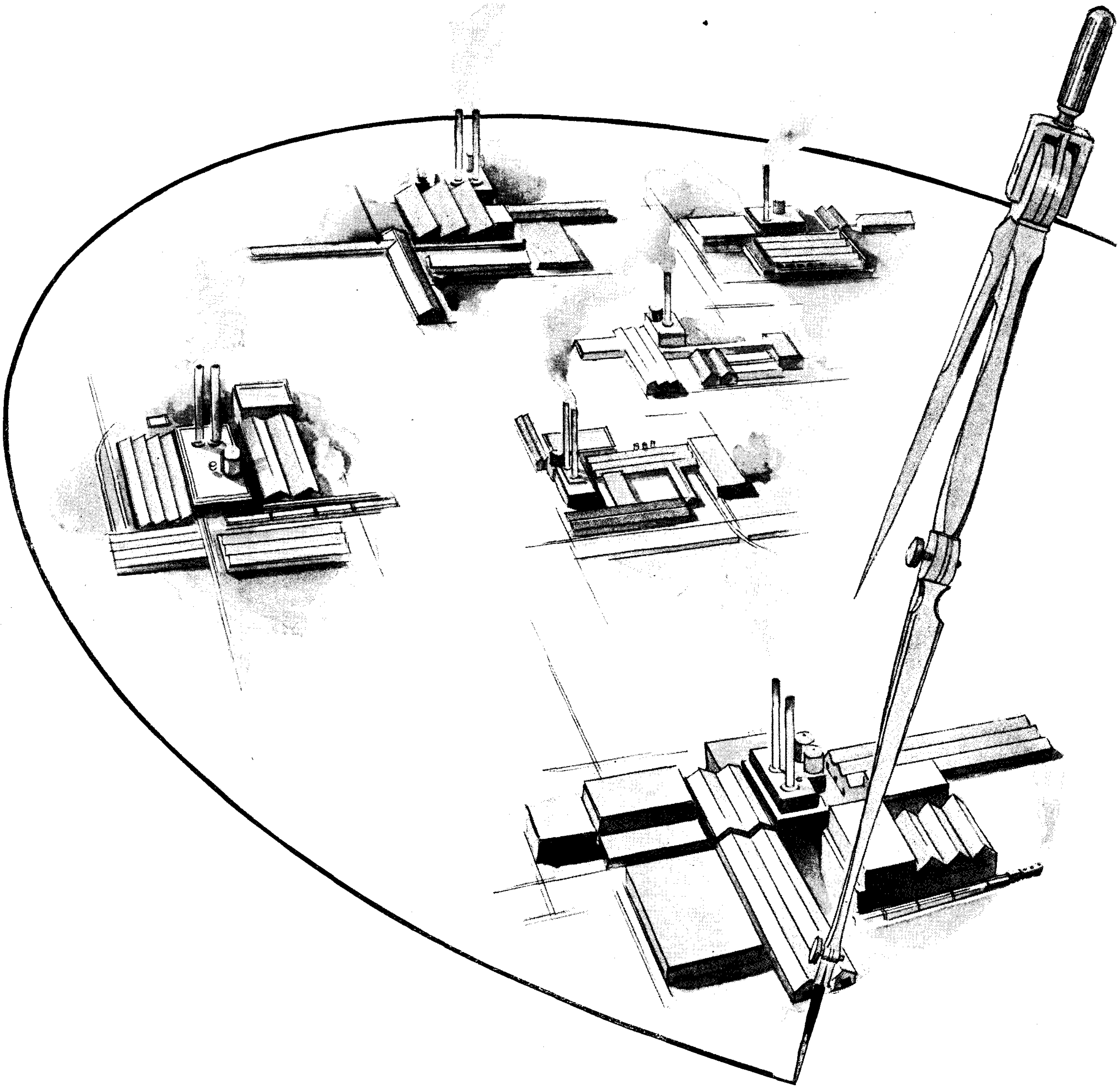
For additional information about the investment opportunities in this and other branches of the Public Utility Industry, write for our illustrated booklet, "The Strength of the Utilities."

HALSEY, STUART & CO.
INCORPORATED
CHICAGO, 201 S. La Salle St.   NEW YORK, 35 Wall St.
AND OTHER PRINCIPAL CITIES

THE PROGRAM THAT DOES MORE THAN ENTERTAIN

Every Wednesday evening you may increase your knowledge of sound investment by listening to the Old Counsellor on the Halsey, Stuart & Co. Program. ◆ Broadcast over a Coast to Coast network of 37 stations associated with National Broadcasting Company. ◆ Music by distinguished instrumental ensemble.

9 P. M. Eastern Standard Time
8 P. M. Central Standard Time
7 P. M. Mountain Standard Time
6 P. M. Pacific Standard Time



GROUPING MINDS AND RESOURCES to benefit American Motorists

HOUDE ENGINEERING CORPORATION
Houdaille Double Acting Hydraulic Shock Absorbers

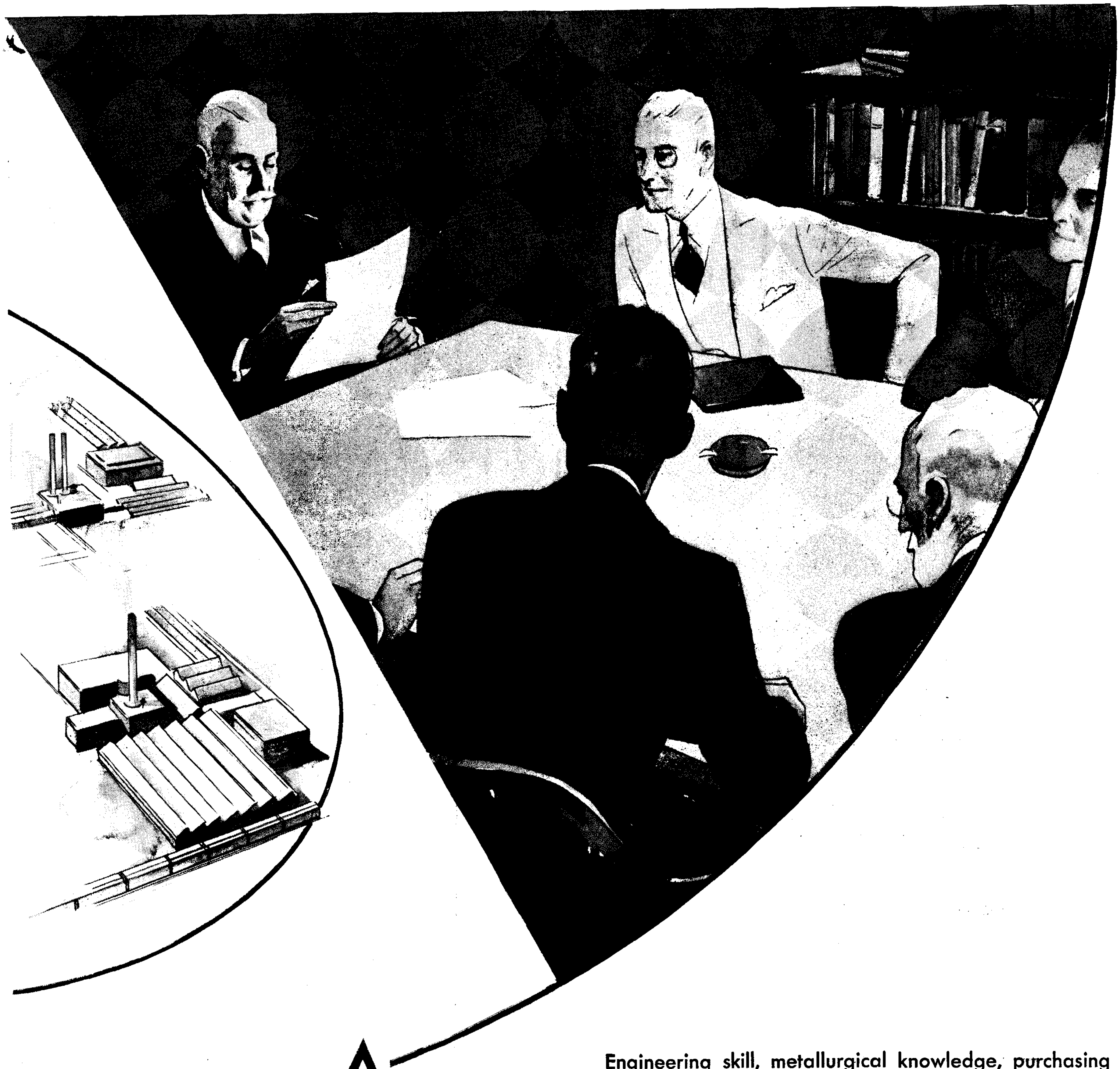
OAKES PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Steering and Ignition Locks, Tire Carriers and Locks, Window Wings, Gasoline Strainers, Cooling Fans, Intricate Stampings, etc.

GENERAL SPRING BUMPER CORPORATION
C. G. and Biflex Bumpers—Tire Protectors

THE SKINNER COMPANY, Ltd.
Bumpers

PLANTS AT:
Buffalo
Chicago
Detroit
Decatur
Indianapolis
Waukegan
Gananoque (Can.)
Oshawa (Can.)

HOUDAILLE



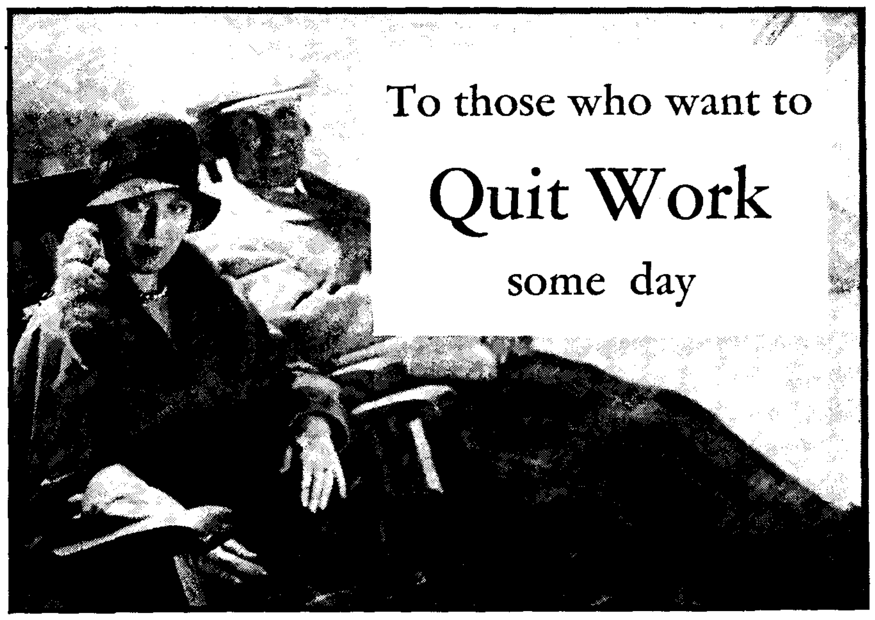
ANOTHER great name in motordom—another great power in industry—another great leader in modern motor car refinement and efficiency—the Houdaille-Hershey Corporation.

Some of the best minds in the country have been brought together to develop still further, products already famous.

Engineering skill, metallurgical knowledge, purchasing power, marketing efficiency, productive energy—all have been increased by combining the resources of the individual organizations. And back of it all is the concentrated executive control and financial power to direct the operations of this great corporation toward the single aim—Comfort, Convenience, and Safety for motorists.

HERSHEY CORPORATION

EXECUTIVE OFFICES: 25th Floor Palmolive Bldg.,
Chicago, Illinois


To those who want to
Quit Work
some day

THIS PAGE is addressed to those thousands of earnest, hard-working men and women who want to take things easier some day.

It tells how, by following a simple, definite plan, they can provide for themselves in later years *a guaranteed income they cannot outlive.*

How the Plan Works

It doesn't matter whether your present income is large or merely average. It doesn't matter whether you are making fifty dollars a week or five hundred. If you follow this plan you will some day have an income upon which to retire.

The plan calls for the deposit of only a few dollars each month—the exact amount depending on your age. The minute you make your first deposit, your biggest money worries begin to disappear. Even if you should become totally and permanently disabled, you would not need to worry. Your payments would be made by us out of a special fund provided for that purpose.

And not only that. We would mail you a check every month during the entire time of your disability, even if that disability should continue for many, many years—the remainder of your natural life.

Get this free book

The Phoenix Mutual Company, which offers you this opportunity, is a 125 million dollar company. For over three-quarters of a century it has been helping thousands of men and women to end money worries.

But you're not interested in us. You are interested in what we can do for *you*. An illustrated, 36-page book called "How to Get the Things You Want" tells you exactly that. It tells how you can become financially independent—how you can retire on an income—how you can provide money for emergencies—money to leave your home free of debt—money for other needs.

This financial plan is simple, reasonable, and logical. The minute you read about it you will realize why it accomplishes such desirable results—not for failures, not for people who can't make ends meet, but for hard-working, forward-looking people who know what they want and are ready to make definite plans to get it. No obligation. Get your copy of the book now.

NEW RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN

Here is what a dividend-paying $10,000 policy will do for you:

It guarantees when you are 65

A Monthly Income for life of $100, which assures a return of at least $10,000, and perhaps much more, depending upon how long you live;
or, if you prefer,
A cash settlement of $12,000.

It guarantees upon death from any natural cause before age 65

A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $10,000. Or $50 a month for at least 24 years and 8 months.
Total $14,823

It guarantees upon death resulting from accident before age 60

A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $20,000. Or $100 a month for at least 24 years and 8 months.
Total $29,646

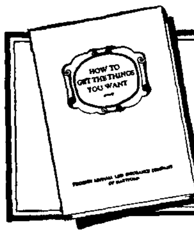
It guarantees throughout permanent total disability which begins before age 60

A Monthly Disability Income of $100 and payment for you of all premiums.

Similar plans for women or for retirement at ages 55 or 60 are also available.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office: Hartford, Conn. First Policy issued 1851

Copyright 1929, P. M. L. I. Co.


HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., 472 Elm St., Hartford, Conn.
Send me by mail, without obligation, your new book,
"HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT."

Name____________ Date of Birth____________
Business Address____________
Home Address____________

Mr. Remsen's Racket

Continued from page 28

badly injured—at home under his physician's care with a fractured arm, cuts, bruises and shock that would keep him from his business as a mason for some weeks.

There ensued a wrangle which pained Mr. Barlow.

"See here," finally said Mr. Remsen, pacing the carpet with dignity, "I'll settle this here and now. Will you," he asked the woman, ignoring her attorney, "have your husband sign a release for thirty-five hundred dollars?"

"Not a penny less than five thousand," snapped the attorney.

"Thirty-five hundred dollars is my offer, madam," said Mr. Remsen, firmly.

THERE was a whispered argument between client and attorney, during which Mr. Remsen and Mr. Barlow withdrew to the farther end of the room, joined by the secretary.

The attorney ended the argument by rising.

"If you want to take it, that's your affair," he said, angrily. "Sue for ten thousand and you'll get at least six. I won't argue any more."

He didn't. He left.

Mr. Remsen, coldly generous, pursued negotiations, and the woman agreed to sign a release and obtain her husband's signature to one, deliverable that night or the first thing in the morning, for four thousand dollars. With a brief nod, Mr. Remsen left her waiting while he escorted Mr. Barlow into the other sitting-room, instructing his secretary to bring a checkbook.

Sitting at an escritoire he addressed Mr. Barlow: "I'll make my check for four thousand dollars to the hotel, Mr. Barlow, and you can exchange it for a check against the hotel made out to this woman and her husband for four thousand. That will protect me. Damn that chauffeur. He's through, now," he emphasized with a look at his secretary, who was diligently filling in a check payable to the hotel for four thousand dollars.

Mr. Barlow took the check, read the signature—J. Osgood Remsen.

Within twenty minutes he appeared with a hotel check duly written for four thousand dollars to the order of Mr. and Mrs. James Norris. He saw Mr. Remsen personally hand this check to the woman, heard her thank him and was a witness to her departure with Mr. Remsen's secretary, who was to obtain and witness the joint release.

Mr. Barlow appeared, freshly groomed, in the managerial office late the following morning, but it was not until late that afternoon that he came slowly to realize that Mr. J. Osgood Remsen, his distinguished guest, plus the discreet secretary, had unobtrusively departed. An expensive trunk remained in the suite. But there was nothing in the trunk, expensive or inexpensive.

Mr. Barlow smiled ruefully. Still later the same day, Mr. Barlow was fired by a superior who had just heard about an uncertified but accepted check for four thousand dollars. Mr. Barlow left with mixed feelings in his frock-coated breast.

Mr. Remsen and his troupe of competent performers—a suave secretary, a blunt and bristling gentleman who looked like an attorney, and a passably good-looking woman known in private as Mr. Remsen's wife, although public records might have been remiss in proving that point—these, with a sharp-featured young man who smoked limitless cigarettes and might readily have been taken for a reporter, went their way to fresh fields of enterprise.

Which brought them, on a certain day, to a certain city. At a magnificent hotel there appeared two men preceded by menials bearing costly baggage. The obviously deferential young man of this pair signed the register—John J. Smith. Later a reporter appeared to ask for Mr. Jenkins, the well-known copper man. He was persistent when informed that no Mr. Jenkins had checked in. Telephone conversation followed a consultation of the guest list during which the reporter had pounced on the name of John J. Smith.

Thus events followed the formula, but suddenly struck a snag.

AT THE police station a desk-sergeant glowered jovially.

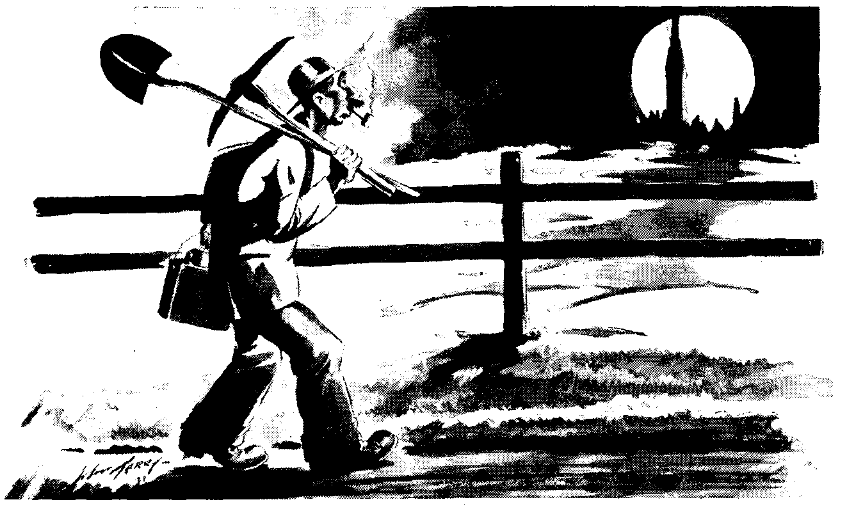
"You're the big copper man, eh?" he charged the crestfallen Remsen, alias Jenkins, Smith and Jones. The sergeant nodded to a grinning turnkey. "Put the big copper man in that cell with the big sugar man."

The cell door had hardly been slammed on Mr. Remsen's smooth back when a gasp of astonished recognition came from a gentleman-in-waiting there. The gasp was followed by a dry laugh.

"I've seen you before," said Mr. Remsen.

"Yes," said the other, genially. "My name's Barlow. If I hadn't tried to work your racket at the same hotel yesterday, neither of us would be here now."

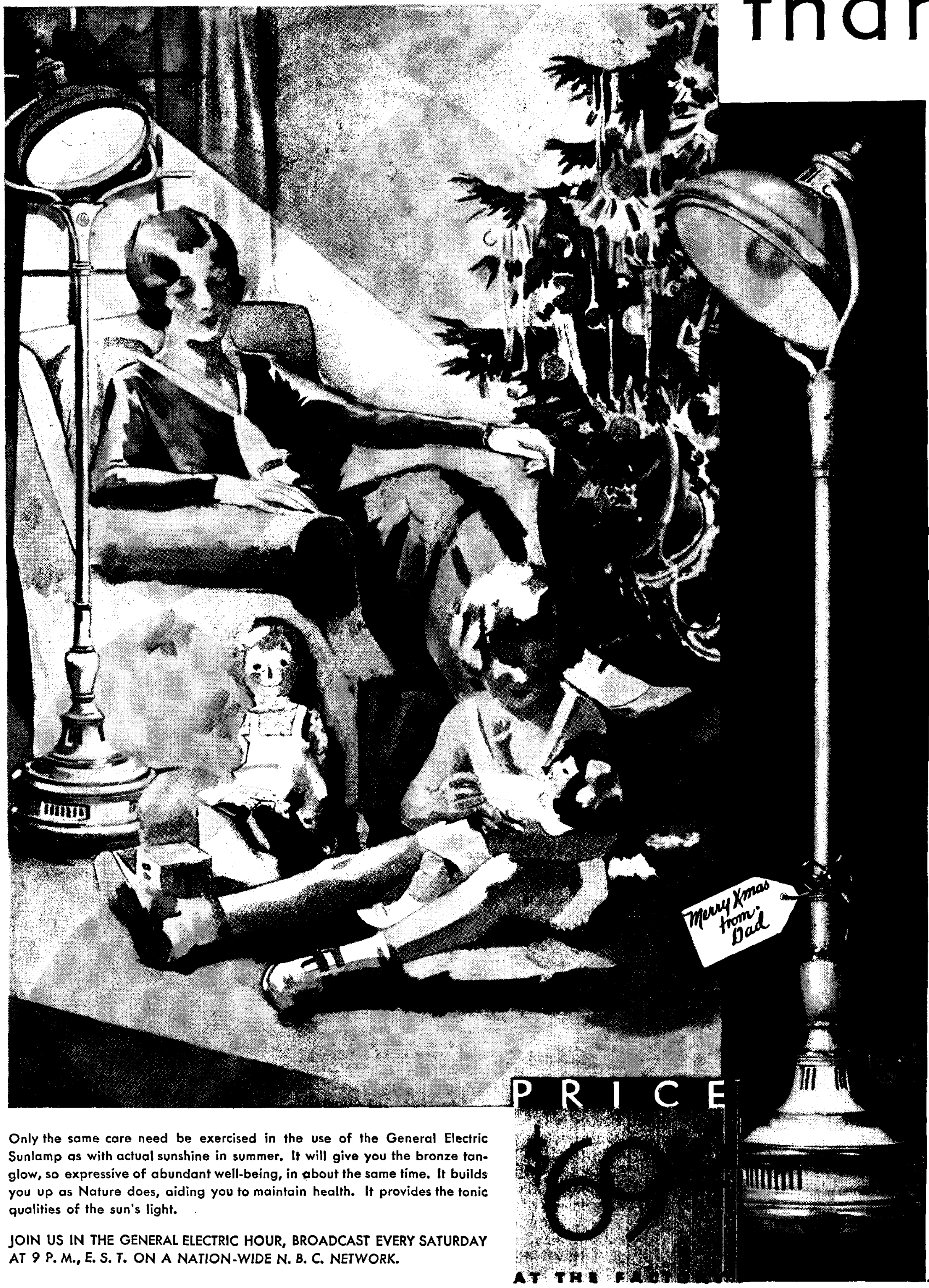
Mr. Remsen borrowed a cigarette.



"My! What a night for romance!"

WHAT BETTER GIFT than health

? ? ?



Nature's greatest gift to mankind is *sunshine.* Everything depends upon it—health, happiness, life itself.

It is in the summer-time that Nature lavishes her gift of sunshine—*her rays of health*—most profusely. Then men, women and children alike are more buoyant, more carefree, wreathed in smiles and playfulness.

But Man has a gift season too—the Christmas period of universal joy and cheer, with which he breaks the monotony of winter. It is a time for bringing brightness into the home, for spreading happiness abroad.

There is no better way of doing this than by following Nature and making it easier for friends or family to enjoy *good health.*

How? Through the use of the latest development of Science. Make them a present of a General Electric Sunlamp—then they may have July sunshine in December, and through all the dismal days of the year, whenever and wherever they wish.

This *new type* of sun lamp is made expressly for home use. It is simple, practical and elegant. It furnishes the sun's health-giving rays—as on a clear summer's day at noon.

But be sure you buy a *General Electric* Sunlamp—it is the most modern device of its kind, produced by General Electric engineers and research workers, who for many years have been the leading specialists in matters of light and electrical energy.

Only the same care need be exercised in the use of the General Electric Sunlamp as with actual sunshine in summer. It will give you the bronze tan-glow, so expressive of abundant well-being, in about the same time. It builds you up as Nature does, aiding you to maintain health. It provides the tonic qualities of the sun's light.

JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY AT 9 P. M., E. S. T. ON A NATION-WIDE N. B. C. NETWORK.

"THE HEART OF THE G-E SUNLAMP IS THE GENERAL ELECTRIC TYPE S-1 BULB"

GENERAL ELECTRIC

SUN LAMP

MAIL THIS TODAY!

Section L-3212
Merchandise Department, General Electric Company,
Bridgeport, Conn.

Please send me your valuable booklet "Sunshine When You Want It" and tell me where I can purchase one of your General Electric Sunlamps in this vicinity.

Name...
Address..
State...

"... a record of his grand imaginings over a pipe."—Thos. Cooper

A *cooler* smoke in a drier pipe

1 CUT FOR PIPES ONLY
2 MADE BY WELLMAN'S METHOD··AN 1870 TOBACCO SECRET
3 BIG FLAKES THAT BURN SLOW AND COOL
4 SWEET TO THE END NO SOGGY HEEL

"Reads like romance!"

It may seem odd, in this scientific age, to hark 'way back to 1870 for the best way of mellowing Kentucky Burley for pipes. But an old-time tobacco secret, "Wellman's Method," is just that—as you'll agree when you taste Granger's full-bodied richness.

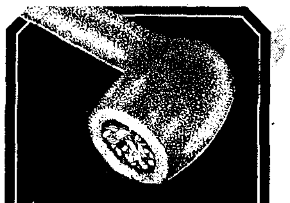
Cool, too; emphatically. The "Rough Cut" burns slowly, evenly, completely—a cooler smoke in a drier pipe.

And the flavor gets the protection it deserves. Note the Granger package—soft heavy foil, airtight, convenient, compact—a superior packing for a distinctly superior pipe tobacco.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

... in more pipes every day!



GRANGER
ROUGH CUT
PIPE TOBACCO

The Kiwi Cross

Continued from page 21

knocked down its share. But there are more and better Fokker groups appearing every day—those fellows with the red fuselages and white wings have cost us four men—and I don't like to lead green pilots up against them, at least until they are used to the front."

"Can't the experienced men form a sort of protection, Captain?"

Captain Boyd looked at his gunnery officer curiously. He himself was a man of experience, long with the French, and of rare air judgment. "Well, they can up to a point, Boone. I have a half dozen of the bravest and the best and seven more who are going to be good. The rest are green, only a few hours over the lines. The good ones can guard the green ones until they get into a dog fight. But you wouldn't understand that, Boone. How does it happen that—well, anyway, what I need is a pilot or two, brave and good enough to hold off until he's needed and keen enough to go in at the proper instant. I thought Westcott would do. I told Westcott about little Harper. I can't fly all the patrols myself. By the way, there was a Boone in the —th Squadron last summer. Did well, I believe. A brother of yours?"

"No," said Boone. "But I knew the man. He was—lost. Good night, Captain. Who are the new men going over in the morning?"

Satisfying the guard, Glenn Boone entered the cavernous gloom of B-hangar. With the help of a flashlight he found plane number nine and, climbing into the cockpit, examined the loop handle of the choke wire. It would be quite simple. He took a pair of pliers and a piece of a broken brass shim from the side bench and returned to the plane. In ten minutes he had the choke blocked partially open. Then he went to the paint shop and picked up a strip of camouflaged linen. Fifteen minutes later he lay in his blankets staring at the close black ceiling.

THE early patrol got away all right. At any rate, six of them did. Lieutenant Westcott's engine missed badly enough to keep him down, and his plane remained on the line while its pilot and crew went to breakfast. It remained on the line for perhaps five minutes and it was back on the line ten minutes before the flight came home. There had been a fight over the Bois de Banthéville. Two Fokkers went down and the Eighteenth lost no one, not even Curlett or Wattrous, their first trip.

Teddy Wattrous made himself a little ridiculous in the mess shack at luncheon trying to thank four of the fellows for saving his life. They denied the honor. "I don't care," he persisted; "both times they had me cold until a Spad—how do I know which of you?—dropped on the Fokker, from above. I wasn't paying any attention to numbers. I don't believe that Spad had a number."

They were all good-natured about it. Fellows imagined all sorts of things in their first flights. Teddy would remember and laugh at himself before long.

Captain Boyd read out the list for the afternoon. It was A-flight's affair. "By the way, Lieutenant Boone—" he turned to his gun man. "There's a new plane, number fourteen, sent up from Colombey. I wish you'd check the sights and get it ready to go."

George Duncan found him in quarters binding up what seemed to be a bullet crease across the back of his hand. He held it up, laughing. "Look at this, George. Even a kiwi can get wounded, you see. I got too close on the test range today. Lucky it didn't knock the wrist bone. You leading this A-flight patrol?"

A-flight landed with a strange tale that evening. Their mission had been to protect a flight of day-bombers on a raid to Dun-sur-Meuse and they had expected action when they passed "Fokker corner" where the line bent and the enemy could fly in from two sides. But there was no action. Although they sighted Fokkers, like summer flies, in the distance, they were not attacked. The bombers and their Spad protection were too well organized to invite it and they dropped a heavy cargo on Dun-sur-Meuse and flew safely home, a welcome respite for the usually harassed bombers.

THE curious part of it was that a strange Spad had hooked on the end of A-flight as it crossed the lines and had lingered in a dangerous position seventy-five meters above and to the rear all the way, near enough to be along and too far for identification. The plane bore neither number nor squadron stripe nor any insignia save for the red, white and blue concentric circles of the Allies.

Even level-headed, unimaginative George Duncan verified the circumstance. At first he had been suspicious. It was not unknown for the enemy to fly a captured plane. They decided finally that someone from another squadron had become lost and joined on for safety.

At least the older men decided that. The younger and less experienced, when that strange Spad appeared again and again at the rear of the Eighteenth's flights on some dangerous patrol or protection during the next ten days, began to whisper half jocularly about phantoms and guardian angels, all that mystery stuff. They remembered Teddy Wattrous' story. And then came that gorgeous tangle over Grandpré with a swarm of those red-bodied, white-winged fellows who carried the checkerboard insignia of the enemy's crack circuses which all too frequently for the less experienced Americans was the sign of high doom.

The Eighteenth sent down three of those red hornets and gave the lives of Reynolds, Curlett and Bob Thompson in exchange. Nearly everybody, at some instant, had seen the strange Spad, nose down, guns ablaze, zooming out of a tracer fire, everywhere in that suddenly reddened and whirling sky. They saw him ride the checkerboard who got Curlett until it burst into flames almost under his wheels. The story of the guardian angel carried a little more weight in the mess barracks that night.

And the next morning Glenn Boone pursued his routine work with the planes in C-hangar. He seemed perhaps paler than usual and at frequent intervals he went to the water bag and sat down to rest on an empty cartridge box. A mechanic named Martin, an almost ludicrous figure, standing at salute in his work jeans, found him there. "Captain Boyd was in here asking questions last night, Lieutenant. I—I followed your orders."

Boone was instantly alert. "Did he see the new plane? How does it look now? All right then, Martin, you will continue to obey my orders. You say what you have to and no more. You are under my personal orders and I am responsible, not you."

(Continued on page 60)

Now!

A REALLY ARTISTIC SMOKER

At a Price Everyone Can Afford!

Only

$7.50

As a Christmas or anniversary gift from a lady to a gentleman...from a gentleman to a lady... Amphora Smoker is absolutely NEW *and* NOVEL!

$8.50 West of Denver and in Canada

An Authentic Copy of the Famous Greek Vase Amphora in a Modern Smoking Stand!

Something New and Beautiful in Furniture!

HERE at last is the one beautiful piece of furniture that every living room has long needed. Modern craftsmen, after two years of research and $28,000 spent in experimental models, have developed this amazing masterpiece of beauty, elegance and distinction in smoking stands.

Look at the picture. Think of this Amphora Smoker in the same class with a beautiful Chinese tapestry or an expensive antique chair, and you will get some idea of its place in your home. As a companion piece to an easy chair—standing in stately dignity near a grand piano—gracing that bare spot in living room or hallway—in a dozen places an Amphora Smoker will serve to enhance the beauty of your home.

Amphora Smoker has an historical tradition. The original model from which it is adapted is the Grecian urn Amphora, now on exhibition in the British Museum of Natural History. Sculptors and interior decorators the world over acclaim the Amphora urn as the acme of beautiful design in pottery.

Women especially will appreciate the perfect combination of beauty and utility in Amphora Smokers as compared to the common unsightly ash tray or the "skinny-necked" ash stand. It is exquisitely hand spun with a "bas-relief" of Colonial cast bronze effect and duotoned in harmonizing jade green. Its hollowed urn provides an ample receptacle for ashes, papers, orange peelings, and other refuse. A gentle twist opens or closes the slots so ashes can't fall on the rug. A unique vacuum principle stifles all odor from stale tobacco or refuse. The loaded base makes it hard to tip over. The tapering handles permit its removal from easy chair to bridge table. And many more features too numerous to mention. It stands twenty-four inches high.

Modern manufacturing facilities, producing in volume, have made this particular model of Amphora Smoker an amazing value at only $7.50. Nothing else that $7.50 can buy in furniture can equal the novelty and distinction which an Amphora Smoker will add to any room. As a Christmas gift to family or friends, your choice of an Amphora Smoker will be a grateful surprise, and an indication of your good taste and unusual care in selection.

Order Your Amphora Today

Amphora Smokers are now being supplied as quickly as possible to furniture and department stores, gift and art shops, etc. If they are not yet being shown in your neighborhood, order direct from the factory with the convenient coupon at right. Accept it only with this understanding: that if after five days' thorough examination in your own home you are not more than delighted with it, just return it in the original package and have your money refunded in full—without question or delay. Get the coupon into today's mail and avoid the Christmas rush.

AMPHORA SMOKER

Art Crafts Division, **Dept. W-15**

EXCEL ELECTRIC CO., Muncie, Ind., U. S. A.

5 DAYS' TRIAL

Art Crafts Division, Dept. W-15
THE EXCEL ELECTRIC CO., Muncie, Ind., U. S. A.

Send me an Amphora Smoker on five days' trial, express prepaid. I accept it only with the understanding that I can return it after five days in my home, and you are to refund my money in full. ☐ I enclose remittance in full ($7.50—$8.50 west of Denver and in Canada) or ☐ I enclose $1.00 and will pay balance on arrival.

Name...

Address...

City......................... State.....................

The Kiwi Cross

Continued from page 58

"If you will excuse me, sir," said the man—there was a peculiar round-eyed anxiety in his stare—"you see, I've just been washing the cockpit, sir, and I think you'd better report sick."

Lieutenant Boone regarded the man as if to determine his special meaning. Apparently satisfied, he said, "I will, Martin—if I have to." Going back across the field, it became rather evident that he had to. He couldn't seem to find the path until one of the men came along and helped him. In the adjutant's office when he reported sick the sergeant hastily concealed an official letter, dictated by Captain Boyd, a letter which would have interested Lieutenant Boone.

OLD Doc Murchison let him explain about his attack of grippe. "Let me see that hand, Boone. That's the scratch you got on the test range? Well, that seems to be all right. You look to me like a man who's been shot—but if it isn't that, we'll figure out something else. Come on back in my alleged office."

An hour later Boone emerged from the alleged office and went to his quarters and to bed. Doc Murchison visited him then twice a day for a week. It was the sort of case of grippe which might develop blood poisoning any minute, and Doc Murchison would get a court-martial if it did.

Meanwhile the war in the air went on. Through it all the Eighteenth, with the other Second Group squadrons, sent out its regular patrols, its day-bomber protection, its convoys for photographic planes. Three Fokkers and a two-seater were added to the record and the names of Wattrous and Roy Peters, B-flight leader, were erased from the roll. Captain Boyd, flying regularly himself now, was more thoughtful than ever, two pilots gone who might have helped and two new ones added who stood scarcely a chance. For, as unexpectedly as it had appeared, that strange and effective guardian of the rear had disappeared from the air.

"Of course he disappeared." Jerry Westcott and some of the others lounged in the operations tent after the evening patrol. "You notice that unmarked Spad never appears when Captain Boyd is along, don't you? And it always did appear when the captain stayed home, or pretended to stay home. Well, there's your mystery. You fellows are easy. Captain Boyd just doesn't trust any of us out there without him, that's all. He and your mystery pilot are one and the same bird."

"You're wrong, Westcott." They glanced up when their gunnery officer stood pale and uncertainly inside the turned-back tent flap. "You see, as a ground officer, I am in a position to know that upon all those occasions of that Spad's appearance Captain Boyd was here on the field."

Westcott bowed with mock courtesy. "Far be it from me," he said, "to presume to debate a point of flying with a—a ground officer." He whistled with apparent innocence a bar of "We are the Kee-wee-wee."

Glenn Boone's convalescent pallor flooded dark red. But his voice was controlled: "It wasn't a point of flying, Westcott. It was a point of fact. And another point of fact is that but for your being one of the few experienced men in C-flight and therefore essential I would take you out behind the hangar and punch your empty head."

Glenn Boone wasn't big enough or well enough to say things like that. Jerry Westcott's first rush sent him spinning back through the tent door—and into the arms of Captain Boyd. "What in blazes is going on here! Don't you all get enough war without fighting your own comrades?"

Then the incident was forgotten as Captain Boyd told them, simply, what was to happen in the morning. At dawn the American First Army struck out through the Argonne for Sedan. There would be a desperate struggle for control of the air, a struggle which must be a victory. Four new and famous enemy groups had been reported on the sector, and, warned, if not before, by the night's barrage, they would be ready.

"The Eighteenth, gentlemen, takes off fifteen minutes before dawn in two flights and goes in at five thousand meters. Lieutenant Duncan takes the lower flight and Lieutenant Westcott the upper. We have many new pilots but they must fly like veterans. I will explain general tactics before take-off. For reasons of organization and direction I am personally commanded to remain on the field. Good night, gentlemen."

Jerry Westcott was the first of them to speak. "Oh, yes," he mimicked, "for reasons of organization and direction, he remains on the field, does he? Well, if our friend Boone is in a betting mood, I'll wager him a pair of pilot's wings against his sick-leave slip that the Spad of mystery, the heralded guardian angel of the Eighteenth, appears tomorrow in our rear."

"Sorry," said Boone quietly, "I don't think I care to call the bet." He too rose and left them. Already a dark red sunset glowed on the northern horizon and the intermittent thunder of the guns was merging into a blast.

But he was with them again, one of the shadow-like figures which flitted across the field to the hangars in that last moonlit half hour before dawn. He heard the captain's last orders and watched the long line of Spads wheel out one after another and roar away down the dark but familiar field. They would have the dawn light as soon as they got up. He slipped furtively away into the black depths of B-hangar, empty of its planes save for one. "Martin! Are you there? Is everything ready?"

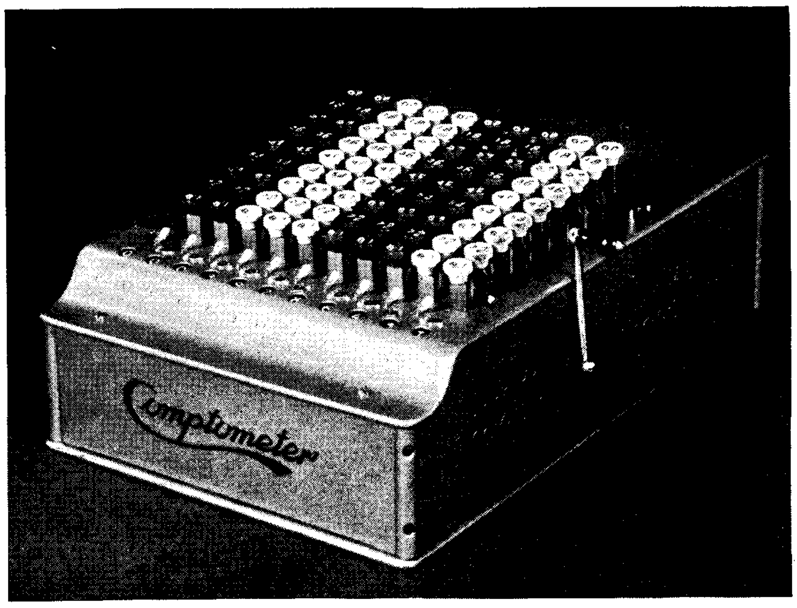
"All ready, sir. I warmed it with the others."

TOGETHER they put a "dolly" under the spare plane's tail and dragged it outside through a barely wide enough opening at the back of the hangar. "You tacked that strip of linen over the number, Martin? Here, buckle this helmet for me, will you? I can't get my arm up."

Lieutenant Boone taxied an unnumbered Spad out upon the slope behind B-hangar. If a man were good enough he could take a Spad off on that slope before it hit the bordering trees and the question had been settled for Glenn Boone before now. His dark helmet and the shoulder of his flying jumper appeared for an instant above the edge of the cockpit. Rudder, flippers and ailerons waggled. A Hispano roared, the heavy tail came up, and the chunky, solid little plane streaked like a winged shell for the trees.

Glinting in the sunlight, Boone saw the two flights, one above the other in two V formations climbing toward the north over the mist-filled valley of the Aire and the dark green shadow of the forest of Argonne. He could catch

(Continued on page 62)



Speed with Accuracy Reduces Figure Work Costs

The ultimate in low cost of figure work is attained, when Speed-with-Accuracy is applied practically to all the calculations of Billing, Inventory, Payroll, Estimates, Cost, Percentage, Audits, Distribution —and all other figure operations in accounting.

With the Comptometer it is so applied.

Comptometer speed insures rapid production.

Automatic controls safeguard operation, even at the highest speed.

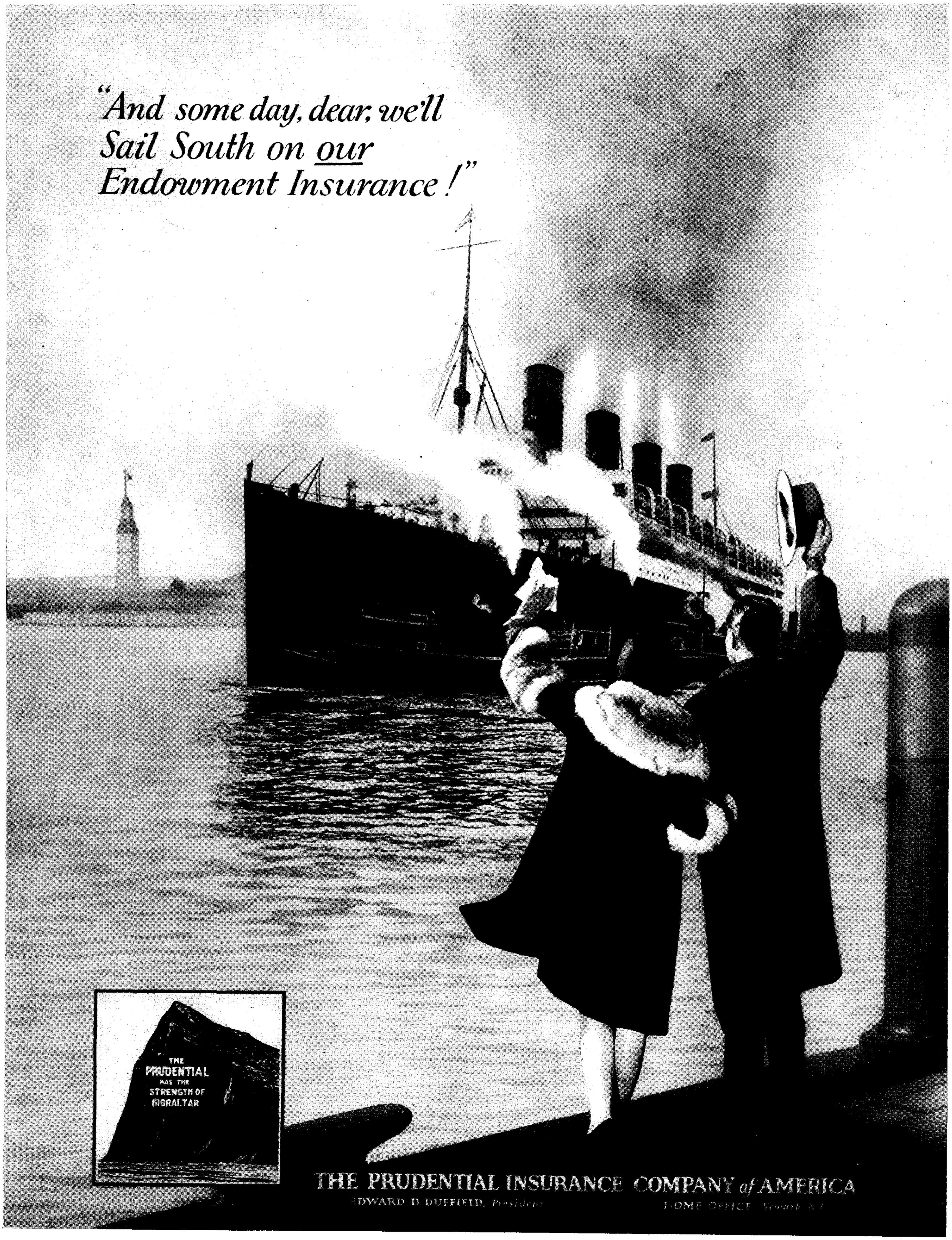
Comptometer schools place at the disposal of employers, trained operators capable of turning out work at low unit cost.

If you are interested in lower figure work costs in your office, a Comptometer man will be glad to talk it over with you.

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO.
1714 N. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

CONTROLLED-KEY
Comptometer
REG. TRADE MARK
ADDING AND CALCULATING MACHINE

If not made by Felt & Tarrant it's not a Comptometer
Only the Comptometer has the Controlled-key safeguard



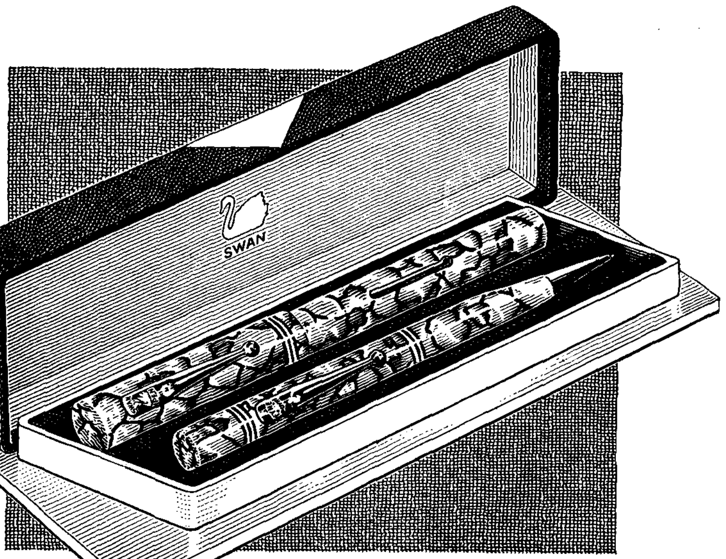
"And some day, dear, we'll Sail South on our Endowment Insurance!"

THE
PRUDENTIAL
HAS THE
STRENGTH OF
GIBRALTAR

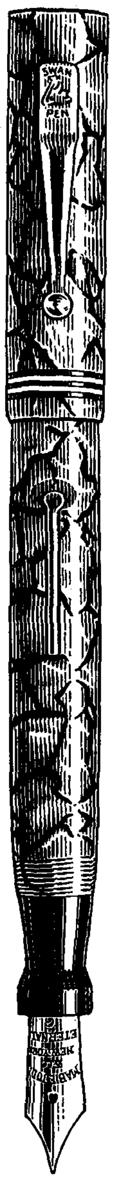
THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY *of* AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President* HOME OFFICE, *Newark, N. J.*

The SWAN Pen
Pen of the British Empire
SINCE 1843



Swan ETERNAL PEN
Gift Set of Inlaid
Pearl, Fifteen Dollars



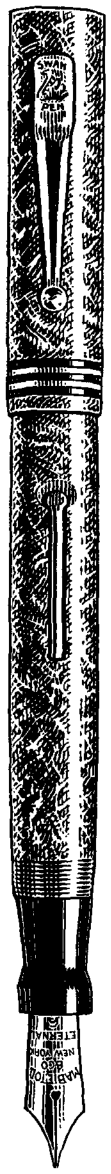
Inlaid Pearl Swan Eternal
Pen No. P46 Long, Clip.
Guaranteed Eternally
TEN DOLLARS

THEY give a *Swan* when they give a pen—in London or Cairo, Shanghai or Calcutta. They know that to give a *Swan* ETERNAL PEN is to give the finest writing instrument in the world. For, East and West of Suez, *Swan* is the one supremely perfect pen—the pen of enduring perfection.

Skilled hands have fashioned it for unfailing service, for eternal writing satisfaction. Into its making has gone an exquisite refinement of craftsmanship, worthy of fashioning precious stones and precious metals.

Behind it stand years of test by soldiers and diplomats, sportsmen and adventurers in the capitals and the far places of the world.

Only the utmost skill of hands could achieve the laboratory precision of *Swan* adjustment—and make that precision permanent. In this is the perfection of *Swan* ETERNAL PENS, the assurance of continuity in superlative performance which permits them to be guaranteed, not merely for a lifetime, but eternally.



Jade Swan Eternal Pen
No. J46 Long, Clip.
Guaranteed Eternally
SEVEN DOLLARS

Swan PENS
MABIE, TODD & COMPANY
NEW YORK: 243 W. 17th St. CHICAGO: 209 South State St.
LONDON SYDNEY CAPETOWN BRUSSELS BARCELONA PARIS

The Kiwi Cross

Continued from page 60

them, and in ten minutes, mounting over a mile, more than two miles, into the clear, fine, cold air of the upper reaches, he did catch them, hung perhaps a hundred meters behind George Duncan's lower flight.

They were more than three miles up when they crossed the eastern end of their sector over the mist-obscured line. Like the sparkling of fireflies on a summer night, red gashes appeared in that mist, and curling, darker colored smoke rings rose out of its soft folds. On and up, an empty gilded dome of blue, five thousand meters. They passed over Grandpré and went deep in the enemy's side, fifty-two hundred meters. The planes seemed sluggish and uncertain in the thin air. They were swinging eastward now to get behind the enemy who must be swarming in over Fokker corner. Glenn Boone's "bad" eyes already marked tiny, circling pin-point dots against the far-away blue and he wondered if George Duncan saw them too.

He couldn't help seeing them soon. Glenn Boone watched George swing the flight adroitly to put the sun at their backs. It was a great chance, a Spad's fight, if only Jerry Westcott held his five-plane protection up there as a guard against the other Fokkers who must soon be pouring in. Lieut. Boone pulled aside when George Duncan dropped his flight on the back of those eleven Fokkers.

A skein of tracer bullets filled the air and out of the whirling, diving, twisting mêlée of buff and green and red and white which an instant before had been two close formations a pillar of black smoke shot up and two red planes flopped loosely in the air before they plunged.

It was time to pull up again. Oh, when would these Spad pilots learn that they must stay above, or dog-fight with a plane that could turn inside them, on dimes to their pennies? Boone's talk was aloud, absurdly: "You're safe as long as you stay up. Westcott's up there still. Pull up and dive. That's the stuff to give a Fokker." Then he saw one of them wriggle around and pour lead into Tony Dever's tail. He caught one glimpse of Dever's white, bewildered face. Then his own Spad dropped, a sword no longer suspended, and his tracers hailed upon the red back until the Fokker stalled and spun. Perhaps it spun four miles down to the ground.

BOONE never knew. The sharp crack of bullets against his wing called for a sharp vrille turn to escape. That wound under his arm smarted. A spangled Fokker was visible from the corner of his eye and he zoomed and hung on the prop to get a shot at it. Spangled ones now. Where were all these Fokkers coming from? For some immeasurable space of time he let go short bursts at every bright color which he could catch in his ring sight and darted in between their line of white fire as if it all were a game.

They were doing well. Only one Spad had dived in that unmistakable way and at least three of the red enemy had fluttered before they fell. It was then that he saw Westcott's Number Nine dive into the mêlée and the tide of battle turned. So Westcott had not the sense to hold up, brave fool. And suddenly with that threat of Spads above removed the sky rained Fokkers, red and white Fokkers, spangled Fokkers, until every dull-colored Eighteenth plane was beset with three or four of them.

They died well, the Eighteenth, when they died. Three of their riddled planes went down but they were not alone. Four, five, maybe six red Fokkers fell with them towards the purple earth, more slowly but as far.

Boone shook off his own assailants long enough to distract the pair who had George Duncan. George needed only the chance and he shot away to escape so close under Boone's wing that he could see the wonder upon his friend's tense face. A new attack was almost the end. Before he could turn a rain of steel fell about him, splintered the windshield and the dash in front of his face, tore at the linen of his left wing. A blow from behind knocked him forward against the belt. It didn't seem to hurt after that. Boone smiled, because he knew.

ONLY a few Spads in that maelstrom now. Occasionally one escaped. Boone did not want to escape. Why should he escape? A spangled Fokker barred his line of flight to a doomed Spad and he got it from a head-on angle. The plane exploded, filling the air with débris. A patch of red and white linen snagged in his wires and Ralph Evans stared at his rescuer as blankly as if the familiar Spad lines were an apparition.

A trickle of red came down from Boone's sleeve and ran between his fingers on the control stick and triggers. He smiled again, because he was reminded. Well, he would stay awake as long as he could. Then he was awakened by a whirl of Fokkers about one embattled Spad. Boone had enough left to admire that Spad. But he had always known that Westcott was at least a flyer. He knocked one of those Fokkers from Westcott's tail but a second one almost paid him for that. A bullet knocked his hand momentarily from the throttle. He looked at his hand and put it back on the throttle and zoomed again. He might have saved Jerry Westcott again but no fire came when he clenched the triggers. Maybe Westcott could escape. He himself was too tired to escape.

Glenn Boone was suddenly alone in the sky. He gazed vaguely upward and saw the reason. Two long Vs of Spads were silhouetted there. Yes, that would be the Forty-ninth's patrol. He saw them dive and there were more spinning Fokkers. Then he was too tired to look. He wondered for a time whether he would rather go to sleep or take his plane back to the field. Of course, they might want the plane—but he decided on sleep.

Sleep refreshed him. Something did. He righted his plane. Perhaps they could fix it up if he got it back. It had a nice engine.

Men ran out of the barracks, out of the hangars, and the operations tent of the Eighteenth where those who were left had gathered to tell their tale of combat and a Spad which had been everywhere, at moments when hope was gone.

There were fifty men about that plane within a minute after it pancaked clumsily into the field. Jerry Westcott was the first to reach it, to climb on the step and unbelt the still figure which was held erect in its clasp. His face when he turned around was a blank white mask. "My God, it's the kiwi. He's done for."

Boone opened his eyes slowly. "Not yet, Westcott," he said. "It's hard to kill us—for, you see, we are the—the—Kee-wee-wee."

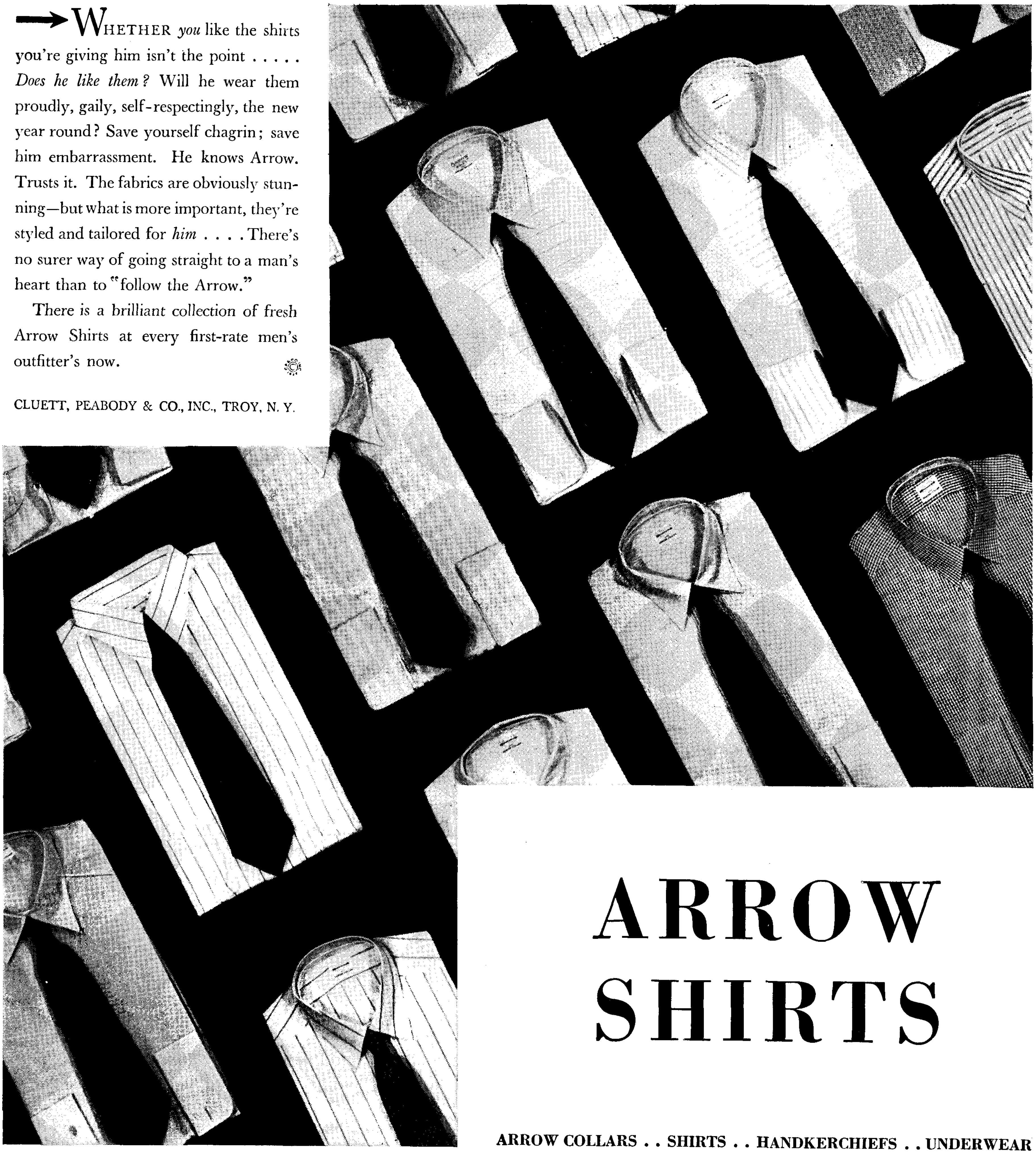
GIVE HIM THE BRAND OF SHIRTS HE KNOWS ..LIKES..TRUSTS..WEARS

ONLY ARROW SHIRTS HAVE ARROW COLLARS

→WHETHER *you* like the shirts you're giving him isn't the point ..... *Does he like them?* Will he wear them proudly, gaily, self-respectingly, the new year round? Save yourself chagrin; save him embarrassment. He knows Arrow. Trusts it. The fabrics are obviously stunning—but what is more important, they're styled and tailored for *him* .... There's no surer way of going straight to a man's heart than to "follow the Arrow."

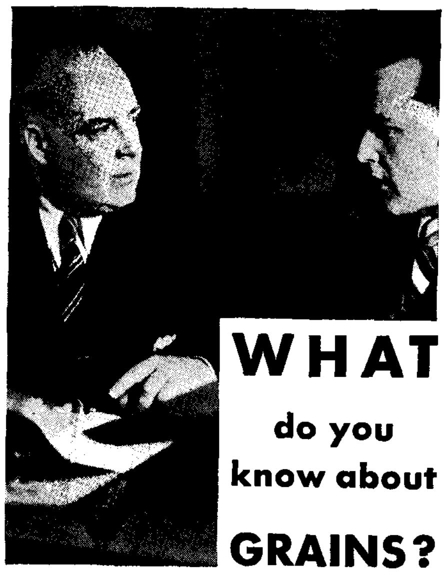
There is a brilliant collection of fresh Arrow Shirts at every first-rate men's outfitter's now.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y.



ARROW SHIRTS

ARROW COLLARS .. SHIRTS .. HANDKERCHIEFS .. UNDERWEAR



WHAT do you know about **GRAINS?**

A GREAT future awaits many millers, manufacturers of cereal breakfast foods, makers of stock feeds and others in similar lines in this rich agricultural and industrial Piedmont Carolinas.

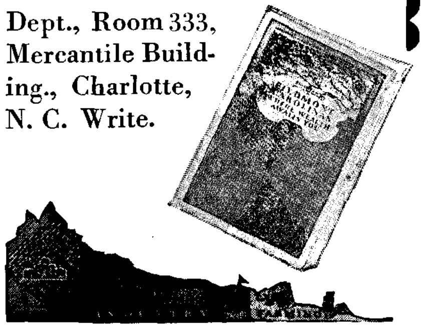
For here are abundant cereal crops. Oats and wheat (as well as corn and barley) are produced in every Piedmont Carolinas county. But that part not used on farms finds its way to market in the "raw" state.

Each year $325,000,000 worth of manufactured foods and feed stuffs are *imported* into the Carolinas. This useless ebb and flow of grain crops will be stopped only when Carolina mills grind and mix Carolina grains.

The large industrial population, employed at wages that insure good living, is a healthy market for home-produced flour, meal, and cereal goods.

The increasing flocks of poultry, herds of dairy cattle, hogs and other stock are an equally valuable market for by-products that cannot be turned into human food.

Facts are presented in this book—"Piedmont Carolinas, Where Wealth Awaits You." Send for it. Address Industrial Dept., Room 333, Mercantile Building, Charlotte, N. C. Write.



DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 26

thought I heerd a call a little while ago, but I didn't want to bother you. But now I shore heared hosses."

"You did?" Jim listened with strained ears, while he gazed around the living-room. Lonestar was asleep, and so was Cherry, while Jack, writing as usual, could not have heard the crack of doom. But Jim distinctly caught a soft thud, thud, thud of hoofs.

"Curly!" he called sharply. That jerked the sleepers wide awake, but it did not fetch Curly.

"Boys, something up. We hear horses. And Curly doesn't answer. Grab your rifles."

Then Jim caught a call from outside: "Jim—oh, Jim!"

"Molly!" he shouted wildly, and rushed out, to be followed by the three uninjured cowboys. Under the pines in the other direction moved brown figures, now close at hand, emerging from the grove. Molly led, on a big raw-boned bay horse.

ROUSED out of stupefaction Jim rushed to meet her. "Molly! for Heaven's sake, how'd you get here?" he cried, as she reined in the bay. She dropped a halter of a pack-horse she was leading. Then Jim saw that she was brush-covered and travel-stained. He looked beyond her, to see Curly supporting Gloriana in the saddle of a third horse. Her head drooped, her hair hung in a tawny mass.

"My God—what's happened!" he exclaimed, in sudden terror.

"Shore a lot. Don't look so scared, Jim. We're all right. . . . Help me down."

She slid into his arms, most unresisting, Jim imagined, and for once his kisses brought blushes without protest.

"What—what's all this?" he stammered, looking back to see Gloriana fall into Curly's arms. As Curly carried her up the porch steps Jim caught a glimpse of Gloriana's face.

"Curly, let me down," Gloriana was saying.

But Curly did not hear or at least obey. "For Gawd's sake, darlin', tell me you—you're not hurt or—or anythin'?"

No longer was Gloriana's face white. "Let me down, I say," she cried, imperiously. Whereupon Curly became aware of his behavior, and he set her down in the big armchair.

"Glory! What crazy trick—have you sprung on us?" gasped Jim, striding close, still hanging to Molly. He stared incredulously at his sister. Her flimsy dress had once been light-colored. It seemed no longer a dress, scarcely a covering, and it was torn to shreds and black from contact with burned brush. But that appeared only little cause for the effect she produced upon Jim and his comrades. One arm was wholly bare, scratched and dirty and bloody; her legs were likewise. To glance over these only forced the gaze back to Gloriana's face. The havoc of terrible mental and physical strain showed in its haggard outlines. But her eyes seemed a purple radiant blaze of rapture or thanksgiving.

"Oh—Jim," she whispered, lifting a weak hand to him, and as he clasped it, to sink on one knee beside her chair, she lay back and closed her eyes. "I'm here—I'm safe. Oh, thank Heaven!"

On the other side of the chair Curly lifted her hand, which clung to a battered old sombrero, full of bullet holes.

"Jim, this heah's what I seen bobbin' above the rim," he said, in amazed conjecture. "Whose hat is this? Reckon it looks some familiar."

He could not remove it from the girl's tight clutch.

"Thet sombrero belonged to Croak Malloy," interposed Molly.

"Holy Mackeli!" burst out Curly. "I knew it. I recognized thet hat. . . . Jim, as shore as Gawd made little apples thet croakin' gun-thrower is daid."

"Daid? I should smile he is," corroborated Molly, laconically.

The tremendousness of that truth, which no one doubted, commanded profound silence.

"Jed Stone killed Malloy, an' Madden, too," went on Molly, bright-eyed, enjoying to the full the sensation she was creating.

"Molly Dunn, I'm a hurted cowpuncher," called Bud from his bed. "An' if you don't tell pronto what's come off, I'll be wuss."

"We planned to surprise you, Jim," began Molly. "It took some persuadin' to get Uncle Jim in on our job. But we did. An' let's see—five days ago—early mawnin' we left Flag in the buckboard, Pedro drivin'. That night we slept at Miller's ranch. Next mawnin' at the fork of the road we got held up by Croak Malloy an' two of his pards, Madden an' Reeves. Uncle Jim didn't know Malloy until he shot Pedro. Malloy robbed Uncle, took our bags, an' threw us on horses. An' he told Uncle to go back to Flag, dig up ten thousand dollars an' send it to Tobe's Well.

"Malloy drove us off then, into the woods, an' along in the afternoon we reached Tobe's Well. We'd jest been dragged in, an' they'd hawg-tied me, an' Malloy was tearin' Glory's clothes off, when in comes Jed Stone. He shore filled thet cabin. . . . Wal, Croak was sore at bein' interrupted, an' Jed raved aboot what Uncle Jim would do. Then Jed stamped up an' down, wringin' his hands. But when quick as a cat he turned one of them held a boomin' gun. I shut my eyes, Jed shot two more times. I heahed one of the rustlers run out, an' when I looked again Malloy an' Madden were daid, an' Reeves had escaped."

"Wal, of all deals I ever seen in my born days!" ejaculated Curly Prentis.

"Wal, it turned out we'd only fallen out of the fryin' pan into the fire," went on Molly presently. "Jed had run into Uncle Jim, an' learnin' aboot the hold-up he'd trailed us, an' he killed them men jest to have us girls all to himself. It began then. . . . Whew, what a desperado Jed Stone was! He had to beat me with a switch. An' when he was fightin' an' kissin' me Glory grabbed up the butcher knife to kill him. She'd been put to makin' biscuits while Jed made love to me. He had to shoot at her, an' she fainted again. . . .

"NEXT mawnin' we rustled off quick, without hardly any grub, an' he rode us all over the Diamond. He got lost, he said. We had two more days of ridin', up an' down, through the brush, over rocks, oh, it was bad even fer me. All the time Jed made me do the work an' near drove Glory crazy. Yesterday, late afternoon, we slid an' rolled down into the canyon, an' soon we rode plumb into thet place where you hanged Darnell an' the two rustlers. . . . The sight near keeled me over. An' poor Glory—but enough said aboot thet.

"We camped above there, an' this mawnin' climbed out again. Glory was all in, starved, an' so sick after seein' those daid men, hangin' like sacks by their necks, thet she couldn't sit up in her saddle. I had to hold her. We went along the rim, till we came to the road. An' there Jed said he'd located himself again, an' we'd have to separate, as he could take only one of us with him, the other goin' to a ranch he said was down heah. I begged him not to separate us . . . an' then Glory told Jed she would go with him, *to save me!* . . . Thet flabbergasted Jed, as you could see. He hadn't savvied Glory. He'd been daid set to make her squeal an' show yellow—which she shore didn't. . . . An' then what do you reckon he said?"

Only questioning eyes made any return to that.

"He patted me on the haid, called me Wood Mouse, an' then said to Glory: 'Big Eyes, go marry Curly or Bud, an' have some real Western kids, an' never forget your desperado. . . .' Then he rode off like mad. An' after Glory had braced up we found the road. An' heah we are!"

The cowboys were mystified. Curly ran his lean brown hand through his tawny locks.

"Molly, was Jed drunk?"

"No. He had a bottle, an' he made Glory drink some of the stuff. But he didn't drink any."

"Bud, you heah Molly's story?" went on the nonplused Curly.

"Yes, an' if she ain't lyin' Jed Stone was locoed. Thet happened, mebbe, when he seen Glory, an' it ain't no wonder."

"Bud Chalfack, don't you dare hint I'm not tellin' the truth," declared Molly, approaching his bed, and then seeing how white and drawn his face was, how prone his sunk frame, she fell on her knees, with a cry of pity.

"Wal, ain't you only a kid, an' turribly in love?" he growled. "You couldn't see straight, let alone tell anythin' straight. . . . I'm a dyin' cowpuncher, Molly. I reckon you'd better kiss me."

"Oh, Bud, I'm so sorry. Are you in pain?" she asked.

"I shore am, but you an' Glory might ease it some."

WHEREUPON she kissed his cheek and smoothed the damp hair back from his wrinkled brow. That fetched a smile to Bud's face.

"Glory, ain't you comin' over to kiss me, like Molly done?" he asked plaintively.

"I am, surely, Bud, as soon—as I'm able," she replied, smiling wanly. "I hope and pray you're not serious—about dying."

"Aw, I am, Glory. But I might be saved," he said, significantly. "If only I jest didn't want to croak."

"Hush, you sick boy. Molly and I will nurse you."

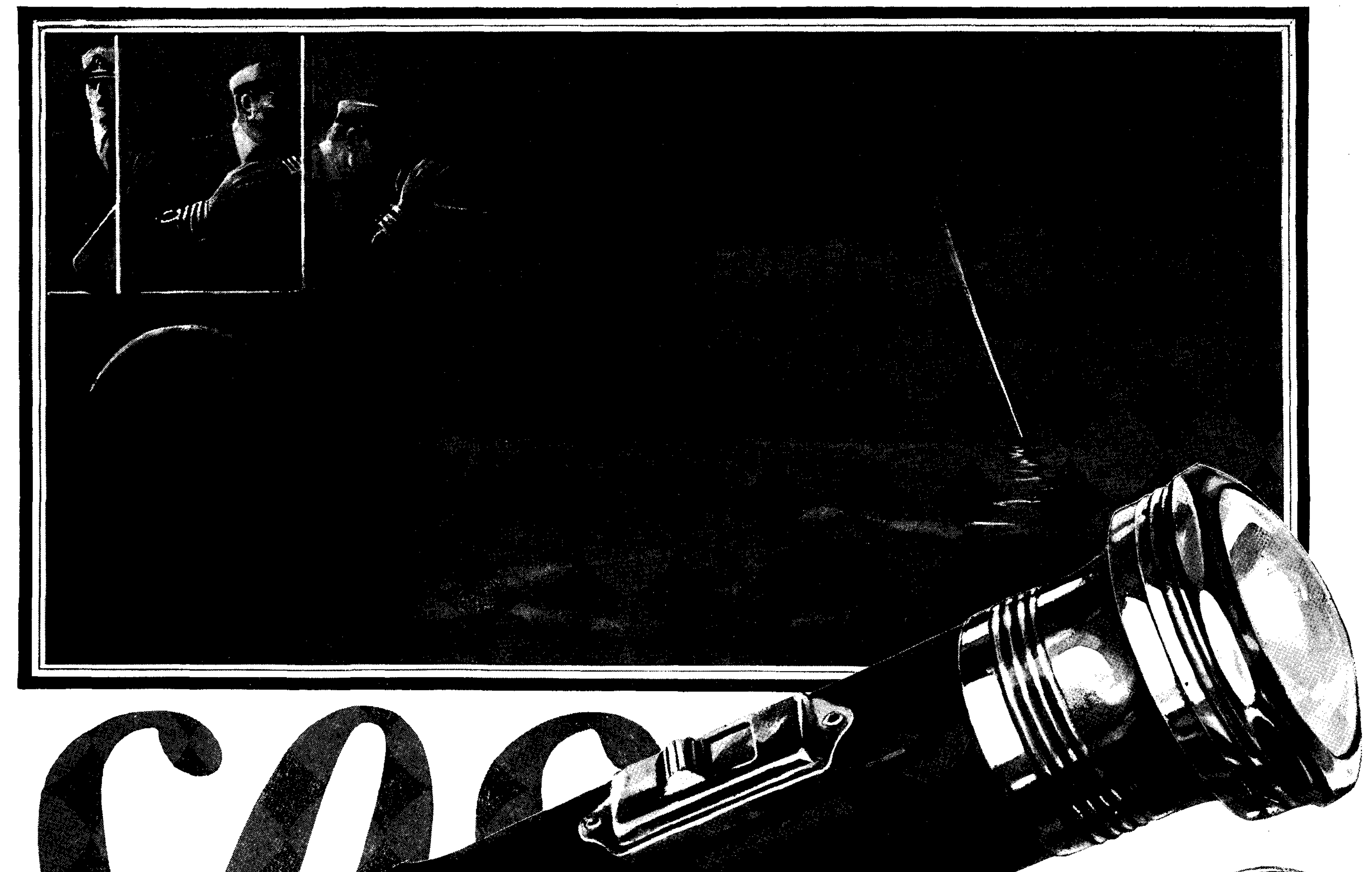
At that Curly arose with a disgusted look, muttering under his breath: "If it takes thet I reckon I can get shot up some."

Jim came out of his trance: "Boys, in our surprise and joy we're forgetting the girls. . . . Curly, fetch hot water, and tell Jeff to fix something fit for starved people. Cherry, bring in the bags. . . . Now, Glory, I'll carry you upstairs. . . . Come, Molly."

"Oh, such a wonderful, sweet-smelling house!" murmured Gloriana, as he carried her along a wide hall, into the end room, sunny and open. It was bare except for a built-in bed of sycamore branches, upon which lay a thick spread of spruce foliage. He gently deposited Gloriana there.

Curly and the cowboys came up, packing things, and Curly lingered unmindful of Jim or Molly.

(*Continued on page 66*)



The Burgess Flashlight reveals what darkness conceals . . . brings help to you or speeds your own efforts in rescuing yourself from nighttime difficulties. It is priceless in emergencies . . . and a valuable convenience in daily life. Just think of the many, many times that you needed a flashlight . . . badly . . . and you'll appreciate the wisdom of getting a Burgess Flashlight at once.

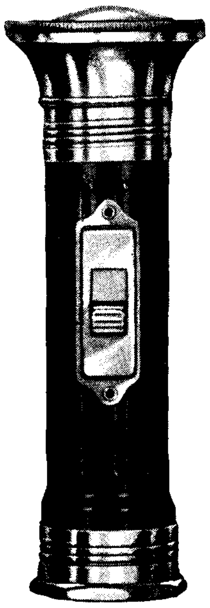
Cheerful, Vividly Colored Flashlight Cases

The three styles illustrated are furnished in striking, distinctively colored cases . . . also the standard black, and nickel. The cases are made from specially prepared materials and make for extreme strength, thereby assuring longest life. Lenses are made of special glass, ground according to specifications developed exclusively by scientists and engineers of the Burgess Laboratories. Burgess Flashlights are the most dependable and satisfactory ones yet developed and meet the most exacting flashlight requirements.

Burgess Flashlight Batteries

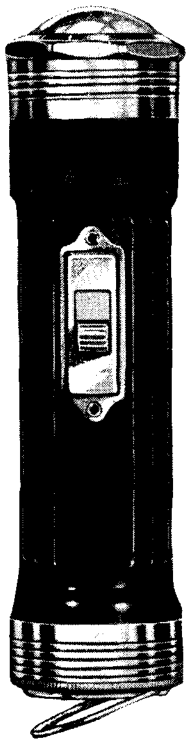
You get extra length of service from these batteries, in any flashlight case, because of these patented features: Construction of one-piece seamless, leak-proof, zinc cups, and Chrome, the preservative that guards power when the battery is not in use. BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY, General Sales Office, Chicago, Illinois.

Other Burgess Flashlights from 95c to $5.00



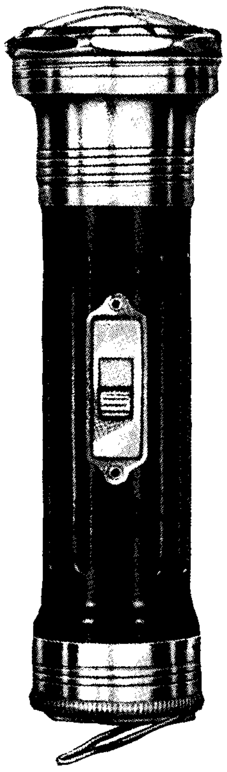
Everybody Loves the Baby Tubular

The most compact focusing flashlight. Black and nickel cases besides dainty shades of old rose, nile green, canary, orchid. 300-ft. Beam. Each complete with batteries . . $1.15
Ask for F-12



Built to Stand Hard Knocks and Usage

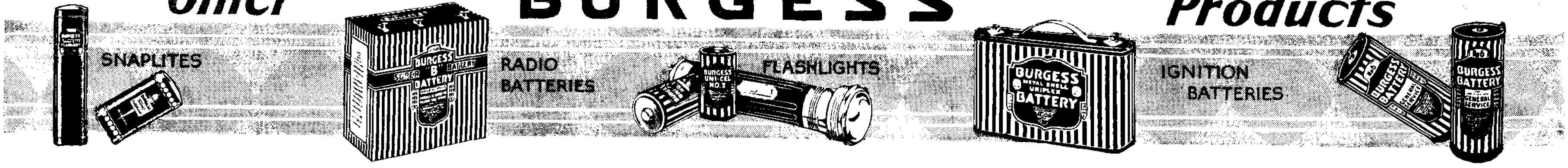
Most popular Broad-beam Burgess Flashlight made, meets all general flashlight requirements of the average person; supplied in these vivid, striking, colored cases: red, blue, green and tan—also black and nickel. Each complete with batteries . . $1.15
Ask for No. 22



For Spotlighting Objects at a Distance

This is the one for you to get, the Burgess Standard 2-cell focusing Flashlight. Keen, distinctive colored cases: red, blue, green and tan, also black and nickel finishes. 500-ft. Beam. Each complete with batteries . . $1.50
Ask for F-22

Other BURGESS Products



No Mother to guide them

PUPPIES' lives are not made up altogether of joyful yelps and the ecstatic chewing up of hats and overshoes. Puppies have their troubles. Indeed, every year thousands of them die for no better reason than that their owners didn't know how to care for them. One of the most general ailments to which puppies are subject is Worms. All puppies should be wormed soon after weaning. For this purpose use Sergeant's Puppy Worm Capsules, and for worms in older dogs use Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules.

It is an easy matter to find out how to care for dogs and how to treat their ailments.

Famous Dog Book *Free* ♦ ♦ ♦

We urge you to write for your free copy of Polk Miller's famous Dog Book. In clear, every-day language it tells the symptoms of dog diseases and the best treatments for each. There are interesting articles on how to feed, train and raise puppies and dogs. This book is revised yearly and kept strictly up-to-date. It has been the guide for millions of dog owners, and it has saved the lives of unnumbered thousands of valuable animals. It is free.

Expert Advice *Free* ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

If your dog should develop a condition not fully explained in the Dog Book, *write us at once.* State age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Our expert veterinarian will answer personally, sending without charge, complete instructions for care and treatment.

In addition to the famous Sergeant's Dog Medicines, your dealer now has Sergeant's Dog Food. This balanced ration contains a large proportion of freshly cooked beef. A splendid Food for all dogs and puppies. *We guarantee your dog will eat it.* If you cannot obtain Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food, write us direct.

---------*Mail This Coupon!*---------

Polk Miller Products Corporation
1390 West Broad St., Richmond, Virginia
Please send me Polk Miller's Free Dog Book ☐

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT"
Sole Canadian Agents: FRED J. WHITLOW & Co., *Toronto*

The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 64

"Glory, I beg pardon fer callin' you darlin' in front of the outfit," he said, humbly. "I was shore out of my haid. But they all know aboot me."

"Curly, I—I ought to shudder at sight of you," she said, very low. "But I—I don't."

"There! That'll be about all for you," interrupted Jim, and he shoved the shy and stricken cowboy out of the room, to follow on his heels.

"What'd she mean, Jim?" Curly asked, huskily.

"I don't know, but I imagine it's a lot—from Gloriana Traft."

Curly stalked downstairs and out into the open, like a man who did not see where he stepped. He remained absent until sunset. At supper, which was a silent meal, in deference to the sleeping girls upstairs, he ate but little, and that with a preoccupied air. Later he sought out Jim.

"Boss, I been thinkin' a heap aboot Molly's yarn," he said, ponderingly. "An' it's shore a queer one. The idea of Jed Stone bein' lost! . . . Heah's what I make of it—if you swear on your knees you'll never squeal on me."

"I promise, pard," returned Jim, feelingly.

"Wal, you remember how crazy Glory was to heah aboot desperadoes. Now she took Jed fer one, an' I'll bet he was cute enough not to disappoint her. Jed must have hatched up some deal with Molly, to fool Glory, to scare her, to find out if she had any real stuff in her. Thet an' thet only can account fer Jed's queer doin's an' Molly's queer story."

"But, Curly, do you think that was motive enough?" asked Jim, incredulously.

"No, I reckon it wasn't," admitted the cowboy. "They had to have a deeper one. Now, Jed knew Molly when she was a baby, always was fond of her. Molly is shore Arizona, Jim. So is Jed. But you cain't savvy thet because you're an Easterner. An' to boil it down I reckon Jed scared Glory an' starved her an' drove her near to death jest fer Molly's sake. An' in the end Glory took the brim off their cup by meanin' to give herself up to save Molly's honor. Glory was plumb fooled, an' clean honest an' as big as life. It was great, Jim. An' if I hadn't been in love with her before, I shore would be now."

"If that's true Molly is an awful little liar," said Jim, dubiously.

"Wal, yes an' no. It depends on how you see it. Molly worships Glory, an' she couldn't have meant anythin' but good. An' good it shore was an' is. Thet gurl is changed."

"Ahuh. I begin to savvy, maybe. I believe I did notice some little difference, which I put down to her joy at being safe again with us."

NEXT day Molly showed up downstairs in changed garb, merry and shy by turns; and she surely was beleaguered by the cowboys. Eventually Jim contrived to get her away from Bud, and to walk out to look over Yellowjacket. She was enraptured.

"Molly, the end of the Hash Knife makes a vast difference," Jim was saying, as he halted with her on the log bridge across the amber stream. "We can actually live down here, eventually. But not till next year, and then you must have frequent visits to Flag. . . . You haven't forgotten your promise to marry me this fall, have you?"

"Oh, did I promise, Jim?" she asked, in shy pretense of surprise.

"You sure did."

"Wal, then, say late November."

"But that's winter!"

"November? Oh, no, thet's the last of fall."

"Gosh, how long to wait! . . . But I love you so and you're such a wonderful girl—I guess I can wait."

"Maybe—the middle of November," she whispered, whereupon Jim, with a glad shout, snatched her into his arms, to the imminent peril of their falling off the log that bridged the brook.

NEXT morning late a lovely and languid Gloriana trailed shakily down the winding stairs into the living-room. Dark shadows enchanced the depth and hue of her eyes. Bud took advantage of Gloriana's pledge of the day before and held her to it, after which he held her hand. At length Curly lunged out of the room, as if he meant to destroy himself, and then almost immediately he lunged back again. Jim understood his pangs, and when Curly gravitated to him, as always happened when he was cast down, Jim whispered:

"Pard, it doesn't mean anything!"

"Wal, I'll shore find out pronto," replied Curly, in heroic mood. "Never do to let her get hold of herself again."

Presently the other cowboys went out on the porch to take up tasks, or to amuse Lonestar, who had a chair out-

(*Continued on page 68*)

(Trade Mark)

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded.

In the English language there are

ELEVEN

words (each having just four letters) that begin with the letters

—NO—

One of them is NODE

(Where the plane of one orbit intersects that of another)

You supply the others

2.	N	O			A piece or knot of short hair or fiber.
3.	N	O			Not any; no one.
4.	N	O			A corner or recess. Secluded or sheltered place.
5.	N	O			Midday
6.	N	O			A rule or standard. Pattern; model.
7.	N	O			The olfactory organ. Also, the stem of a ship. Also, to pry or search.
8.	N	O			A character used in music. Also, a tune. Also, a short letter; a *memorandum.* A *paper promising payment.*
9.	N	O			A word used as name of person, thing or place.
10.	N	O			Reason; supreme intellect. God regarded as the World Reason.
11.	N	O			A new star, shining for a brief period, and then sinking into obscurity.

The answers to this Word Hunt will appear in next week's Collier's

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Fruit 2. Frump 3. Frush

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 "Word Hunts" with their answers. Send for a copy today. Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Copyright, 1929, Alexander Lichtentag. All rights reserved. Patent (as a game) pending.

The "Key Magazine"

FOR

CAST IRON PIPE AND SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES

TWO advertisers in widely different fields use Collier's as their "key magazine"—and describe the selection of Collier's to carry the bulk of their advertising as follows:

"We are using four important national magazines but we have selected Collier's as the back-bone publication of our campaign to tell the advantages of cast iron pipe for water and gas mains.

"We are investing more money in Collier's than in any other publication because of its fast growing circulation—now more than 2,000,000—and because its editorial content and its editorial record of espousing movements in the public welfare indicate to us that it is read by influential public-spirited citizens—the type of people we must reach with our message.

"We are using Collier's to reach citizens who look to the future and who will *take action* when necessary for the civic welfare."

—THE CAST IRON PIPE RESEARCH ASSOCIATION

"WE have selected Collier's to carry our message to more than 2,000,000 additional families in the great home radio owning market.

"Collier's was chosen as the leading magazine to carry our national advertising because it offers a really remarkable *double value.* Not only does it reach an audience who have proved buying power—but through the nation-wide popularity of its own radio activities—both broadcasting and editorial—it has also built up an active interest in radio that means added profits for our dealers and for us."

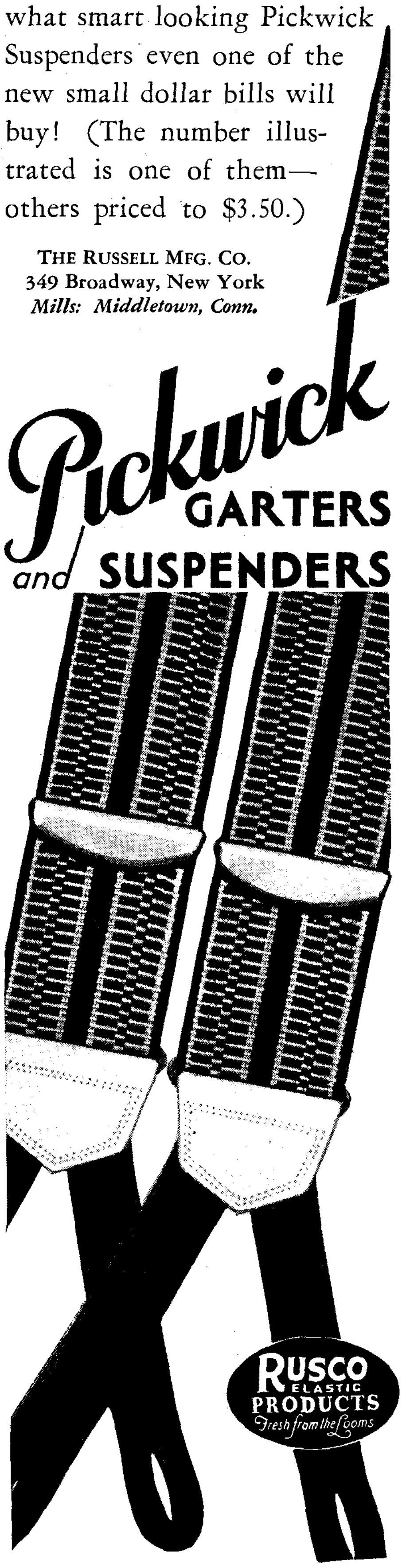
—SYLVANIA PRODUCTS COMPANY

Collier's—*for Action!*

now more than 2,000,000

All well dressed men now wear suspenders. And every day more and more well dressed men are wearing Pickwick Suspenders. Step into any good haberdasher's, see the new Pickwick designs and color combinations—then you'll know the reason! Pickwick stylists have provided for every taste, from the gayest to the most sedate. Ask your favorite haberdasher to show you what smart looking Pickwick Suspenders even one of the new small dollar bills will buy! (The number illustrated is one of them—others priced to $3.50.)

THE RUSSELL MFG. CO.
349 Broadway, New York
Mills: Middletown, Conn.



The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 66

side. This left Jim and Molly at the table. Gloriana sat on the edge of Bud's bed, which consisted of blankets over spruce boughs, laid on the floor. Curly, who had before wandered around like a lost dog, now watched his friend and his sweetheart with flashing blue eyes.

"Glory, you're the beautifulest gurl," Bud was saying.

"Silly, you've seen prettier ones," she replied, but she was pleased, and she stroked his hair with her free hand.

"Nope. They don't walk on Gawd's green earth," returned her champion.

"Bud, I'm to be here all summer," she said, with a smile of enchantment. "Oh, it's so heavenly here. I didn't know. . . . Will you be all right soon—so you can ride with me—teach me how to handle a horse? I'm so stupid—so weak. Why, that pinto bucked me off!"

"She did? Son-of-a-gun! I'll beat her good fer thet."

"No, you won't. I love her."

"Love a pinto! . . . Is thet all?"

"Bud, I love every horse—everything—everybody in Arizona."

"Aw, thet's wuss."

Jim, entranced at this byplay, suddenly felt a tug. "Look at Curly," whispered Molly.

Curly seemed to have become transformed back to the old cool easy cowboy, an unknown quantity, potent with some secret of imperturbable assurance. Yet Jim divined his was the grandeur of despair.

"Glory," drawled Curly, as he sat down on the bed opposite her, and possessed himself of Bud's other restless hand, "we've been like brothers fer six years. . . . Bud an' I. . . . An' I reckon this last fight I evened up an old debt. When Bud went down thet rustler would have killed him but fer me."

"Pard, what's ailin 'you—thet you never told me before?" demanded Bud.

"No call fer it, Bud."

GLORIANA looked from one to the other of the two men, fascinated, and vaguely troubled.

"Dog-gone! I had a hunch you did. Shore as hell thet's why you missed the chance at Croak Malloy."

"I reckon." Then Curly looked up at the girl. "I jest wanted you both to know, in case I don't stay on heah."

"Stay on—heah?" faltered Gloriana, in her surprise actually imitating him. Then her eyes dilated with divining thoughts.

"Now what I want to know—seein' Bud an' I are the same as brothers—which of us is to call you sister?"

"Curly!" she entreated.

"Aw, pard," burst out Bud.

"This son-of-a-gun ain't bad hurt," went on Curly. "I've seen him with more and worse gunshot wounds. He's only workin' on your sympathy. Wal, thet's all right. But it makes me declare myself right heah an' now."

"Please, Curly—oh, don't."

"You know I love you, Glory," he continued, coolly and slowly. "Only it's more since I told you first. An' I asked you to marry me an' let me be the one to help you tackle this tough Arizona. . . . Wal, thet was Christmas time, aboot. You promised to write your answer. But you never did. An' I reckon now I'm wantin' to heah it."

"But, Curly, how unreasonable! Wait, I beg of you. I—I'm upset by this adventure. I don't know myself."

"Wal, you know whether you love me or not. So answer pronto, lady."

She drooped her lustrous head a moment, then raised it, fearlessly, as one driven to the wall.

"Curly, you're not greatly different from Jed Stone," she said.

"I reckon thet's a compliment."

"I'm not sure yet how or what I feel toward you, Curly, except that I know I'm not worthy. But since you insist—I—I say yes." And with a wistful smile she held out her free hand to him. Curly clasped it in both of his and carried it to his breast, his face pale, his eyes intense.

"Whoopee!" yelled Bud, in stentorian tones. "I knowed I could fetch him. All the time I knowed it—the handsome jealous geezer!"

NEXT day Uncle Jim Traft drove down into Yellowjacket.

No suggestion of the hard old cattleman! He was merry and keen, full of energy to see and hear, and somehow mysteriously buoyant. At Jim's hurried report of the lost cattle he replied: "Pooh-pooh! Only an incident in a rancher's life!" But he gazed sorrowfully down at the graves of those cowboys who had died for the Diamond.

Curly related the story of the fight at the trapper's cabin. Molly led him aside to tell her version of their adventure with Croak Malloy and Jed Stone. And Bud exhibited the headpiece of carved aspen, which he vowed he would place on Croak Malloy's grave.

"Wal, wal, we have our ups an' downs," replied the old rancher, when all was said. "An' I say you got off easy. . . . My news is good news. Blodgett's riders rounded up your stampeded stock. All the range knows Malloy is dead an' the Hash Knife no more. Spread like wildfire. Yellowjacket will prosper now, an' my! what a gorgeous place. An', Jim, you won't be lonesome, either, when you settle down with the little wife. Allen Blodgett is takin' charge of his father's range, an' he'll live there. Jack Way's wife's father will start him ranchin'. Miller is goin' to move down. An' in no time this valley will be hummin'. An' I near forgot. The doctor come back from West Fork, reportin' Slinger Dunn out of danger."

That of all news was the best for Jim who found his joy and gratitude in Molly's brimming eyes.

"Rustlin' will go on," continued Uncle Jim, "but no more at the old Hash Knife rate. It'll be two-bit stealin' an' thet we don't mind."

After supper, when the old rancher had Jim, Gloriana, Molly and Curly alone, he pulled a soiled paper from his pocket. His air was strikingly momentous.

"I'm askin' you never to tell what I read you now. Promise?"

Surprised at his earnestness, at his fine softened face, strangely pale, they solemnly pledged themselves, whereupon Uncle Jim adjusted his eyeglasses and began to read slowly:

Tobe's Well.

Dear Jim:

I changed my mind about the money your rider fetched down. I appropriate it an' am leavin' this letter instead. You owe me thet, to make a new start in life.

Thet niece of yours, Gloriana, offered to make a sacrifice, same as I did twenty years ago to save my pard. For the sweetheart we both loved an' which he never got after all. It sort of faced me back on the old forgotten trail. Jim, it's never too late.

Tell her, if she ever has a boy, to call him Jed.

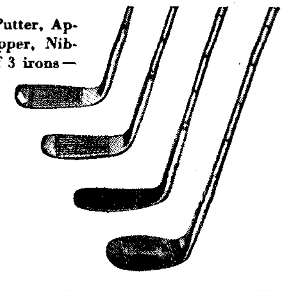
THE END

What a Gift for Golfers

Made to execute those delicate approaches with uncanny accuracy and to tap those difficult putts squarely in the cup—Beckley-Ralston Stroke Savers find a welcome spot in any golf bag. Make some golfer happy with a matched set in a special Christmas Carton.

BECKLEY-RALSTON
STROKE SAVERS

Set of 4 irons—Putter, Approach Cleek, Chipper, Niblick, $27.00. Set of 3 irons—Putter, Approach Cleek, Chipper, $20.00. Single irons, $7.00. Available at leading dealers and "Pros" or write us. "The Short Game"—an interesting book will be mailed free on request.



THE BECKLEY-RALSTON COMPANY
Manufacturing Division
2134 Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.

If you want to be HAPPY this Winter!

Where there's SUNSHINE there's Happiness.

LIVE in St. Petersburg's healthful sunshine. Live through another summer's good times and joys. Play through weeks and months of glorious outdoor weather! Laugh at winter! That's the way tens of thousands find winter happiness in sunny St. Petersburg. Because this city makes a business of providing for winter visitors, you'll find just the kind of winter home you want at rates to suit every taste and purse; you'll find entertainment and sports facilities unequaled in Florida; you'll be happy. Free schools! All outdoor sports! Sun-bathing! Health! Come—this winter.

FREE BOOKLETS
Information to help you plan a wonderful winter and free booklets if you address:

M. C. Deaderick
Chamber of Commerce

THE SUNSHINE CITY
St. Petersburg
FLORIDA

Rexall

"Happy Thought" Gifts for a Merry Christmas

REX GOLF BALLS
Artstyle Chocolates

Here are four attractive gifts from the hundreds arranged for your choice at your Rexall Store: Rex Golf Balls, Duska Perfume Set, Artstyle Chocolates, Fountain Pen Desk Set. Save time, trouble and money by Christmas-shopping at your

Rexall DRUG STORE

There is one near you. You will recognize it by this sign. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores.

The Lion and the Lamb

Continued from page 9

worth while from any point of view?"

"It is not only worth while, from my point of view," David confided, "but it has become a necessity."

"I fail to follow you," the lawyer confessed.

"If I don't go for them, they're coming for me. It seems that they don't allow seceders, and they have already sent ordering me back to my place. As soon as they have found out that I am a rich man, and am not coming, there will be trouble."

"WHY not take Scotland Yard into your confidence concerning them?" Mr. Atkinson urged. "I have always understood that the band of criminals with whom you were temporarily associated was one of the most dangerous in London. The police would move for you against them with the utmost pleasure. You ought to be able to give them valuable information, and place yourself in safety at the same time."

David shook his head.

"I'm afraid that you are very much a layman in such matters, Mr. Atkinson," he regretted. "There's just one thing the venomous person who was my late chief is proud of, and that is that no man has ever squealed and lived for twenty-four hours."

"Squealed?" the lawyer murmured questioningly.

"Given the show away—turned king's evidence," David expounded. "I'm not afraid of threats, but I took the oath like the others, and I really don't think that I could bring myself to break it. I swore that, whilst I lived, I would never give away to the police or anyone else the various lurking places of the gang, the names of any of them, or the headquarters of their leader."

Mr. Atkinson mopped his forehead. He was genuinely distressed.

"The treachery to me," David continued, "was not on the part of the gang but on the part of two members of it only. Those I am proposing to deal with privately. So far as regards the rest, they have carried out what they imagined to be their part of the bargain. They sent a taxicab to meet me at the prison this morning. They had a feast prepared for me, and my share of the result of the burglary has been carefully put on one side, and is waiting for me. They've carried the affair through soundly, from their outlook."

MR. ATKINSON was very nearly angry. He spoke with resolution and vigor.

"The sooner you abandon these quixotic ideas the better, Mr. Newberry," he said. "You can't treat thieves like honest men. The chief commissioner at Scotland Yard is a friend of mine. I propose that we visit him at once."

"Nothing doing," was the terse reply. "You have some vague idea, Mr. Atkinson, of what my life has been, but let me tell you this: I have never lived without adventure, even though it has cost me dear, and I have never broken my word to man, woman, child or thief, although that has cost me dear sometimes, too. I am taking this little job on outside the police; that is why I wanted to see you at once."

The lawyer was nonplused. Perhaps he recognized impregnability; at any rate, he acknowledged temporary defeat.

"The time will probably come before long," his distinguished client concluded, "when I may be prepared to assume my title, to occupy my houses, and to visit my estate. Until then I require you to keep my whereabouts an absolute secret both from my relatives, and all inquirers, whoever they may be. I will sign a power of attorney, if necessary, and you will continue to manage my affairs as before."

Mr. Atkinson was touched and eager. The hard, legal tone of some of the letters in which he had conveyed messages from the late Earl of Newberry to his prodigal son had caused him many a groan in the light of subsequent events.

"Do I understand you, My Lord—I beg your pardon, Mr. Newberry—correctly?" he said. "It is your wish that we continue to administer your affairs, and act as your agents for the present?"

"That is my wish," David assented. "In the meantime, I am in need of money. There will be no difficulty about that, I suppose?"

"Not the slightest. We are really almost ashamed to disclose the fact that the balances at your various banks amount to nearly a hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds. This, too, after we have invested quite freely of late."

"At which bank have I the largest balance?"

"You have sixty-nine thousand pounds at Barclays'. I have here all the cheque books. Barclays' is the top one. It will be necessary—I regret very much to trouble you—but it will be necessary for you to accompany me there to demonstrate your signature."

"I will do that at once," David decided, rising to his feet. "My campaign will probably cost money."

The two men left the room together—the lawyer with an unexpectedly light heart. His client's mad scheme was depressing, but he had looked for worse things.

IN SOME odd and varying manner every person in the hideous corner room on the first floor of the Lion and the Lamb public house seemed to possess something in common with its appalling ugliness.

Tottie Green, renowned in criminal circles from Limehouse to Seven Dials, a mountainous heap of flesh, sat in his specially constructed easy-chair, coatless, his unbuttoned waistcoat freely sprinkled with tobacco ash, beads of perspiration from the heat of the room he loved standing out upon his coarse, low forehead. Cannon Ball Lem, in a suit of checks of music-hall size, the front of his hair plastered in two little curls over his forehead, and wearing bright yellow boots, represented the old-fashioned race of prize fighters as completely as the room itself had passed out of date with the ornate public houses of the last decade. The girl stretched upon the crimson-plush-upholstered sofa at first sight seemed to possess only the attractions of the barmaid type. She was richly but unbecomingly dressed, with flowing limbs, masses of golden hair, hazel eyes, a large pouting mouth, and over-beringed hands.

The room itself was Tottie Green's headquarters and abode. It represented to him everything he had desired in life. The furniture was all of one pattern, and had been proudly chosen in the Tottenham Court Road by the proprietor of the Lion and Lamb Hotel when he had furnished his corner public house in the purlieus of Bermondsey. There were two scratched mirrors with gilded frames upon the walls, whose only other adornments were advertisements of whisky and other alcoholic beverages.

"I guess our young gent ain't com-

(Continued on page 70)

all winter, California golf

You know how good you feel when the weather is *right*.

That sparkle in the air fizzes right into the blood and your brain runs clear and strong.

When you feel like that you play the best golf that's in you. And you feel like that when you play golf in California.

The Santa Fe operates six daily trains to California including the CHIEF—fastest and only extra fare train to Southern California.

Fred Harvey dining service is another distinctive feature.

Midwinter Escorted All-Expense Tours on certain days in January, February and March.

Santa Fe

Indian-detour Grand Canyon Line

After California—Hawaii

clip and mail coupon

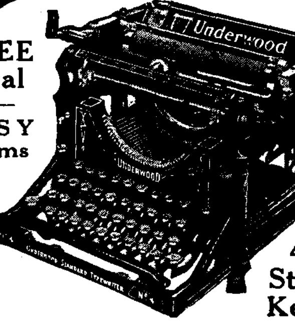
W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines, 1208 Ry. Exch., Chicago

Please mail picture-folders checked below:

☐ Golf in California
☐ The Indian-detour
☐ Grand Canyon Outings
☐ Escorted all-expense Tours

Xmas Special
Genuine
UNDERWOOD
Below ½ Price

FREE Trial
EASY Terms



4 Row Standard Keyboard

Sent to You for Only $1 DOWN

Think of it—only $1.00 brings the world's most famous Underwood Typewriter for 10 days Free Trial. Pay only 10c a day on easy monthly payment plan. This is the full size standard Underwood with 4-Row keyboard, manufactured to sell for $100.

Famous No. 4 Underwood

This late model Underwood, specially priced at only **$39.90** (cash) is the lowest price ever quoted, has modern improvements including 4-row keyboard, two-color ribbon, back-spacer, ribbon reverse, tabulator, release, shift lock and many other improvements. Beautifully refinished and renewed. Looks and operates like brand new. *Fully Guaranteed.*

FREE! FREE! Complete (Home Study) Course of the Famous Van Sant Speed Typewriting System—fully illustrated, easily learned.

10 Day FREE Trial Send coupon for 10 day Free Trial—if you decide to keep it pay only $3 a month until special price of only $44.90 (term price) is paid. Limited offer—act at once.

Other Sensational Bargains!

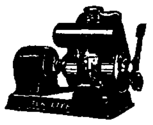
No. 10 Remington $100. Model	Cash Now Only $39.90
No. 8 L. C. Smith $100. "	" " " $39.90
No. 5 Woodstock $100. "	" " " $39.90

INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,
231 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., Dept. 1214.
........No. 4 Underwood ....No. 8 L. C. Smith
........No. 10 Remington ....No. 5 Woodstock
Send typewriter checked above for 10 days Free Trial. I am enclosing $1 deposit with understanding that it will be returned if the typewriter is not satisfactory. If I keep it I will pay $3 a month until $44.90 [term price] is paid.

Name.. Age...........
Address..
Town.. State...............

ELECTRIC LIGHTS ANYWHERE

Complete 110-volt Electric Light Plant. Ideal for Farms, Camps and Summer Homes. $130.00

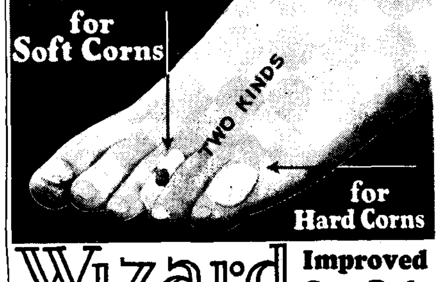


Runs household appliances. Install it yourself. Wiring, Fixtures and Lamps for 7 rooms $17.50. Write for circular

D. W. ONAN & SONS
900 Royalston Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Complete Corn Comfort

for Soft Corns



for Hard Corns

Wizard Improved Corn Pads

There's no relief for tender corns like the new Wizard Improved Corn Pads. Without being bulky, they cushion the corn and instantly end pain. Oh! so soothing! Treated with mercurochrome (HW&D), the wonderful modern antiseptic, they are safe as well as swift! Get a package today at the nearest shoe or drug store.

SEND FOR *FREE* SAMPLE
Specify Callous—Bunion—Hard or Soft Corn.
35¢ everywhere WIZARD CO., *St. Louis*

(*Continued from page 69*)

ing," Cannon Ball Lem observed, without removing the cigar from the corner of his mouth. "Think I'll drop down and have a game of billiards with Harry."

"You stay where you are," his patron and chief growled. "He'll come fast enough. They generally do when Tottie Green sends for them."

The girl raised herself a little on the sofa and removed the cigarette from her lips. There was something lioness-like in the grace of her attitude as she leaned with her elbow on the back of the couch, her cheek in the palm of her hand.

"What's all this talk about?" she demanded. "Why don't he come for his money?"

"He don't seem to need it," her guardian confided. "He ain't touched a bob from us, and there he is driving about in a fine motor car and staying at a West End hotel."

She laughed.

"If he's got any money to spare I shall have to look after him," she remarked. "What's doing these days? I want some more jewelry."

"WE'VE three of the lads out Hampstead way tonight," Tottie Green told her. "Might be a fat little job, but small. There's another affair I've marked down for some time, but our lads are getting too well known. That's one reason why I want to keep Dave."

"If you wanted to keep him, what did you start with selling him for?" she asked lazily.

"The lads did that," her guardian replied, puffing asthmatically. "Reuben was in the show, and if they'd nabbed him it might have meant the swinging room."

"My God, the boys were right!" Cannon Ball Lem, who had been looking out of the window, declared. "Here he is, in a motor car, with a chauffeur in livery, getting out as bold as brass. Isn't he the toff, too! I ain't sure that I want him back, guv'nor," he added, turning to his chief. "I fancy him and me'd fall out."

"You'd probably get what you're asking for if you did," the girl mocked. "You've gone a bit to seed, you know, Lem."

There was a knock at the door. David Newberry entered, closing it behind him. For a moment he stood still. The girl was watching him, her hand resting lightly upon her hip, her hair aflame against the common, incandescent light. She smiled a welcome to him.

"Well, Mr. Bad Penny," she said, "come to see the old folk at home, eh?"

He acknowledged her greeting courteously but without enthusiasm, and, advancing farther into the room, laid his hat and stick upon the table, and drew off his gloves. He nodded curtly to Tottie Green, and ignored Cannon Ball Lem altogether.

They watched him, a little stupefied. He had had time to visit his tailor, and he was wearing clothes of a cut and style outside the range of their experience. He was a great deal more assured in his manner, too, than anyone should have been in the presence of the great Chief of the Underworld. Pa Green ruled his band through fear, and the composure of this young visitor in his presence was distressing. He scowled across at him.

"So you've come at last," he remarked harshly. "Taken your time about it, haven't you?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, my first intention was not to come at all," David replied. "Then I decided it would be rather interesting to know what you wanted from me. Besides," he added, after a moment's pause, "I have something to say to you on my own account."

Tottie Green drew one or two deep breaths. The sound itself was unpleasant, and the displayal of his teeth was worse. He drank from a tumbler by his side, and lit a cigar. For some reason or other, it seemed to occur to him that amicable methods might be better with his visitor.

"Do you want a drink or smoke, young man?" he asked, pointing to the table on which was set out a liberal supply of decanters and cigar boxes.

"Not with you," was the calm reply.

The autocrat of the Lambs stared across the room. His eyes for the moment were bulbous. He had the air of one who could scarcely believe what he heard.

"Young fellow," he confided, "there's more than one has gone to his grave for holding out against me. I don't allow insubordination. You join my Lambs, and when you join you're mine until I give you your quittance, or until you buy it from me."

"Give it to me then," David demanded. "I've had enough of your Lambs."

"I don't choose to give it to you," was the angry reply. "Be sensible, Dave lad. I need you for my work. You ain't so well known as some of the others, and you can do the gentleman stunts. That's what we're short of. You can work with Belle there sometimes if you don't want the rough stuff, although they tell me you're a scrapper all right."

"That's more than your lads are," David answered bitterly. "They left me alone to fight two policemen whilst they got away with the swag. If that's their idea of running a job, it isn't mine. I've finished. Do you understand that? I wouldn't go out with your pack of cowards again for anything in the world."

The old man was breathing heavily. Speech at that moment would have been unwise. Belle called across the room to this very bold visitor:

"What about me, Dave? Wouldn't you take me along, and let me show you a few stunts? There are more ways of making money than breaking into safes."

"Thank you," David answered, "I don't want to hear of any of your stunts. I've finished with the lot of you. That is one of the two things I came here to say."

"And what might be the other?" Lem asked, sidling up a little closer to where David was lounging against the table.

"GET out of my way," the latter enjoined. "I'm going to say it to the old man there, and I want to say it face to face. You've had a pretty good inning, Tottie Green. You've sat in here, filling your stomach, and swilling, and getting hold of young men to do your dirty work, a trifle too long. It's time it came to an end. You played a foul trick on me, and I'm going to get it back on you. I'm going to break you and your gang. As to those two cowards who ran away, and left me to face the music down at Frankley Grange, they're going to be sorry they were ever born before I've finished with them."

There was a brief and strange silence.

"You've got it straight from me now," David went on coldly. "I came here to give you warning. I'm just being honest about the matter. Open war. That's what it's going to be. I'm a Lamb in revolt."

"Hold on a minute, Lem," his chief croaked. "Wait till I give the word."

David, who, warned by certain twitchings of the other's body, was standing tense and prepared, shrugged his shoulders.

"You can turn your bully loose on me if you want to," he said, "but I don't see the use. My chauffeur down below knows I've come here, and he won't go

Keeps tobacco moist

Locktite HUMIDIZER—simple, convenient, sure! Slips into pouch in small space—adds pleasure to your smoke.

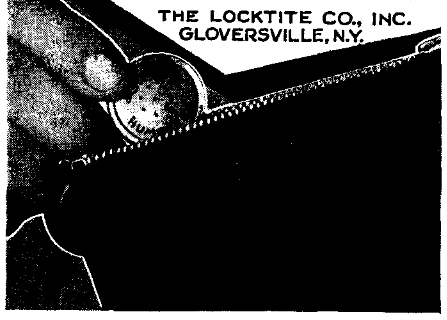
Be sure you get a Locktite—only pouch with TALON Fastener and Locktite HUMIDIZER. Fully guaranteed.

Assorted fine leathers, or imported oilsilk—wherever smokers' articles are sold, $1.00 to $7.50.

"Look for the name"

"Locktite"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

POUCH *and* HUMIDIZER
THE LOCKTITE CO., INC.
GLOVERSVILLE, N.Y.



COLLEGE COURSES
at Home

Carry on your education. Develop power to initiate and achieve. Earn credit toward a Bachelor degree or Teaching Certificate *by correspondence.* Select from 450 courses in 45 subjects, including English, Mathematics, History, Education, Psychology, Economics, the Languages, etc. Write for catalog.

The University of Chicago
417 ELLIS HALL CHICAGO, ILL.

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., and a large staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1240-H, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

THE CHARM OF YOUTH

lingers in a clean skin. Experts advise soap and water. Let your soap be

Resinol

FREE RADIO CATALOG
WHOLESALE PRICES

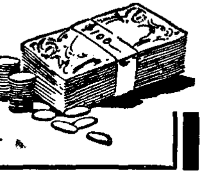
Write for this 148-page radio book of bargains in The New, Humless, Screen Grid, A. C. all-electric and battery operated sets at wholesale prices. Everything in radio.

CHICAGO SALVAGE STOCK STORE
509 So. State St., Dept. 103, Chicago

Have You an Eye for EXTRA CASH?

If you want extra money, send for our profitable plan for looking after the local subscription interests of Collier's and other Crowell Magazines. Write to:

Chief of Subscription Staff
THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
250 Park Avenue
New York, N. Y.



3-in-One
Prevents Rust

A film of fine oil is the best thing in the world to protect metal surfaces from rust and tarnish caused by contact with the air—especially moist or salt air.

But the oil must be light enough to penetrate the tiny pores of metal and heavy enough to stay there, forming a protective film that won't rub out or evaporate.

3-in-One is just such an oil. 35 years have proved it.

Rub on all unprotected metal surfaces, plain or nickeled—ornamental iron and brass; faucets, builders' hardware, tools, guns, pistols. 3-in-One is a wonderful nickel polish. Try it on your automobile radiator, lamps, etc. Prevents water marks, too.

Three different oils account for 3-in-One's unique properties. Highest quality *animal*, *mineral* and *vegetable* oil, blended by the secret 3-in-One process, develop new properties not found in any other single oil or in any of the three original oils.

At good stores everywhere in three size bottles and two size Handy Oil Cans. Ask for 3-in-One by name.

Manufactured since 1894
THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 William Street ◆ New York, N.Y.

Prevents Rust - OILS - Cleans & Polishes
N107

FREE SAMPLE—
Also illustrated Dictionary of Uses. Request them on a postal card.

You can be quickly cured, if you
STAMMER
Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. B. N. Bogue, 11022 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis

Next to WINGS
Rollfast
SKATES
For the feet of kids who are loved

D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. COMPANY
D. P. Harris Building New York, N. Y.

away without me. There was a policeman at the door as I came in. I should think a row up here in the Holy of Holies wouldn't do you any good."

Cannon Ball Lem was eying his master wistfully.

"Five minutes, Dad," he begged. "Let me have five minutes with him."

"Can you fight, David Newberry?" the girl drawled.

"I shouldn't have come to a place like this without being able to take care of myself," was the evasive answer.

There was regret in her eyes as she lounged across the floor, moving as though without definite intent between the two men.

"I should have loved a scrap," she confessed, "but you're right, David. The police are better away from this place. Chuck it, Lem," she enjoined in a voice of authority. "A scrap between you two wouldn't do anyone any good. As for you, David," she concluded, with a challenging look into his set, determined face, "you're a brave man in your own way, I suppose, but you're a fool all the same, to come here, and talk like this. You'll get what you're asking for all right if you don't take care. They'll have you one of these dark nights."

DAVID NEWBERRY prepared to take his leave.

"Let them, if they can," he rejoined. "I've learned a few of their tricks myself, you know."

"Your hundred and seventy-five pounds is here," Tottie Green growled.

"Keep it," was the scornful reply. "It will do to pay the hospital bill of some of your Lambs when I begin to talk to them."

In some unexplained manner, each one of them knew that the immediate danger of a fracas was over. Belle, with her hand upon her hip, crossed over to the plush-draped mantelpiece. She took a cigarette from a box, and lit it.

"Can't I have it for chocolates?" she asked. "It's not enough for diamonds or I should have liked a ring. Good-by, David Newberry."

She flung a mocking smile across the room, and, with an ironic bow, he took his leave. As they listened to his retreating footsteps, she laughed again.

"He won't be much trouble," she declared scornfully. "If you really want him, I can get him all right."

Cannon Ball Lem stood at the window and scowled down into the street. The girl, with a cigarette between her lips, joined him. They watched David's unhurried departure.

"A chauffeur—in livery!" the former exclaimed, turning aside to spit into the chief's spittoon.

"Don't do that," the girl ordered, in a tone of repugnance. "Makes me sick."

Lem growled.

"Swanking about in his own motor car, and wearing toff's clothes!"

"If you ask me," the girl observed, "I think that he is a toff. He behaves as though he had been used to that sort of thing all his life."

"Where did Ned Rattigan bring in word that he was staying?" Tottie Green demanded.

"One of these swanky hotels," Lem replied. "The Milan Court, up west. What I should like to know, guv'nor," he went on earnestly, "is where did he get the money from? He hadn't got the price of a pint of beer when he joined up."

"Maybe he's on a confidence lay," Tottie Green suggested.

The girl shook her head.

"David isn't clever enough for that," she declared. "It would need some nerve, too, just out of prison. You can take my word for it, I'm right. Joined us because he was down on his luck, a toff. Why, you can tell from the way he talks, and wears his clothes. If any of you buys a new suit, even Reuben, you look like gawks for the first few days."

"Gentleman David, eh?" Tottie Green murmured. "Maybe you're right, girl. What I should like to know is, where does the money come from? It seems to me that some of it ought to belong to us."

"You should have left him to me to deal with," the girl remarked, throwing herself upon the couch. "Some of it probably would have done then. The last person who ought to have been here is Lem. That made him mad to start with. . . . Who's this?"

They listened to the flying footsteps mounting the stairs, and wondered. They heard them without anxiety, for, in what was coming, there was nothing akin to the slow, ponderous footfall of authority.

"Someone in a hurry," the girl drawled.

The door was swiftly but silently opened and closed. The young man Reuben entered—a lean, cadaverous-looking young man, with smoothly brushed, glossy black hair, somberly but carefully dressed.

"Has he been?" he demanded, almost fiercely.

"Has who been?" Tottie Green inquired.

"Dave—blast him!"

"Yes, he's been," the other acknowledged, his watery, bulbous eyes fixed curiously upon the newcomer, searching his expression as though seeking to read his thoughts.

"Dave's been. What about it, Reuben? What's wrong?"

The young man sank into a chair. He was coughing a little now, and there were drops of sweat breaking through the unhealthy pallor of his forehead.

"Togged out like a duke," Lem grumbled. "Came in a motor car, if you please, with a chauffeur, in livery. Turned up his nose at his hundred and seventy-five pounds. Wants to give us the go-by. I reckon the boss will see to that."

A spasm of anger enabled the visitor to recover himself.

"Togged out like a duke, eh?" he repeated. "Wouldn't have his share of the Frankley cash. Not likely! He's done better than that."

"Come into money or something?" the girl inquired lazily.

"Come into fiddlesticks," was the fierce reply. "Gawd, if I'd got here half an hour earlier! He's done us—that's what's happened—he's done us in the eye. Done you, Daddy Green! Done me! Done Lem here! Came like a duke, eh? Motor car, clothes, and all! Well, you'll never see him again."

THERE was a hushed atmosphere in the tawdry, smoke-hung room. Reuben's disjointed sentences were pregnant with some vital emotion, which became instantly communicated to his auditors. Even the girl leaned forward. No one spoke. They could sense the words framing on his lips.

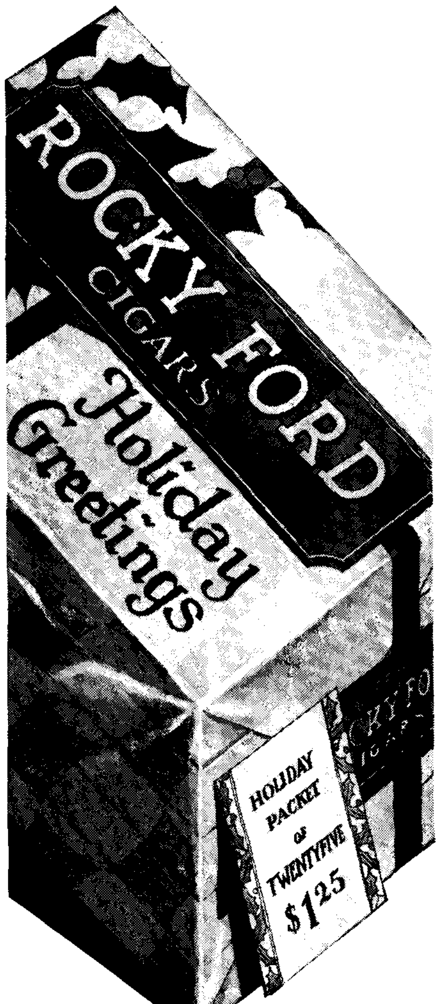
"I'll tell you. He's got the Frankley Blue Diamond, the Virgin's Tear."

No one spoke. Tottie Green's huge stomach began to rise and fall. The color mounted to his forehead. He looked like a man whose blood pressure needed serious attention. Cannon Ball Lem stood with his mouth open crookedly, unbelieving, his senses resisting those few, commonplace words. The girl swung herself off the couch, and sat leaning forward, her chin upon her two clenched hands, a glorious but terrible light in her eyes. It was she who spoke.

"You're mad, Reuben," she declared.

He wiped his forehead. With the mingled agony and evil joy of his disclosure, he had become the coolest of the quartet.

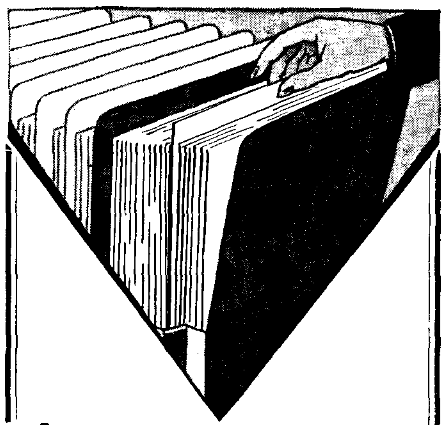
(*Continued on page 72*)



It takes only a dollar and a quarter to warm the masculine Christmas Heart

25 ROCKY FORDS, in a sprightly holiday packet. 25 messengers of cheery good-will that will make any mortal man as merry as a cricket on the Christmas hearth. ROCKY FORDS, the finest 5¢ cigar that the Christmas smoker ever held a light to. Imported Sumatra wrapper . . . finest domestic long filler. Can the most hopeful giver ask any more for such a modest fee?

Rocky Ford
CIGAR 5¢
WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH
© P. LORILLARD CO., EST. 1760



Selectivity

The important paper you want when you want it.

Correspondence as filed and contained in a "Vertex" File Pocket *is instantly available for* reference.

If your filing system is encumbered with slumping, bulging folders which hamper the easy filing and finding of correspondence, install

Vertex File Pockets
VERTICAL – EXPANDING

which are especially designed to correct these filing evils. They are always erect in the filing cabinet with their indexes plainly visible. They expand as the papers increase and will outlast twenty ordinary flat folders which are the common cause of filing troubles.

A "Vertex" Pocket will be sent free for trial in your own files. All we ask is that you own or use a vertical filing system.

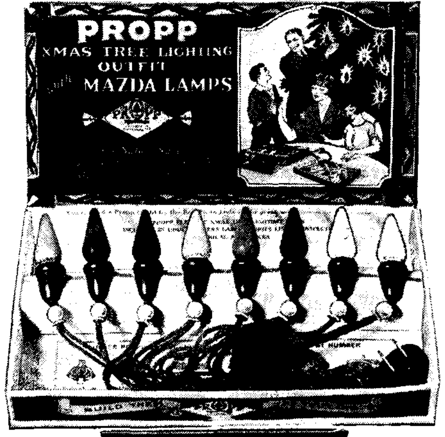
-----------CUT HERE-----------

Please send me for trial in my files a free sample of the Bushnell Paperoid "VERTEX" File Pocket, as described in December 7th, Collier's.

Name of Firm..
Address..
Name and Position of Person Inquiring..
....
Letter Size or Legal Size Desired?..

To ALVAH BUSHNELL CO., Dep.. C.
13th & Wood Streets Philadelphia, Pa.

Give a Thought to Safety
WHEN
CHRISTMAS
COMES



PROPP
DECORATIVE
Xmas Tree Lights

Approved by Santa Claus and the Underwriters

Each year many casualties are caused during the Christmas season because chances are taken with decorative lights that are not up to standard.

This hazard can be eliminated by recommending for sale and use Propp branded light units.

Their safety for use is indicated by having the full approval of the Underwriters.

Sold by all good dealers

(*Continued from page 71*)

"Am I mad?" he rejoined. "I have been ever since that night not to have suspected. You were mad, too, Lem, to bustle me off and leave him behind. We got him fixed wrong that way, and he took his chance."

"Speak plain, you fool," Lem demanded.

"What do you mean by saying he's got the Virgin's Tear?" Belle insisted.

"It's perfectly plain," Reuben continued. "That old lady in the bedroom was cunning, but not cunning enough for Gentleman Dave. She gave us the keys of the safe because she was tied up, and had to, but the Virgin's Tear was never there. That's why he stayed behind and got left. He'd tumbled to it. We were the mugs. The Virgin's Tear was where it always had been kept—in a small casket, at the back of the dressing table. He'd tumbled to it somehow. That's why he fought so hard. That's why he was so far behind us."

TOTTIE GREEN was still speechless. His cunning brain was at work. He was thinking, and thinking very hard. The natural savagery of the girl was shining out of her face. She, too, was *trying* to piece together the story, and her first impulse was to reject it.

"You're talking like the villain of a dime novelette, Reuben," she sneered. "How can you tell what took place in the room after the girl came down? How do you know he found the diamond, much more had nerve enough to pinch it? And supposing he did, supposing he was cleverer than you two blundering fools, what did he do with it? He was caught within twenty yards of the room. Do you suppose he swallowed it?"

Reuben was himself again, and the Reuben of everyday life was a very self-composed, cynical and precise young person.

"During that twenty or thirty yards," he pointed out, "there may have presented itself through the window, or in the corridor or room through which he passed, a possible hiding place."

"Quit this, and get on to facts," Tottie Green growled. "You must have more reasons than this. Tell us why you're sure he's got the Blue Diamond. Let's have the facts, lad."

"You shall have them all right," was the quick reply. "I'll tell you why it's a cert. For one thing Moss and Nathan, the fake jewelers, have an order in hand at the present moment from Lady Frankley to make up for her an imitation of the Virgin's Tear, and they had to work on specifications. She hadn't the stone even to show them."

"No proof," Tottie Green grunted. "Go on."

"Very well then, listen to this," Reuben continued. "Last week, the insurance company settled up with her ladyship. They paid her ninety-two thousand pounds, and fifty thousand pounds of that was for the Virgin's Tear."

"You're talking through your hat, Reuben," Lem declared.

"I'm not talking through my hat, as you'll realize if you'll allow me to finish. The jewels were insured with the Mutual, and the young woman who typed out the final agreement, and typed the body of the cheque, was Mollie Padmore."

Tottie Green wiped the sweat from his forehead, and groaned.

"The Virgin's Tear," Reuben went on, his voice becoming lower, his eyes shining like black points of light, "was amongst the stolen jewels that night and the insurance company has paid for it. Did Lem here get it, or even see it? No. Did I? No. It's your Gentleman David who did us in. He hid it, or threw it out of the window somewhere between her ladyship's room and the door which we had to lock, where he was trapped. He got word somehow to a pal, and he's touched. Rolled up in his motor car, did he? Dressed like a duke!"

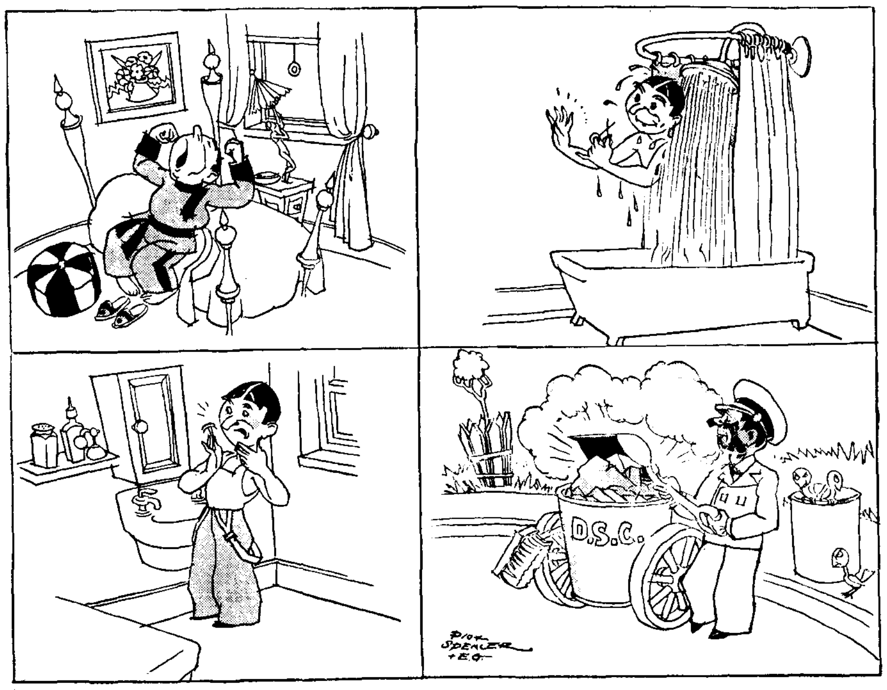
"Been threatening us," Lem put in. "He's been down here threatening us. Called us cowards, because we left him behind. Says he's breaking away from us. Blast him!"

"Breaking away from us, eh?" Reuben repeated. "I should think the boss might have something to say about that."

"The devil!" Lem muttered to himself in agony. "If they'd only let me give him what he deserved, he'd have been lying here now, and us waiting for him to come to, to give him some more."

THERE was another silence—an ominous, menacing silence. The roar of traffic in the streets below found its way in broken patches through the fast-closed windows, but in the room itself one heard nothing but the heavy breathing of the grotesque and evil figure upon the chair. He it was who first moved. He turned wheezily on one side, took up a block of memorandum paper, searched for and found with difficulty the stubby end of a pencil in his capacious waistcoat pocket. With painful effort he wrote. They all watched him. They knew what it meant when Daddy Green wrote with that particular pencil on that particular block of paper.

(*To be continued next week*)



Step into Liggett's
AMERICA'S GREATEST DRUG STORES

Or any other of 10,000
Rexall DRUG STORES
and buy your chauffeur a couple of Kozak cloths.

You never *need* ride in a dirty car. It can be Dry-Washed with a Kozak cloth . . . without water or anything else . . . *in five minutes.*

The maid can use the other Kozak for polishing plate glass windows . . . and properly caring for fine furniture.

KOZAK
Auto Dry Wash
REG. PAT OFF U.S AND CANADA

KOZAK
DRY-WASH

You will also see it displayed in thousands of Colonial . . . Cities Service . . . Indian . . . and other gasoline stations . . . in the Kozak colorful, holiday gift package. A useful remembrance for friends with nice cars . . . particular about appearances. Or direct from factory by return mail upon receipt of one dollar each . . . but please order today and avoid usual Xmas mail delays.

KOZAK, INC., 1 PARK PLACE, BATAVIA, N. Y.
Send______Kozaks . . . Xmas packed, for which I enclose $______at $1.00 each.
(*Please Print*)
*Name*____________________
*Address*____________________

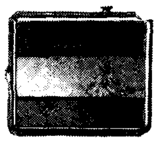
Self Service

One hand on the wheel, both eyes on the road and a fresh uncrumpled cigarette served to your lips at a press of your thumb! Only with the Ejector is this possible. No other case has this automatic action—no other so protects cigarettes from crushing, from handling.

Ejector is the modern, smart way to carry and serve cigarettes.

Write enclosing price if your dealer cannot supply you.

A Real Xmas Gift!



Colorful Enamel and fine engine turned designs at your dealers—up to $6.00. Model C, $1.50, Model C50, $3.00.

THE LYONS MFG. CO.
Dept. D-8, Mt. Carmel, Conn.

EJECTOR
The Perfect One Hand
CIGARETTE CASE

Extra Money!

Miss Douglas uses our profitable plan to earn extra money in spare time. In the same way, you can make extra money by looking after the local subscription interests of Collier's and other Crowell Magazines. For full particulars write to:

Chief of Subscription Staff
THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Merrily We Roll Along

Continued from page 19

your hands into fists, bring your elbows forward and around, and pretend you're going to punch yourself most unmercifully right in the tummy. You needn't even hit the spot ever so lightly but you'll find that the movement makes you pull in the abdomen sharply and do what Miss Arden calls "tuck in" behind.

We're all familiar with the mat exercises that form part of every system of conditioning, but we don't take them as often as we should. The one where we lie on our backs, rise to a sitting posture, touch our toes and lie down content after we've repeated it ten times. The one where we paste ourselves flat to the mat and proceed to roll up and kick the floor over our heads. The "bicycle exercise," in which we pedal away from our stance on the floor, legs raised and revolving. "The scissors," which consists in lying on the side and kicking out as far as we can, legs going in opposite directions. All these are good for reducing the roll, the abdomen, the hips and the buttocks.

Rolling in Luxury

So far, we've taken for granted that you planned to do it all yourself. But maybe you're one of those limousine ladies who simply won't. Maybe you suffer from bridge exhaustion and simply can't—at least not so strenuously. Which brings us to the subject of rollers. Did you know that the Romans and the ancient Chinese—clever old things—used rollers? Theirs, of course, were little hand affairs, and slaves doubtless supplied the motive power. But today our high chief slave is electricity, and how we make him toil in the interests of beauty! In Miss Arden's New York salon she has a huge multiple roller that can do everything but talk. It works on whatever part of you needs reduction. You can stand or sit—study a part, read a book or go to sleep while the ounces and the inches are fading out. While this is doubtless the queen of all possible rollers—unless you want to cross the ocean on the Ile de France or the Bremen and try theirs—nobody needs to be told that there are much simpler and less expensive developments of the same idea that can be installed at home. Those of us who have houses with the kind of basements taken for granted in the current furnace advertising—places so tidy that we're shown coming down in our evening dresses to display them to our friends—have the ideal location for a whole gymnasium full of such appliances.

There's one that combines the rollers for Madame with the weight-pulling apparatus and the punching bag for Monsieur; with the weights differently adjusted, the young man of the family can use them while his parents recondition themselves with the other tricks. Rowing machines, electric horses, belts that can be adjusted to fit any part of the anatomy and fulfill on it any demand of fashion—these things have been produced with scientific skill and at attractive prices.

If we haven't room for the more elaborate space-taking types, there's a new little wonder, the bracket of which can be mounted on the bathroom door. Attached to the nearest light socket, it can be timed to give a long slow stroke or a short quick stroke of the belt, the former being prescribed for the abdominal muscles and the roll. Any lady usually given to expensive eating could save the price of such a reducing partner in a few weeks and would be much better off for her change in expenditure.

The question is often asked: "How much is a sensible amount a week for the average woman to lose in reducing?"

Miss Arden is no extremist. She says, "A pound and a half or two pounds." Diet is something that shouldn't be seriously meddled with except on the advice of a physician. But one day a week devoted to fasting or fruit-eating can't hurt anybody, and it will help along the good work done in other ways.

I said there were going to be three rescue parties for our roll-beleaguered heroine, and so far I've given you two—Miss Arden's, and the big contingent of those who offer home exercisers of various sorts and prices. The third party splits up into numberless units, but the best known name in this division is that of Patou. Not Patou as dressmaker, who with Chanel made all the trouble about waistlines, but Patou in his more merciful character of corset maker, to his own mannequins first, and later to America.

Not all of us will have to wear corsets with the new clothes, for there are still young girls who are waistlined by nature and older women who have kept themselves slim in the middle by diet or exercise. For most of us, however, a corset will be necessary, at least in the preliminary stages. Patou's own mannequins, slender as they considered themselves, all had to wear corsets. And for them he caused to be evolved such a clever bit of molding persuasiveness that those who see it will hope it's for them. But it isn't a corset for what is known to the trade as "the heavy figure." That, too, can be created, in almost limitless variety—not a backlace old-time affair, even in its sternest manifestations—merely a girdle cut two or three inches above the waist and cunningly curved to present the outward aspect of not being there. That it has been made, distributed, sold and worn in such numbers in so short a time is the greatest possible testimony of the skill of the American corset maker and the keenness of the American public in taking up a new idea.

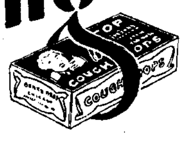
"I went away for a holiday on the fifteenth of August," said the busy young person responsible for copying the Patou corset as presented here, "and there wasn't a word about waistlines.

"I came back on September fourth—and our old corset simply didn't exist! From the fourth to the tenth, I was working practically every minute, day and night. I've never moved so fast before in my life."

New Models

When we asked her whether she made more one-piece models or girdles planned to be worn with a separate brassière, she said that both had their partisans and it was impossible to give percentages. Patou favors the two-piece arrangement, but the American market still calls for the unbroken line of the one-piece, though the new models have to be full in the bust and molded at the waist if they aren't to look like last year's. The most popular girdles hook, at least part way; you can't step into them and let it go at that, on account of the curve.

From all of which you see that the present situation isn't desperate; it's merely exciting. It doesn't call for a revolver to the temple; merely for the alarm clock at the bedside to get up for exercise—and courage to give last season's perfectly good corset to the cook, who probably won't wear it.



Look for the funny fat man on the red box

For Speaking

Bunte Cough Drops clear the voice and rest the throat. Made of pure cane sugar, menthol and horehound. The menthol heals—the horehound soothes.

Bunte WORLD FAMOUS 5¢ COUGH DROPS
MENTHOL HOREHOUND

BUNTE BROTHERS
CHICAGO

AGENTS WANT TO MAKE SOME MONEY?

Here's An EASY Way—SELL NEW Safety Cigarette Holder

This amazing invention completely encloses a cigarette so ashes or sparks cannot fall. Smokers everywhere buying it like wild-fire. Every smoker wants one—try him and see. Price is only $1, with liberal discounts to live agents. If you want something really good to sell, if you want an easy seller—one which will make you a lot of money, write for full particulars today.

Ashes cannot fall.
Sparks cannot fly.
Cigarette tastes sweeter.
A cooler smoke.
Makes Cigarette smoking safe.
Fine for the automobile driver.
Retails at only $1.00.

John Smith, Milwaukee, sold 24 at $1 each the first 2 hours and telegraphed, "Send me 50 more quick." Ash-Pak is the only safety cigarette holder, made of bakelite, beautifully finished in assorted colors. Every sale makes a dozen new customers. Write quick for discount and territory.

THE NORLIPP COMPANY
568 W. Congress Street, Dept. A-19, Chicago, Illinois

The Perfect Gift

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

The Merriam-Webster

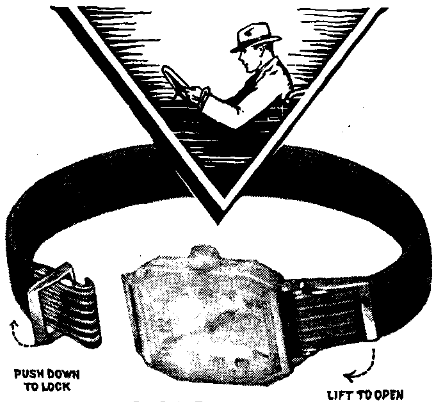
The "Supreme Authority"

452,000 entries including 408,000 vocabulary terms, 32,000 geographical subjects, 12,000 biographical entries. Over 6,000 illustrations and 100 valuable tables.

Send for new richly illustrated pamphlet containing sample pages of the New International. FREE if you mention Collier's.

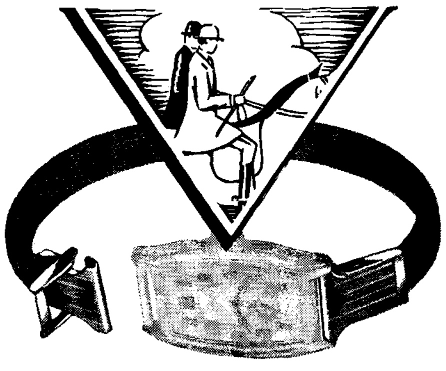
G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY
Springfield, Mass.

STYLE and stamina



Viking
W-I-D-E FOR MEN

A man likes the easy comfort of Viking Expanding and Flexible mesh—the absolute security of its patented end hook. And when rolling his sleeves and sliding the Viking up his arm for a hurried wash, there is no catching of hair—naturally he becomes a Viking enthusiast.



Viking
SPORT WIDTH, FOR MEN & WOMEN

Golf, Tennis, Dancing, Riding—these active days of sport demand unusual stamina in a watch bracelet. Viking flexible, expanding mesh happily combines the smartness of fine jewelry with unfailing security under all conditions.

Viking
NARROW FOR WOMEN

The woven, expanding mesh of the Viking exhibits a refined simplicity wholly in keeping with the beautiful watch my lady chooses to wear with her richer costumes and dance frocks.

Viking is *both* flexible and *expanding*. Be sure you get the original, patented Viking stamped with the name. At your jeweler's. Write for catalog sheet.

M. S. Company, Attleboro, Mass.

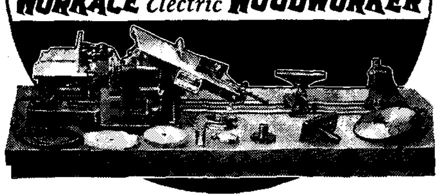
Viking
Seamless, Flexible Mesh
WATCH BRACELET

Coopers
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FROM STOUT FIELD BOOTS to soft tweed hat, your hunting kit is *different*. Your undersuit should suit the occasion too. . . . Coopers supplies the gentleman's *complete* underwardrobe—shirts and shorts; union suits; knitted rayon dress wear. . . . Coopers knows how to avoid extremes in adding a flash of color to a union suit. A style feat! . . . The easy comfort of Coopers is proverbial. Coopers, Incorporated, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

UNDERWEAR POLO SHIRTS
HOSIERY PAJAMAS

WORKACE Electric WOODWORKER



The same accurate equipment as used in Commercial woodworking shops everywhere. Write today for complete information.

COMPLETE $89

Includes planer, saw, lathe, electric motor, building, sanding and grinding attachments.

EASY TERMS
$9 down
$9 a mo.

J. D. WALLACE & CO. 2839 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill
11 W. 42nd St., New York 268 Market St., San Francisco

EASY to PLAY

BUESCHER TRUE-TONE SAXOPHONE

You will be delighted and astonished at the rapid progress you can make on a Buescher because of its convenient key arrangement. In just a few weeks you can be playing the latest popular tunes

A small downpayment brings you any Buescher Instrument you want and you can pay balance in convenient monthly payments. We also allow 6 Days' Free Trial in your own home. Only the Buescher has snap-on pads and patented Automatic Octave Key.

EASY to PAY

Saxophone Book Free showing all models and prices. Gives full details on exclusive features. Write today. (532)

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
2944 Buescher Block Elkhart, Ind.

LEARN Electricity In 12 weeks by actual work, not correspondence—no books—no lessons. Earn while you learn. Aviation, Radio and Auto Electrical Courses included. You don't need advanced education or experience. SEND *AT ONCE* FOR BIG, NEW, *FREE BOOK!*

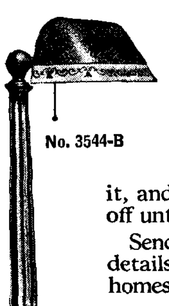
COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, Dept. 99-14
500 South Paulina Street CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

HELP WANTED

Splendid openings for men and women in every locality with wonderful opportunity to make big money. Pleasant, easy, dignified work. No previous experience necessary. Simply carry out instructions. No slack seasons. Chance for big income year 'round. Devote full time or spare time. If you make less than $150 a month, my proposition will interest you. Costs nothing to investigate. Write today, get the facts, and decide for yourself.

Albert Mills, Gen. Mgr. Employment Dept.
6348 Monmouth Ave. Cincinnati, Ohio

The Modern Trend—*plus*—

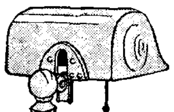


No. 3544-B

The Modern Trend, plus beauty of design and finish, is reflected in Verdelite Lamps.

The effectiveness of Verdelite Lamps from the standpoint of scientific lighting, as well as adjustable and convenience, is seen particularly in the adjustable and detachable shade. It simply slips on and stays put until lifted off. No unwiring—not even a screw driver is necessary to detach it, and yet it is fastened securely and will not come off until lifted off.

Send for illustrated Booklet C-11 containing full details and prices of these modern lamps for modern homes and offices. Ideal as Christmas gifts.



Slip-On Shade

FARIES MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DECATUR, ILLINOIS

No Romance

Continued from page 13

unlatch the door. But in this nonchalance Eddie Simpson found a subtler tribute than in any blank amaze. The man's manner testified that there was nothing remarkable in receiving French orders from him. Even Wesley Flack accepted the incident as an affair of course.

"I cert'nly wish," he confided, "that I could talk Spanish like you can. It might—" he hesitated—"it might make a lot of difference."

"That was French," said Eddie, his tone implying that he had chosen at careless random among alien tongues. Flack clicked his tongue wistfully. The cab sped along the curving sea wall.

"I guess," said Flack presently, an abashed timidity in his voice, "I guess you'd laugh if you knew what a kick I'm getting out of this. I feel like somebody in a book, sort of."

Eddie Simpson smiled compassionately in the darkness. It was pathetic to consider Wesley Flack as an adventurer. And yet. . . .

"It won't be much like home, anyhow," said Flack. "I can see that much already."

THIS was true. The streets through which the cab conveyed them, the starlighted open country to which they presently emerged, were indisputably glamorous with strangeness. It was a long drive before they came to the pale loom of the casino against the Cuban stars, the symbolic fountain where white-marble nymphs danced on the rim of a great marble bowl that poured electric moonlight upward on them. Under a proud portico servile doormen waited in purple livery, and crimson velvet spread a royal carpet over white marble steps.

"That'll be five bucks, see?"

The forewarning truculence of the driver's tone, his disconcerting fluency of English, slightly tarnished the glamour of marble and red velvet. As submissively as if he had been in Binchester, Eddie Simpson's hand moved toward his pocket, but Flack raised a forbidding arm.

"This is on me, Ed," he asserted, paying. "Everything's on me."

Eddie Simpson made only a mumbling protest. Flack's voice, somehow, implied that the privilege of seeing life in Eddie's company was cheaply purchased at the price of mere expenses, and, regarding Flack in the soft illumination of the portico, Eddie told himself that this was just.

A wide, stately chamber received them. Obsequiously a head-waiter bowed to Eddie, bending from his hips. They followed him to a table beside the central space left clear for dancing, a table from which a "Reserved" card was pointedly removed. The head-waiter's fingers closed on the bill thrust into them by Wesley Flack, but it was toward Eddie Simpson that, again, he bowed from the hip. Flack chuckled.

"I knew I'd get service," he said, "if I trailed along with you, Ed. You order, will you, and say, go as far as you like. The sky's the limit. Shoot the works."

Discretion counseled Eddie Simpson to negotiate in English with the head-waiter. The head-waiter, somehow, did not look as if he would be delightedly astonished if addressed in mail-order French. Also discreetly, the choice of wines and victuals was left, with bored nonchalance, to the head-waiter's professional talent. There was leisure, now, for survey of the other guests. This, even to Wesley Flack, proved disappointing.

"Mostly Americans," he said, dejectedly. He lifted an arm in acknowledgment of eager hand-wavings and noddings from a table across the dancing-space, and his countenance brightened a little.

"High-hatted me all the way down," he told Eddie. "J. B. Dorflinger and the madam and daughter, from Dubuque. Act kind of glad to see me now"—he grinned—"I guess you must look better to 'em than I did."

It was, altogether, a disheartening dinner. No one of the people who arrived during its deliberate service was more glamorous than the Dorflingers. Wesley Flack, gulping champagne, voiced Eddie Simpson's feelings.

"Gypped again," he said. "Nothing here you couldn't see any night right in the Red Mill back home."

Eddie Simpson's concurrence was interrupted by the arrival of J. B. Dorflinger, who spoke to Wesley Flack with the heartiness of ancient friendship and, shaking hands with Wesley's other old friend, Ed Simpson of Binchester, invited both over to his own table.

Eddie Simpson groped for a formula of evasion, but Flack, on whom the thawing amiability of Mr. Dorflinger had worked a visible uplift of spirit, rose with alacrity, and Eddie was obliged to follow his example.

As he crossed the dance floor his wits opened a canny avenue for escape, not only from the Dorflinger party, but from Wesley Flack. He provided himself, as he approached the table, with a faint but noticeable limp. Thus, when Miss Dorflinger, having graciously unbent toward Wesley Flack, and still more graciously smiled upon his friend, made casual allusion to the excellence of the music and the roominess of the floor, the way was clear for Eddie Simpson to say, regretfully, that his ankle still restrained him from the dance, and for Wesley Flack, eagerly, to proffer invitation which Miss Dorflinger could not well decline.

Eddie, having risen to let her pass, remained standing as Flack fox-trotted her away. He bowed formally to Mr. and Mrs. Dorflinger and withdrew before the lady's protest had found other than ocular expression.

IT WAS neatly done, and it afforded Eddie a pleasant consciousness of extreme finesse. For the present he was rid of Wesley Flack, free to face alone his first experience, outside of literature, with the romance and adventure of roulette.

There was plenty of room at the tables. He chose a place and slid a twenty-dollar bill across to the croupier.

"Dollar checks?"

Eddie nodded. His fingers trembled a little as they fumbled with the stack of counters. He would have liked to play splendidly on single numbers, after the fashion of the people in the books, but the canniness which had enabled him to become, at thirty-four, sole owner of Ye Togge Shoppe had riddeen stubbornly with him to Cuba. He put two chips on the first eighteen, one on the last dozen, thus sure, except for the intervening six numbers and the two zeros, of breaking even or winning a dollar.

He saw and understood the lift of the croupier's eyebrow. Plainly the man had not expected him to turn out a piker. He increased his bet, four chips on the eighteen, three on the dozen. Luck, thus unboldly wooed, was gentle with him.

There were fifty chips before him

Sir Harry Lauder Sings for you this Sunday Evening in Collier's Radio Hour

December 1st
(*Courtesy Enna-Jettick Shoe Co.*)

Also Collier's usual feast of radio entertainment, based on the current issue—a magic hour of drama, melody, and humor. Broadcast from coast to coast through the stations listed below:

STATIONS
East
WJZ WLW KDKA WBZ
WHAM WBZA WJR
West
KWK WREN KYW KOA
Far West
KPO KGW KFI
KSL KOMO KHQ

8.15 P. M. Eastern Time
7.15 P. M. Central Time
6.15 P. M. Mountain Time
5.15 P. M. Pacific Time

Collier's Radio Hour
Every Sunday Evening

when some obscure impulse lifted his glance to the doorway. There, framed in the arch like a queen's portrait, Eddie Simpson saw her.

She was tall and, with no unhappy hint of thinness, slender. Her long face had the cool, calm beauty of austere marble and over this beauty and through it there emanated from her, like a subtle radiance, pride—pride that was static, inherent, the pride of race and of position and of unchallengeable authority.

As if in quest of something they did not hope to find, her eyes moved slowly over the assemblage; her lips betrayed a suggestion of patrician discontent.

SOMETHING in Eddie Simpson read that questing look with the sureness of speech. To those eyes, as to his own, the scene was disappointing; there was no one here, the eyes regretted, but a crew of commonplace Americans. Impulse sent Eddie Simpson's fingers to his waistcoat pocket. Before, in its calm survey of the room, that seeking gaze had reached him, he was prepared to meet it magnificently through the monocle.

His heart bumped and fluttered crazily. There was no possible misunderstanding of that faint, involuntary start of pleased surprise, the sudden widening of dark, recognizing eyes. Eddie detached his gaze, lowered it to the table, but he knew more certainly than by eyesight that she came toward him, that it was no one else who withdrew and occupied the empty chair at the end of the table, just beside him.

He saw the long, narrow hand that proffered to the croupier a yellow bill. Holding his breath, as the man demanded of her whether she desired dollar or half-dollar checks, he waited, knowing what it would be like, for her voice.

"Cinquante."

The word quivered along Eddie Simpson's spine. He must always have known that French, spoken by Parisian aristocracy, would sound precisely thus—round, resonant, liquid. He regretted, now, that he had chosen dollar chips. It was, he saw, a proof and prerogative of true gentility, to be, if one pleased, a piker.

Nevertheless it was no longer possible to play the eighteen and the dozen. Eddie Simpson made a random guess at the lady's age, aware of a shamed sense of effrontery, almost of baseness. Less, certainly, than thirty-six, and, no less certainly, more than thirty. Say, splitting the difference, thirty-three.

HE PLAYED the number boldly with five of his chips. He caught in his breath again when above his yellow counters the long, ringless fingers placed five pale blue ones.

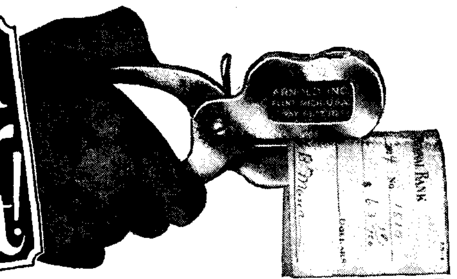
"Twenty," announced the hard-boiled voice. "Black, even." Intimately mingled the pale blue counters were swept in with the yellow ones. Doggedly Eddie Simpson reaffirmed his faith in thirty-three, and again the long hand repeated his gesture.

"*And* the double-o!" There was to Eddie's ear a baseborn gusto in the chant. He smiled faintly and renewed his bet. Again the woman followed him, and again the wheel played false. Eddie Simpson set his teeth. On this line, if it took all summer—

It was necessary, presently, to buy more checks. The lady had already done so.

"Cinquante," said Eddie. He achieved an effect of throatiness that was almost an echo of the woman's utterance. For a split moment the dark gaze dwelt upon him, and he knew, with a throb of triumph, that there was interest in it, interest and approval.

(*Continued on page 76*)



Safeguard your Bank Account!
If Your Checks are Raised, *who loses?*

Send for An Arnold Check Writer at Our Expense

Get an Arnold Check Writer on free trial for 10 days and see how wonderful it really is. Our Special Offer now enables you to secure it without any obligation to purchase. If it doesn't sell itself, don't keep it. The FREE TRIAL coupon below will bring it to you by return mail, postage prepaid, with details of our Special Offer in effect for a limited time. Just mail the coupon. No obligation.

A Splendid Christmas Gift!

Anyone who writes checks will prize a gift of an Arnold Check Writer. It is the business-like way of making out checks. Over 70,000 in use. Just what every person with a checking account needs. Mailed to any address in special Christmas box when ordered as a Christmas gift. Immediate shipment made.

Nine times out of ten, YOU are the one who stands the loss if a crook gets hold of your check and raises it. Modern business demands modern protection against clever check raisers. They can easily alter the amount of any check that is not protected.

Losses from fraudulently manipulated checks were estimated at $300,000,000 in 1928. Get modern protection by using the new model Arnold Check Writer. The 1929 Arnold will give you 100% protection.

ARNOLD CHECK-WRITER

The world's lowest-priced check writer. Does work equal to machines costing $60 or more and yet costs no more than a good fountain pen. Prints and shreds the exact amount in acid-proof ink. Self-inking. Automatic. Unconditionally guaranteed for five years—but built to last a lifetime.

Get an Arnold Check Writer now and banish forever all worries over check-raisers! The next check you sign may make you the easy prey of an unscrupulous law-breaker! Protect yourself beforehand! Let us send you an Arnold Check Writer on FREE TRIAL!

ARNOLD CHECK WRITER
COMPANY, INC.
851 E. Taylor St., Flint, Mich.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Arnold Check Writer Co., Inc.
851 E. Taylor St.
Flint, Michigan
Send me an Arnold Check Writer on Free Trial, with details of your Special Offer—nothing to pay unless I decide to keep the Check Writer after using it for 10 days.

Name……………………
Address……………………
City…………………… State……………

HORSMAN DOLLS

DOLLY ROSEBUD
BABY DIMPLES

BUY HER ONE—Baby Dimples or Dolly Rosebud. To her it won't be a season's toy, but a cuddly, kissable playmate to take for a ride or a walk—and to tea with childfolk talk—then to bed to answer lisping dreams with an understanding "Ma-ma." Because it's a Horsman she'll have it when she's too big to play with it. But she'll never be too big to remember you bought it.

On Sale Wherever Fine Dolls are Sold

E. I. Horsman Co. Inc. 200 Fifth Ave. N.Y.

CENTURIES OLD IN ROMANCE..

yet the newest note in Christmas Gifts

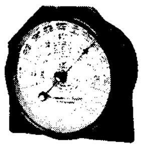
ORIGINALITY is the rare quality that makes a Christmas gift interesting, treasured—that makes the giver long and gratefully remembered. Stormoguide is that uncommonly delightful gift—a modern, handsomely designed weather forecaster (simplified barometer), by Taylor. Different—with a charm that's compelling, with an air of romance, reminiscent of clipper ships, of treasure-trove, of voyages of discovery in every clime in gallant days long turned to dust.

Stormoguide is animate, interesting, consulted every day by its owners. Will tomorrow be right for golf or sailing or tennis? Will it be favorable for business or touring or shipping? It will foretell with accuracy if tomorrow's skies will be kindly to the new ensemble. Stormoguide becomes the oracle and friend of the whole family—and a trusted one, because Taylor instruments are world famed for accuracy.

An individual gift not likely to be duplicated! Taylor Stormoguide (Standing Pattern) has a handsome clock-like case of polished bakelite, walnut finished. It has 4½" gold-toned dial, good grade aneroid movement and is adjustable for uses in altitudes from 0 to 2,500 feet. Price, each....$15. Taylor Stormoguide Junior, same as above, without stand and with white dial suitable for wall use. Price, each....$10.

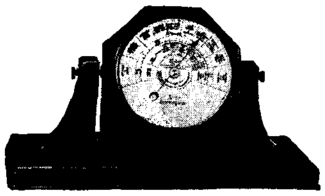
These are real ornaments of daily use and remembrance. If your dealer cannot supply you, we invite you to use the coupon below.

Taylor Stormoguide Jr. No. 2258



A sturdy, reliable little weather forecaster. Walnut finished, bakelite case and white dial.
Price....$10

Taylor Standing Pattern Stormoguide No. 2259



Handsome easel stand and gold-toned dial.
Price....$15

Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.
CANADIAN PLANT, TYCOS BUILDING, TORONTO
MANUFACTURING DISTRIBUTORS IN GREAT BRITAIN
SHORT & MASON, LTD., LONDON

Taylor Stormoguide

Taylor Instrument Companies
121 Ames St., Rochester, N. Y.
Enclosed is $.......... for which please send me 1 Taylor Stormoguide No......... I understand you guarantee safe delivery.
Name..........
Address..........
City.......... *State*..........

DEAF? READ THIS

Vibraphones Reduce Head Noises

A new and scientific discovery stimulates the hearing processes by utilizing sound waves through small silver devices that fit the ears perfectly The vibrators are built inside the sound chambers. The instruments are so small that your friends will seldom know you are wearing them. Comfortable, easily put in the ears or removed. No wires. No batteries. No head bands. Nothing like them. This new and scientific triumph produces marvelous results. Head noises are reduced. And hearing gradually improves. Don't be handicapped or embarrassed another day by deafness.

Write for complete details.
VIBRAPHONE CO., Inc., Station 385
Central National Bank Building, St. Louis, Mo.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write today for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

PATENTS. Write for Free Guide Book. "HOW TO OBTAIN A PATENT" and Record of Invention Blank. Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our *Inspection and Advice Free. Terms Reasonable.*
Victor J. Evans & Co., 631 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

(*Continued from page 75*)

"One good thing about fifty-cent checks," said the croupier cheerfully, "they cert'nly last longer."

Grinning he pushed two neat cylinders across the cloth. Barely in time Eddie Simpson arrested a plebeian retort. He stared, instead, with cold, monocled incomprehension and resumed his dogged play on thirty-three.

For himself, he almost enjoyed losing. Luck, he felt, had done quite enough for Eddie Simpson, as matters stood. The money didn't matter. It was a trivial price to pay for the privilege of demonstrating, with each spin of the ball, that he played purely for the fun of the thing, that losing amused him.

AT FIRST the woman beside him seemed to share this attitude. The occasional sidelong glance he ventured to turn toward her showed him only the faint smile of mild amusement. Her white shawl had been pushed back, and ivory shoulders shrugged carelessly at each loss. But presently Eddie Simpson became aware of a difference. The smile had vanished; there was an unmistakable tension in the movements of the long hand that reached out to put five blue counters on number thirty-three. From the tail of his eye, as she opened the thin, black silk bag to produce another bill, Eddie Simpson saw clearly that it was her last one.

His nerves went tight and his throat narrowed.

He noticed that her hands were significantly ringless, and there came into his mind a memory of the book he had been reading in his recent bed of pain: the scene in which the exiled Countess Olga pledged her last jewels for a final, splendid main against the loaded dice of destiny.

He had ten or twelve chips left before him. On sudden impulse he pushed them all out to the number. His lowered glance could see the long fingers hesitate an instant with their last stack, and then, splendidly, place the whole cylinder above his.

The marble rolled smoothly around the wooden bowl; the wheel clicked soberly. Eddie Simpson fumbled in his pocket with fingers that trembled. He had put a twenty-dollar bill there, the last time he bought checks, and he brought it forth, crumpled in the palm of his hand. His elbow, as if by accidental awkwardness, brushed the black bag to the floor. He stooped swiftly to retrieve it. Under cover of the table he unlatched the clasp, crowded the note into it.

He lifted his head to meet the direct gaze of the dark, wide eyes, and knew instantly that they had seen. There was in them a sudden glow, a brightness, Eddie Simpson thought, of unhoped-for, last-moment reprieve. His heart swelled under it. And then, swiftly, he saw the look change, cool, harden, saw the gladness yield to suspicion and affronted pride.

He heard the ball click against the stops. Panic woke in him. He did not think; he acted, purely on subconscious impulse, as the Grand Duke Vladimir had acted, under identical urgency, in the book.

Like the Grand Duke, Eddie Simpson straightened, placed the black bag on the green cloth, bowed profoundly, bending at the hip.

"Madame," his whisper entreated, "permettez!"

He wheeled, departed, before she could answer. Behind him, as he reached the doorway, he heard the croupier's indifferent chant.

"*And* the single-o repeats."

"Well, I can see you've been having good luck, all right!"

Wesley Flack, still in the company of the Dorflingers, greeted him gayly. The word boomed in Eddie Simpson's ears. Luck! He felt a sudden pity for Flack, thinking of luck as something that inspired a man to put a few cheap counters on a winning number!

"Not so bad," he admitted.

"Come on back and show us how," said Flack. "We were just coming in to look for you."

Eddie Simpson's nerves jerked. Talk about luck! If he had stayed in there five minutes longer, till Wesley Flack and the Dorflingers found him—!

"I've had all I want for one night," he said. "Head aches a bit. Thought I'd go back and turn in. No need for you to come, though, Wes. See you later."

Presently, as the taxicab bore him through the taunting beauty of a soft, balmy night, he understood. He had been right to run away. They must never meet again.

Into his anguished spirit came a clear memory of that last look of hers, the reluctant dawning in that dark, high gaze of a quality in which, as he turned away, Eddie Simpson had seen himself mirrored, for an instant, as the gallant, knightly gentleman adventurer of his wistful fancies.

If he lost her now, he would always have that to remember. If he lost her when she had found him out—he could almost see the faint lift of the definite brows, the widening of the eyes, the amused, disdaining pity of the smile.

No. Infinitely better to lose her now, with that perfect parting to remember.

If only she had fallen short of absolute perfection! If only there had been a single, mitigating flaw on which to build dreams, idle dreams, of course, but not comically absurd, dreams in which she might be waiting in one of those new stucco houses out in Binchester Heights Manor Park Gardens Estates, for Eddie Simpson to come home!

He seemed to see the grotesque vision through her eyes. He groaned into his pillow.

THE door of the shared bathroom opened quietly and Wesley Flack's head thrust itself in upon Eddie's misery.

"Awake, Ed? How's the old bean?"

"All right." Eddie was curt.

"Irene thought it was proba'ly just a kind of hang-over from being seasick," said Flack. His tone quickened. "Say, we got a date to drive out in the morning and give Morro Castle the once-over. Irene said to be sure and bring you along."

"Irene?" said Eddie. "Irene who?"

"Miss Dorflinger." Flack's voice was slightly self-conscious. "Funny thing that I ever got the notion that Irene was high-hat. If there's one thing I hate it's a stuck-up dame." His tone changed. "Say, did you notice a woman in a white shawl, when you were bucking the wheel in there, Ed? Talk about high-hat! Wow!"

Eddie Simpson held his breath. He would never see her again, but even through the profane agency of a Wesley Flack it was permitted him to hear of her.

"What about her?" he said. "I guess I know whom you mean. Tall and dark and—"

"And snooty. That's the one."

Eddie Simpson's hands clenched below the sheet.

"Froze me stiff," said Flack, "just because I spoke to her. Looked right through me, you know, like I was a dirty windshield, and stood up and wrapped that white shawl around her and cashed in her chips, as if Irene and I weren't fit to sit beside her."

Eddie Simpson managed to keep his voice steady.

"How'd you happen to speak to her, Wes?"

"I didn't see why not. I was with Irene, so anybody could see I wasn't trying to be fresh, and the way the luck was running for her anybody might have said something about it. Honest, Ed, she had the wheel eating right off her hand. Playing thirty-three on the nose, for the limit, and it came up for her three times hand-running! Came five or six times more in twenty spins. Say, when she cashed in she had a roll of hundreds that'd choke a cow!"

Eddie Simpson lifted his arm so that it hid his face. His spirit glowed in him. She would never see him again, never know who he was, but he had saved her!

"Well, see you in the morning," said Flack. "Irene'll expect us around ten, and—"

Eddie Simpson's mind moved fast. She would be looking for him, now; her kind of woman would see it as a point of honor to seek him out, to repay that loan, perhaps to insist on sharing with him the luck it had brought her.

She'd be sure to find him. She'd know that he'd be staying at one of two or three hotels. Wherever he went he would run the risk of meeting her. There was no safety for him in Havana.

"I'm sorry, Wes. Forgot to tell you. Had a cable from the office. Got to start home in the morning. Take the ferry to Key West and go up by train."

Flack was generous with sympathy and regret, but Eddie detected a note, too, of relief. He understood it. Wesley Flack wasn't altogether sorry that when he and his Irene went out, tomorrow morning, to see Morro Castle, Eddie Simpson wouldn't be going with them.

As the door closed, Eddie gave himself over utterly to misery.

He thought of Ye Togge Shoppe, of Binchester, with a sudden bitter sense of homesickness. Whatever might be said against Binchester one thing was certain. A man was safe, there, absolutely safe, from this heart-breaking skin game called romance!

"YOU'LL like him," asserted Mrs. Sam Slazenger. "He's a prince!"

It was an unhappy choice of word. Madame Fleurette's lips tightened and, as she turned from locking the door of the smart little dress-shop, her shoulder drooped. Mrs. Slazenger, already squeezed behind the wheel of her Fouradora sedanette, exhaled a sigh of audible impatience:

"Now, Florence, for Heaven's sake! What's the use of looking like a movie queen? If you're never going to quit mooning about your Russian grand duke, it's a pity you didn't let him pick you up, instead of beating it right home as if—"

"You don't understand," said Madame Fleurette, softly. "It was the only thing to do. If I'd seen him again I'd have had to let him see what an absurd mistake he was making. I had to beat it or—or he'd have found out. I don't want any more—romance. It—it hurts!"

For a few moments Elsie Slazenger was sympathetically silent. Then, reassuringly, she said:

"Well, cheer up, then, you won't get hurt tonight, anyway. There's nothing romantic about playing five hundred with me and Sam and Eddie Simpson! Not a chance, Florence—not a chance!"

Bigger Guns or Better Homes?

Continued from page 11

civilization? For, whether these armaments are used in war or not, they are a menace to civilization.

It was bold leadership when Ramsay MacDonald, the British Premier, left his country and came to America, to talk over the question of equality of sea power. We must be making progress. When we take into consideration the past, its policies, the position which Great Britain has entertained with reference to sea power, it is no less than epochal, the coming of Mr. MacDonald. There was evidence of sincerity upon every hand. The reaction in both countries was assuring. So given are the diplomatic world and leaders still to think of everything in the terms of war, the first inference was that an alliance had been made. I venture to believe that time will disclose not only that there was no intimation of an alliance but the things done and the policy discussed make alliances, or are calculated to make alliances, unnecessary.

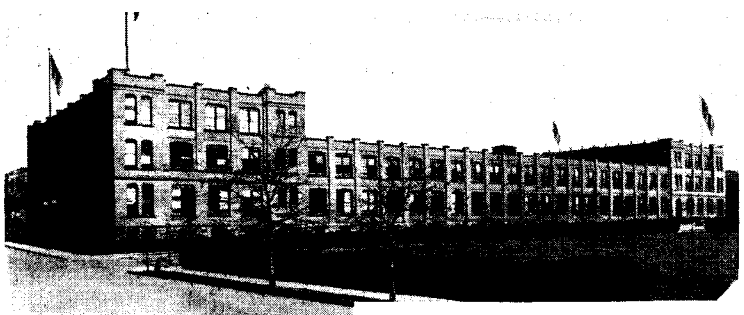
The Test of the New Faith

In the joint statement issued by the President and the Premier we find these words: "Upon the assumption that war between us is banished and that conflicts between our military and naval forces cannot take place," and so forth; and further: "that distrust and suspicion, arising from doubts and fears which may have been justified before the pact, must now cease to influence national policy." The great question now is: Can we carry this message, not in words but in deeds, to the people? Have we the courage and the foresight, the devotion to the cause of peace, to translate these words into the armaments policy and thus reduce our fighting navies, our war system, to accord with the new faith?

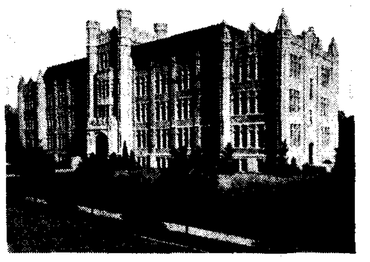
If we are proceeding upon the assumption that war is banished and with the feeling that distrust and suspicion and fears are no longer to control, how is it possible to justify the maintenance of navies, the largest the world has ever seen, which are made and maintained, not for peace but for war? If we cannot bring our acts into harmony with our professions, the Peace Pact henceforth will be treated with contempt by rulers and leaders and utterly distrusted by the people. Peace pacts between nations, with a world armed to the teeth, will mean little to anyone. It would be a fearful thing should the people come utterly to lose faith and if the rulers and leaders should come in their hearts to disbelieve in the worth of treaties.

The Peace Pact would never have become a reality had it not been for the powerful and persistent support of public opinion, not only in this country, but throughout the world. And it will never be of any practical effect, never result in the reduction of the world's armaments, unless the same powerful and persistent influence continues to exert itself. If there is any cause in the world dependent for its success upon an aroused and sustained public opinion, it is the cause of the reduction of armaments. The leaders have gone out before their peoples like the saints of old and announced to an overburdened, overtaxed, overmortgaged, anxious, maimed, but hopeful following, the coming of a new day and the dawn of a new faith. The test of that faith is the relief of the peoples of the respective nations from the burden which they are now carrying. It would be no less than a world-wide disaster that disappointment should be the portion of those who have patiently waited for relief.

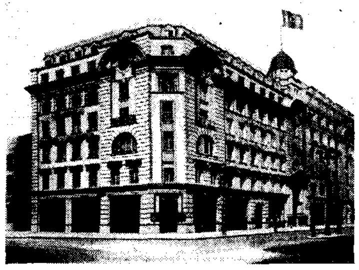
STABILITY



Main Instruction Building of the International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Penna.



Administration Building of the International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Penna.



International Correspondence Schools Limited, International Buildings, London, England.

MODERN BUSINESS is becoming vitally interested in guiding the education of its employees. One evidence of this fact is the care with which business and industrial leaders today are investigating correspondence schools and other educational agencies before they recommend them to their men. They are following a wise course. It is important that the employer should be fully acquainted not only with the scope and quality of the instruction offered by a school, but with its physical equipment and financial standing—its ability to meet its obligations.

The International Correspondence Schools—the I. C. S., as it is familiarly known—is the largest educational institution that has ever existed. It touches the lives of more individuals, in all parts of the world, than any other school. The millions who have benefited by its instruction are found in practically every city, village and hamlet on the face of the earth.

To carry on this immense educational service an organization has been built up representing an invested capital of more than $10,000,000.

The buildings of the International Correspondence Schools in Scranton occupy two city blocks. Its force of executives, principals, instructors, clerks and other home office employees numbers sixteen hundred. There are more than eight hundred field representatives in the United States alone. Including employees of affiliated companies in foreign lands, the total personnel of the I. C. S. is nearly three thousand.

There is nothing unwieldy about this huge organization. It operates with machine-like smoothness. And though it has given instruction to more than 3,700,000 people, the individual student and his progress are never lost sight of. The young man who enrolls for a course with the I. C. S. receives far more than the written terms of his scholarship. He has the full benefit of the institution's size and resources, and with it warm encouragement and personal interest. He is treated as a friend as well as a student.

Hundreds of business organizations, including some of the largest companies in the country, have arranged with the International Correspondence Schools to supply training to their employees. They have chosen the I. C. S. not only for the thoroughness and breadth of its courses, but for its financial strength. They know it as a reliable institution.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Founded 1891, *Scranton, Pa.* *Member, National Home Study Council*

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 4065-B, Scranton, Penna.
Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "The Business of Building Men," and full particulars about the subject *before* which I have marked X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

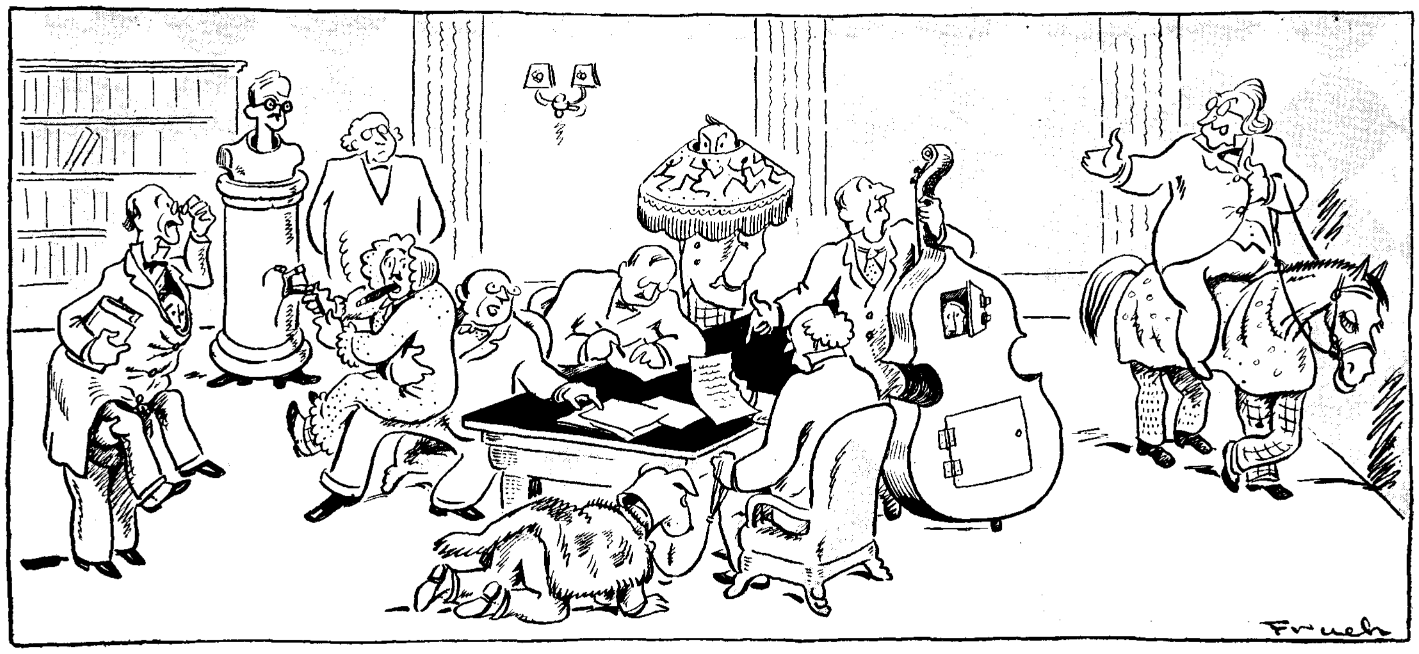
☐ Business Management
☐ Industrial Management
☐ Personnel Management
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Accounting and C. P. A. Coaching
☐ Cost Accounting
☐ Bookkeeping
☐ Salesmanship
☐ Secretarial Work
☐ Spanish
☐ French
☐ Advertising
☐ English
☐ Business Correspondence
☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Civil Service
☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Grade School Subjects
☐ High School Subjects
☐ Illustrating
☐ Cartooning

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Electrical Engineer
☐ Electric Lighting
☐ Mechanical Engineer
☐ Mechanical Draftsman
☐ Machine Shop Practice
☐ Railroad Positions
☐ Gas Engine Operating
☐ Civil Engineer
☐ Coal Mining
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ Plumbing and Heating
☐ Steam Engineering
☐ Radio ☐ Architect
☐ Architects' Blueprints
☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Chemistry
☐ Pharmacy
☐ Automobile Work
☐ Aviation Engines
☐ Agriculture and Poultry
☐ Mathematics

Name..Street Address..
City..State..
Occupation..
If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Ltd., Montreal

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor



Brighten that Corner

NOTHING that has happened in a long time has pleased Washington more than the showing up of Senator Hiram Bingham of Connecticut. The senator smuggled a lobbyist in the guise of his secretary into the executive sessions where the tariff bill was being made. Even the lowest Tammany politician would hardly stoop to that.

The manufacturers' lobbyists have always been in the confidence of members of the House and Senate when tariff bills were being constructed but generally they have hung about anterooms or frequented the offices of the senators or representatives who represented the commodities in which they were interested. It remained for the immaculate senator from Connecticut to sneak one of them into the committee-room itself, pretending that he was an employee of the Senate.

Even the gorge of Senator Smoot, hardened as he is to the greed that is exhibited at tariff lawmaking, rose when he learned of the deceit practiced upon himself and the rest of the committee by the holier-than-thou Mr. Bingham.

The Senate committee which investigated Mr. Bingham's relations with the lobby was a rough one. It was picked by Senator Norris, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, and it was not chosen to gloze over the little scandals of Capitol Hill. It had on it such savage investigators as Walsh of Montana, and Caraway, Borah with his rigid ideas of the ethics of public life, and Blaine, who is a furious insurgent. Even Robinson of Indiana, who was chosen as the sole representative of the regular Republicans, turned out to be full of insinuations of wickedness.

And there was not one of those men who did not derive a certain satisfaction from the exposure of Mr. Bingham. Every one of them had been patronized by the senator from Connecticut, who always talks to his colleagues on the floor as if not much could be expected of a lot of men who, unfortunately, had not enjoyed his advantages of birth, breeding, education and travel.

For years Mr. Bingham has smiled condescendingly upon the Senate. He has talked to it as if his word was the last word upon every subject. He has read Spanish to it to show that he has a command of languages that it has not.

Surprised and Hurt

What happened was that the Senate turned on him in the person of the lobby investigating committee. Most of the senators who were not members of this committee regretted that they did not have a chance to shoot a question at the senator from Connecticut that would penetrate his crust. The press gallery chortled. There has been no such popular showing-up in a generation.

The sad part of it all is that even yet the impeccable senator is puzzled to know what he did which has brought upon him the almost unanimous condemnation of the country. He is so sure of his own superiority that he cannot see anything wrong in temporarily making a lobbyist for the manufacturers of his state, clerk of the Committee on Insular Affairs of which he is chairman, so as to give him an official status at tariff committee meetings. The salary of the clerk was paid over to the former employee who was removed to give place temporarily to the lobbyist.

With all his superior education Mr. Bingham can't see why the finger of scorn should be pointed at him. If a senator is to serve the maufacturing interests why not do a thorough job of it?

If he had been a roughneck politician, frankly cynical, it would not have been so astounding. But he is not. He is an intellectual, a former professor in a great university, a friend of Theodore Roosevelt, a very superior person all around and one who is determined that everyone shall realize his superiority.

But the indignation of the Senate is not more significant than the country-wide condemnation of Senator Bingham's tactics. The national temper is changing and no longer will we tolerate offenses winked at a short time ago. We have left behind us the era of the Falls, Sinclairs, Daughertys and the Forbeses who flourished in the years when we seemed a little bit tired of idealism and high effort. Senator Bingham is a throw-back to the naïve old days of closed doors, hotel rooms, whispers back of the hand; when the pill was mixed and the public swallowed hard.

Open dealing is today's method and such men as Owen D. Young, General Dawes, Dwight W. Morrow, Thomas W. Lamont are its practitioners. We need men like them in the Senate and in public office everywhere—men who still believe that public office is a public trust and that secrecy is unhealthy.

CARS THAT STAY YOUNG

THE GIFT... of a car "Timken Bearing Equipped"... provides for the future as well as the present. As miles and years roll by... the "Timken Bearing Equipped" car stays young, free of trouble, gears and shafts turning true... going on in *silence.*

Timkens hold car-age in check as only Timkens can. For they alone provide Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken-made steel, supreme preservers of car life.

To get the gift of car youth, consult the list of "Timken Bearing Equipped" cars, note the points where wear is severe and be assured that Timken Bearings are there.

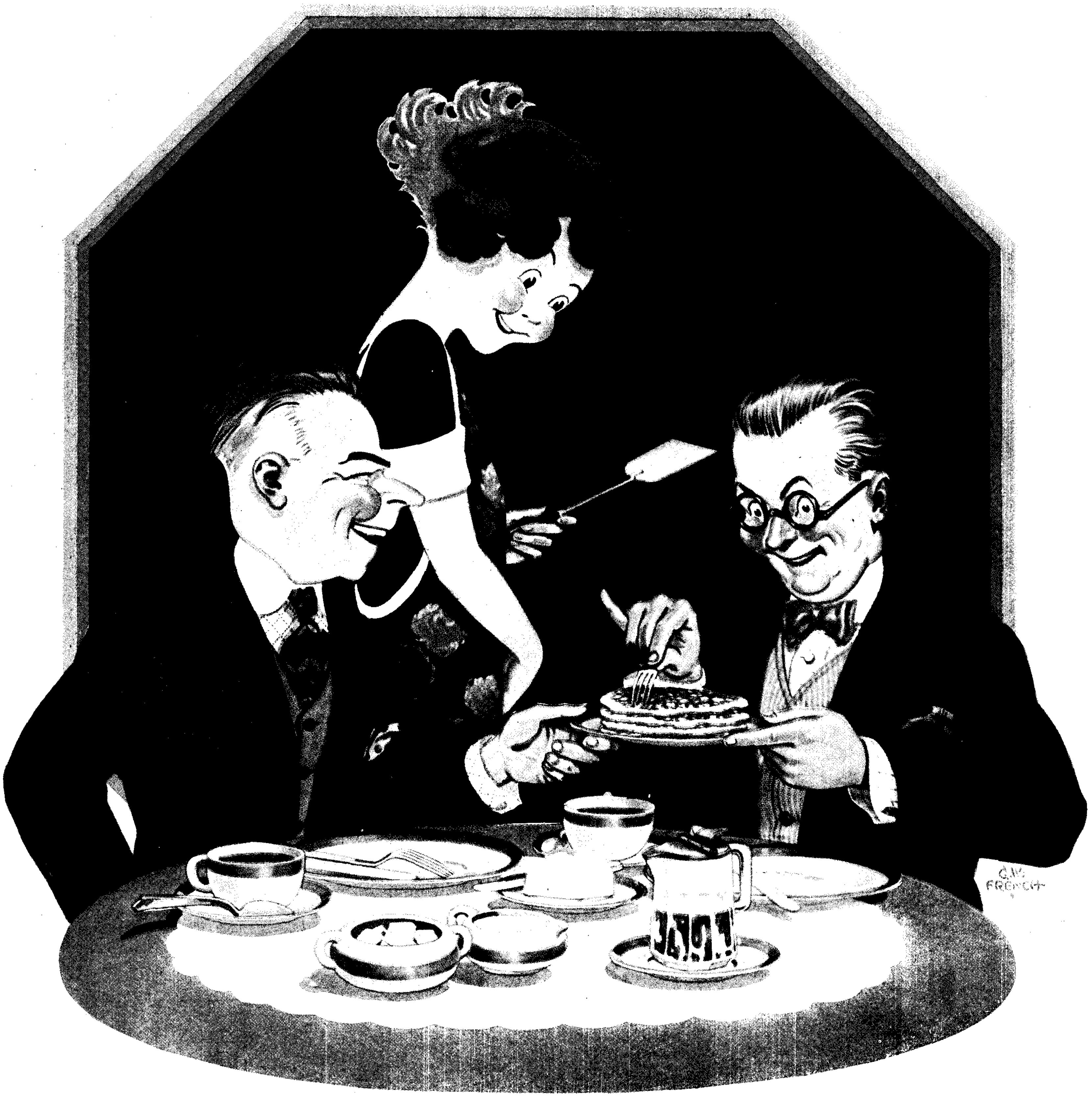
THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY, CANTON, OHIO

CROSSES INDICATE "TIMKEN BEARING EQUIPPED" POINTS

MAKE	MODEL	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	x	x	x		x
Cadillac	All					x
Chrysler	De Soto	x	x	x		x
	Plymouth	x	x	x		x
	66, 70, 77	x	x	x		x
	Imperial	x				x
Cord	All	x	x	x	x	x
Cunningham	All	x	x	x		x
Dodge	All	x	x			x
Durant	40, 60, 63, 66	x	x	x		
	70	x	x	x		x
Elcar	75	x	x	x		x
	95, 96, 120	x	x			x
Ford	All	x		x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
Graham-Paige	612	x	x	x	x	x
	615	x	x			x
	621, 827, 837	x	x		x	x
Henney	All	x	x	x		x
Hudson and Essex	All	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	Model S	x	x	x	x	x
	Model C	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	All	x	x	x		x
Kissel	75 & 95	x	x	x		x
	126	x	x	x	x	x
Kleiber		x	x	x		x
LaSalle	All					x
Lincoln	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	86 & 88	x	x			x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78		x			x
	Roosevelt	x	x	x		x
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	Std 6	x	x	x	x	x
———	All	x	x		x	x
Peerless	All	x	x	x		x
Pierce-Arrow	All	x	x	x	x	x
ReoFlyingCloud	The Master	x	x		x	x
	Flying Cloud	x	x			x
Roamer		x	x	x		x
Stearns-Knight	6-80	x	x	x	x	x
	8-90	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker and Erskine	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x		x
Willys-Knight and Whippet	All	x	x	x	x	x

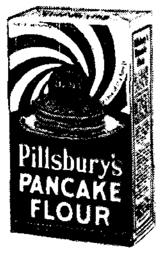
© 1929, The Timken Roller Bearing Company

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**



Ernest McGroucher, who believes in doing one good turn every day, introduces a bachelor friend to the pleasures of Pillsbury's pancakes.

That's a quick and easy way to earn any man's gratitude! You'll find Pillsbury's pancakes are even better than the old-fashioned kind—light, tender, delicious, easy to digest. And far easier to make—simply add water or milk to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour and bake!



Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

made of the same pure, high-quality ingredients you use in your own kitchen